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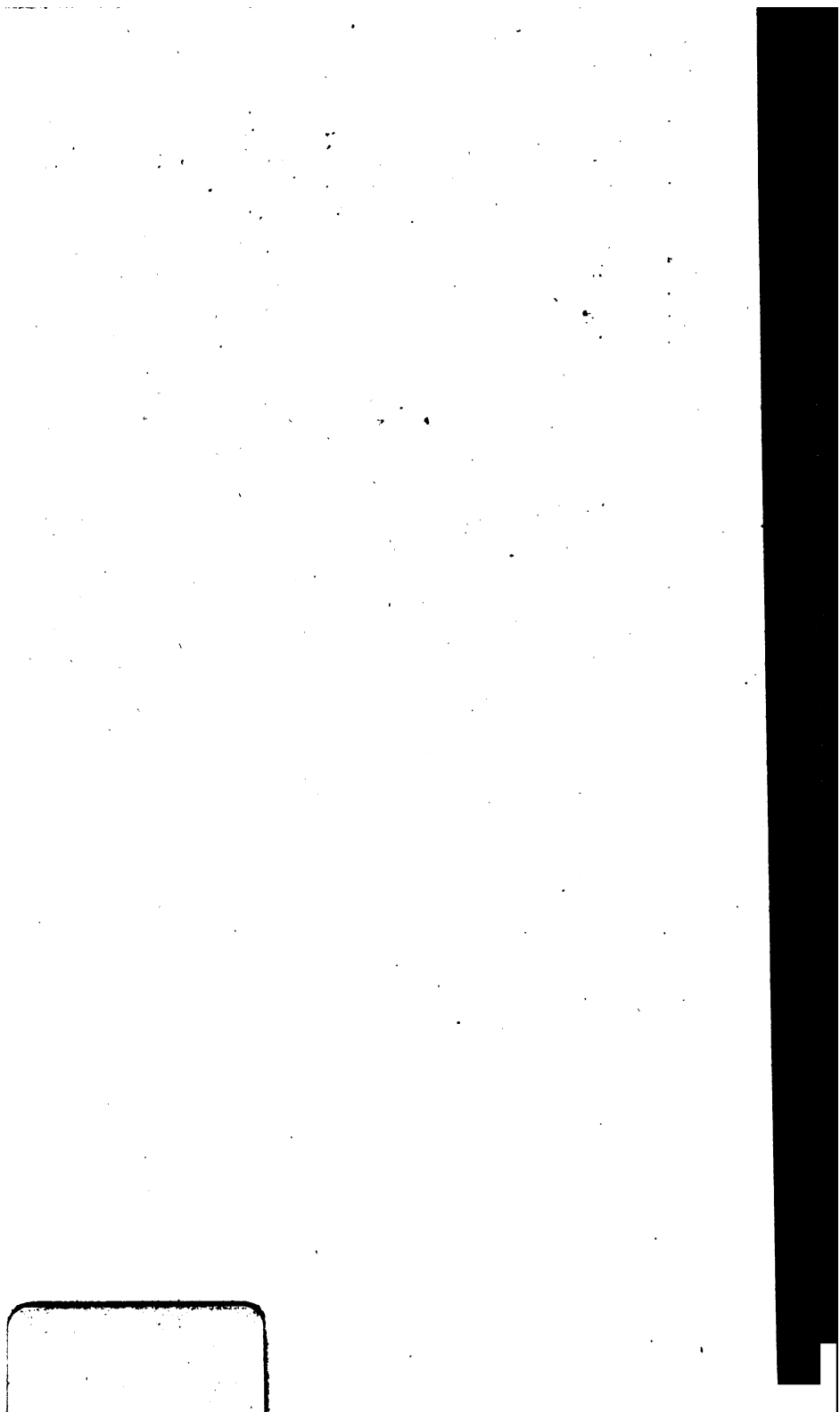
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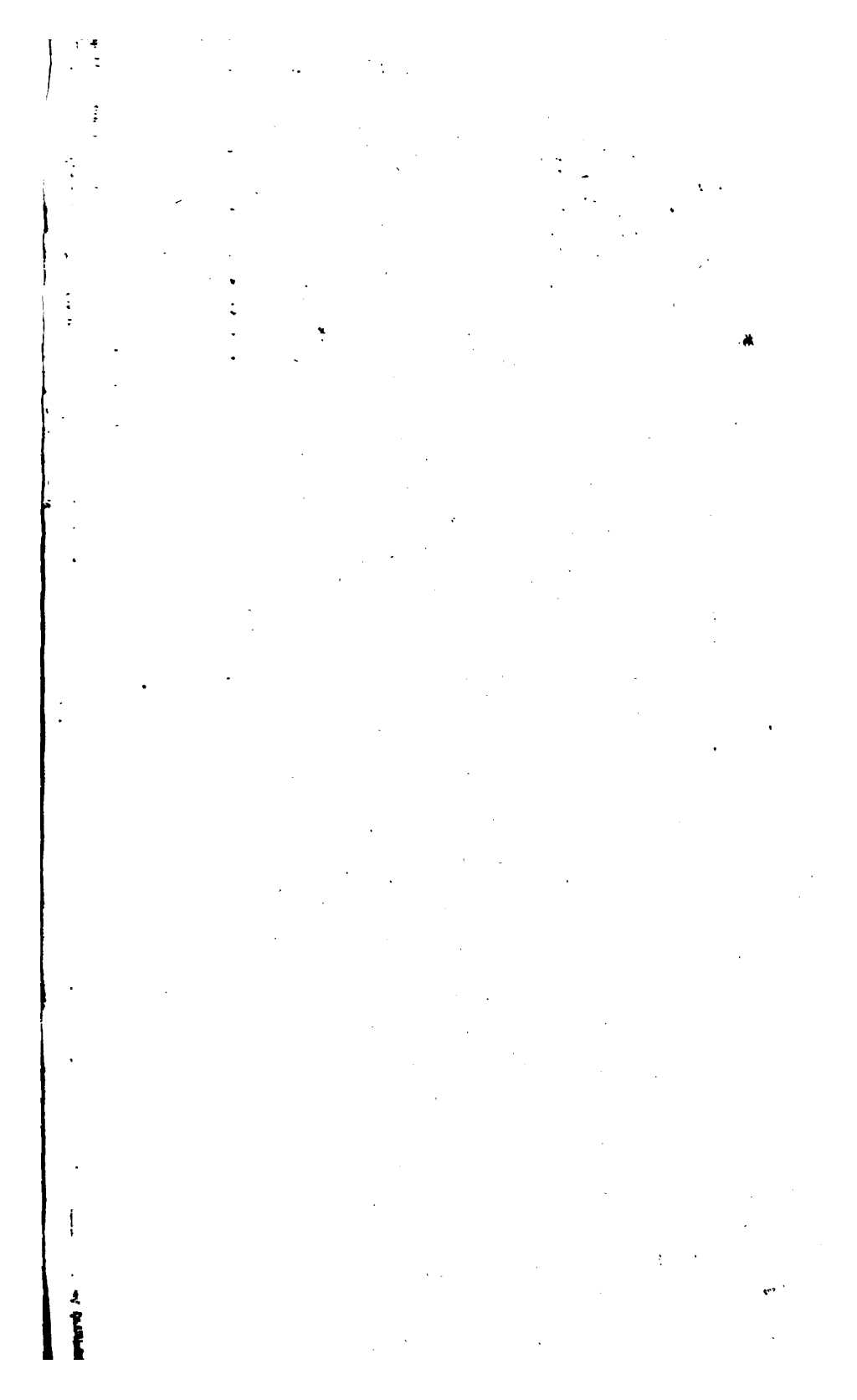
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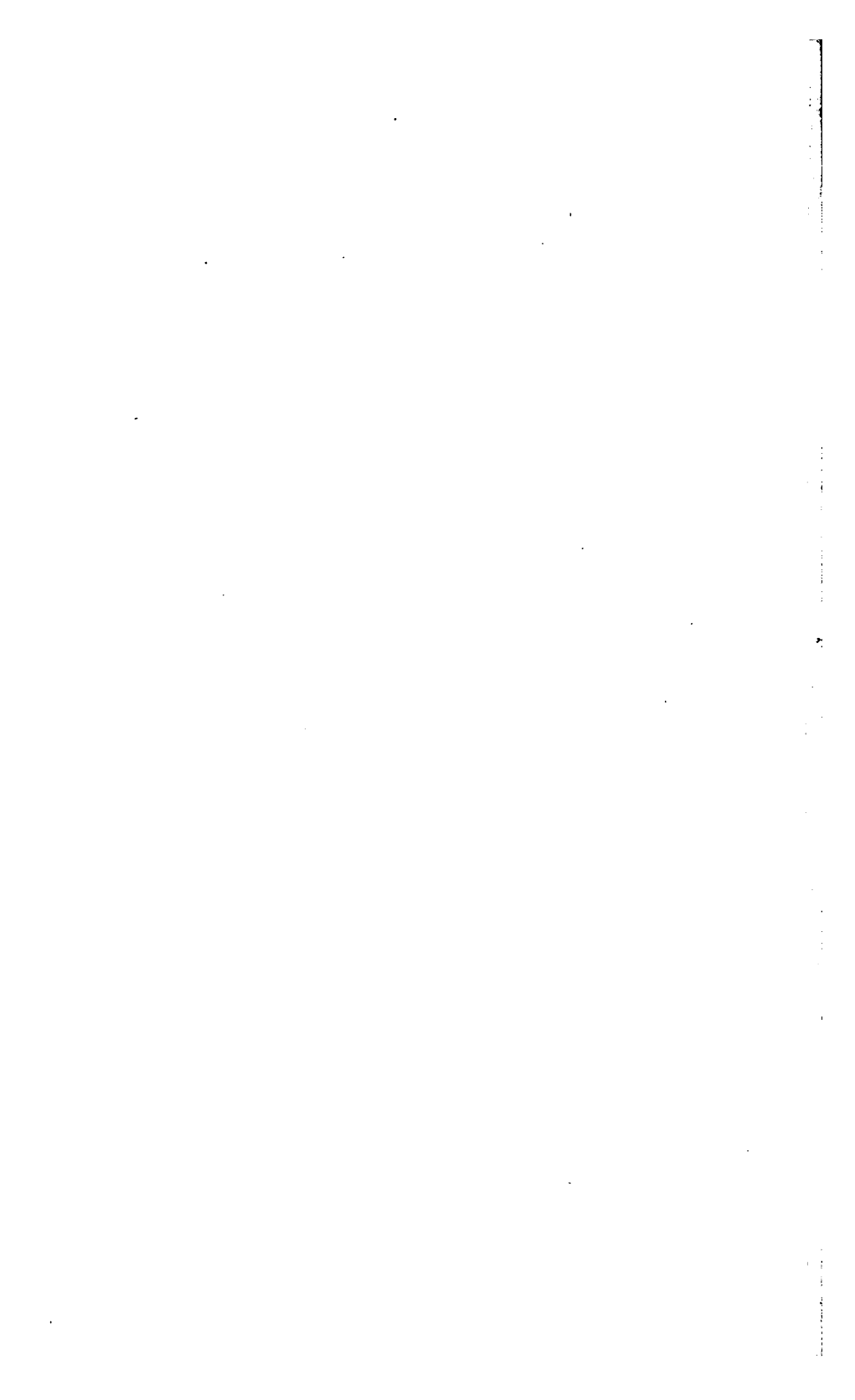
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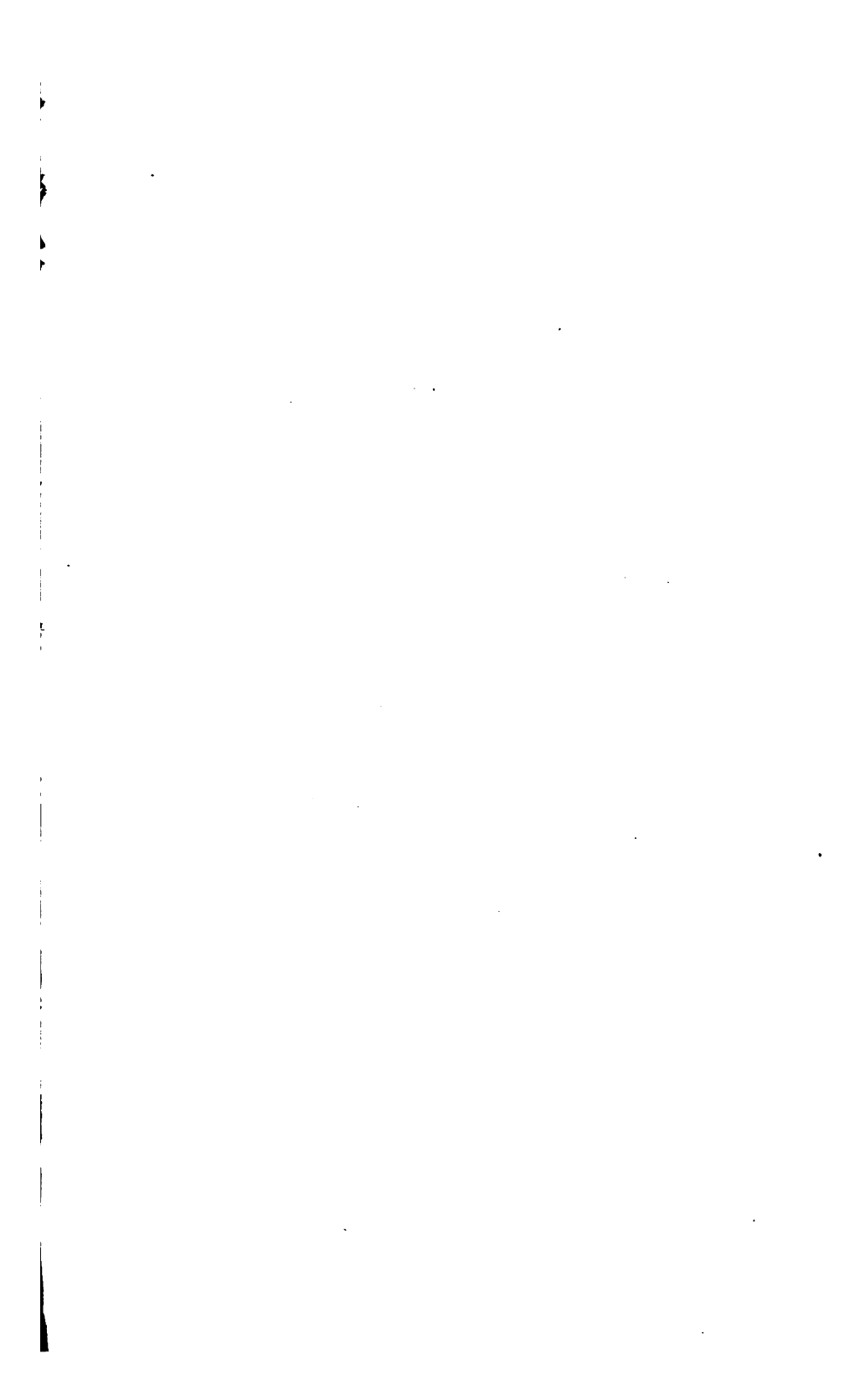
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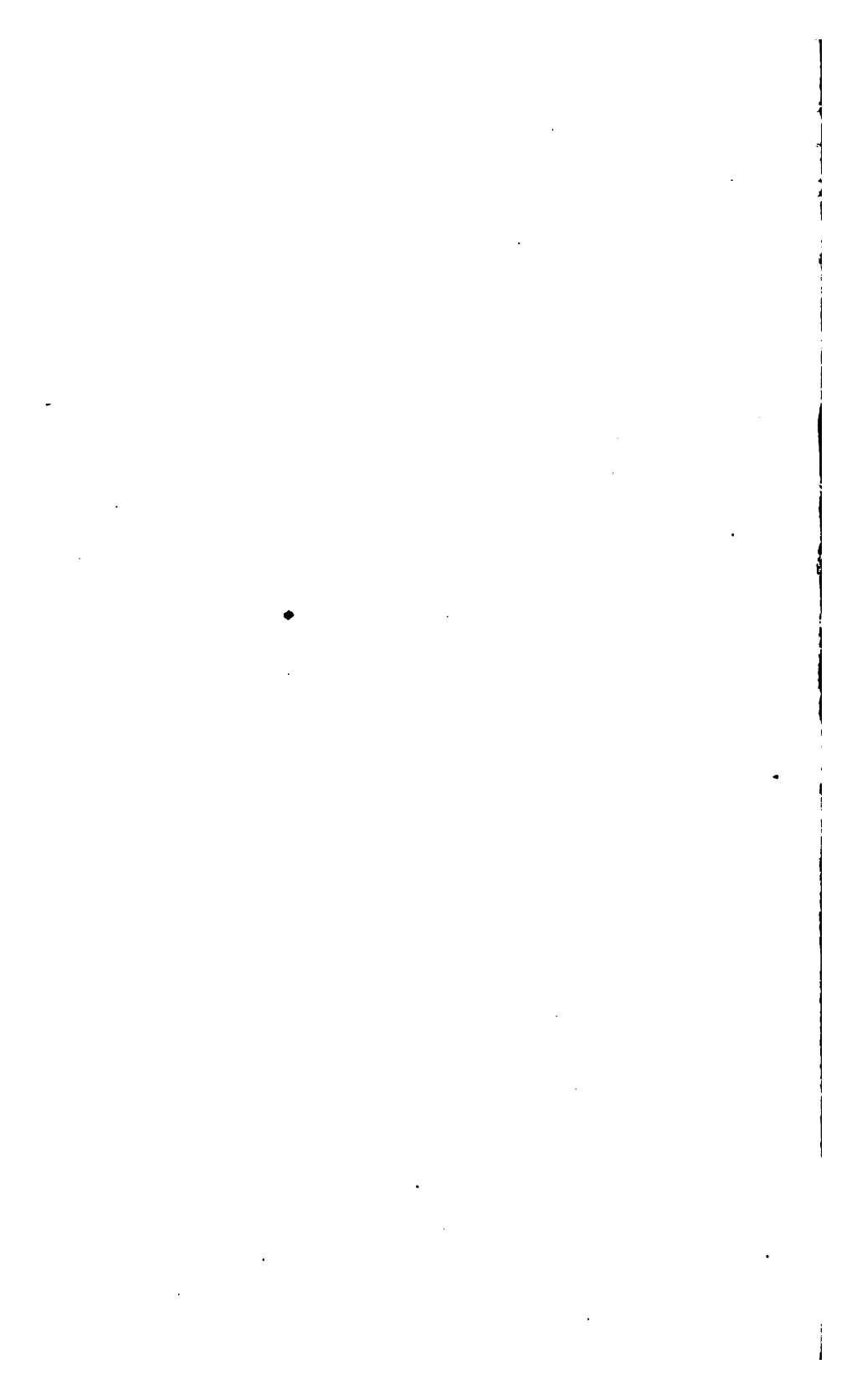
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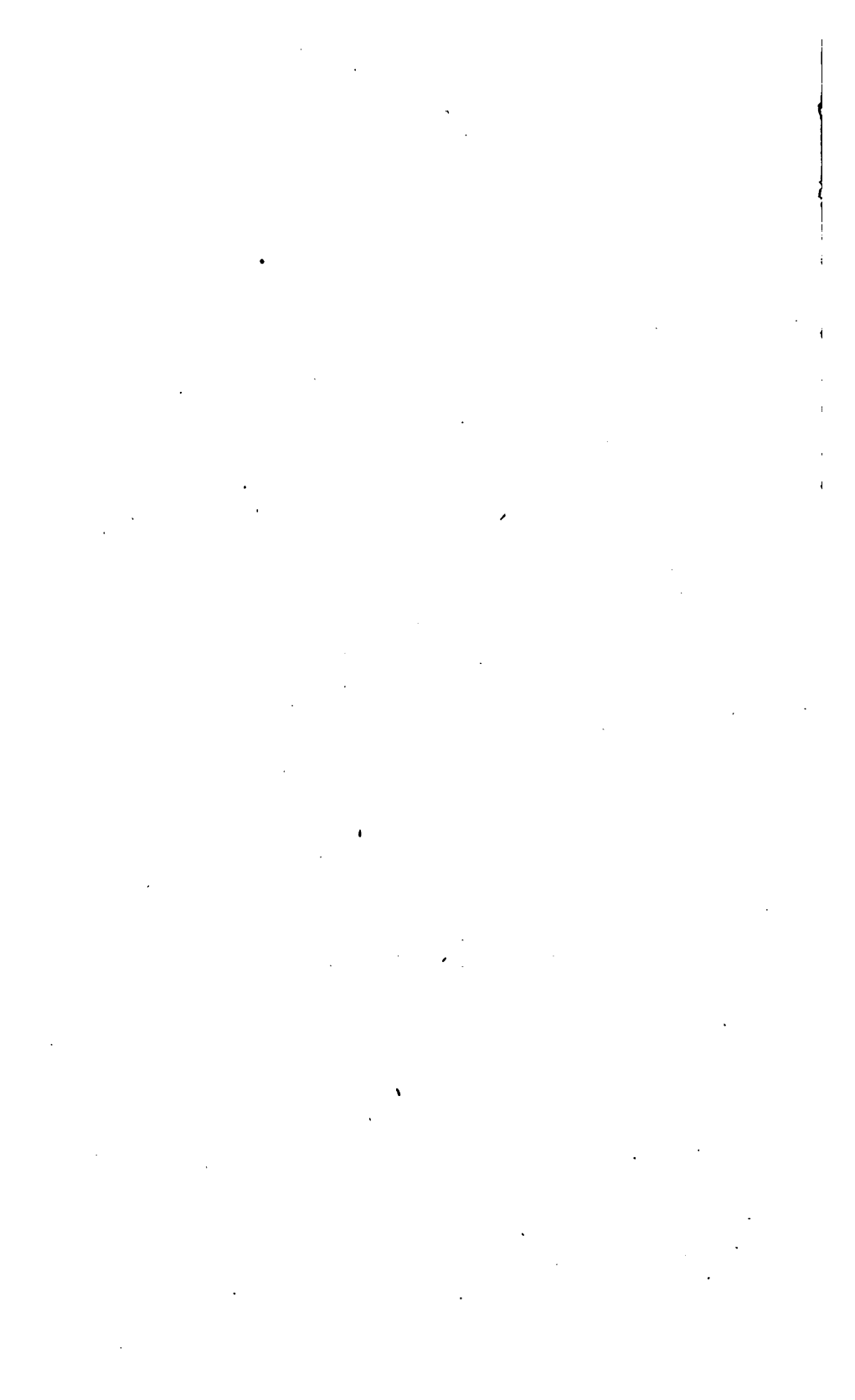


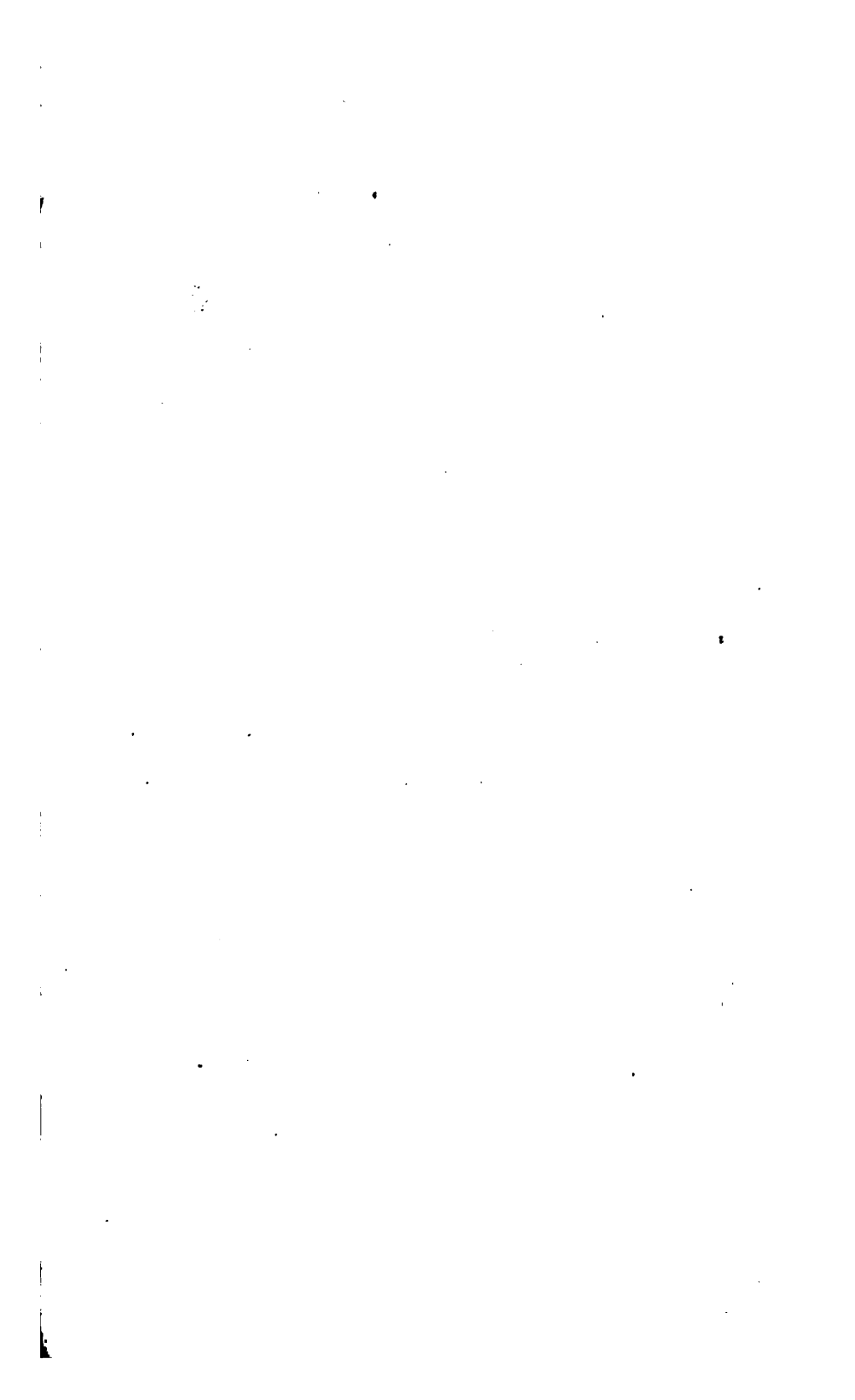




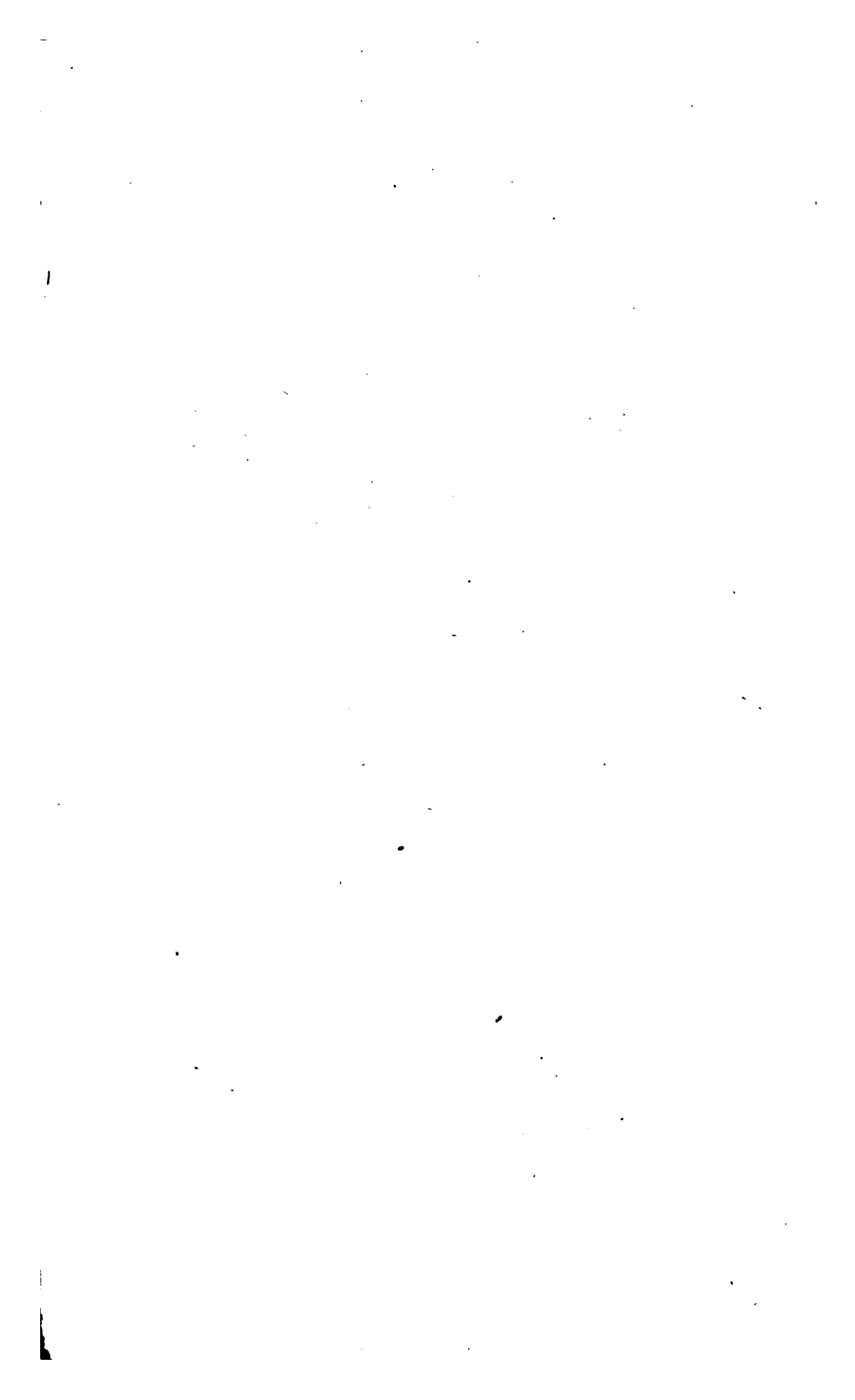


(Sporting)
MYA















Exposed by J. H. van der Haeghe from a picture by J. H. van der Haeghe.

FLEMISH FISHERMEN.

Painted by J. H. van der Haeghe by J. H. van der Haeghe.

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Man of Pleasure, Enterprise & Spirit.

VOL. 13, NEW SERIES.

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1824



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Engraved from a picture by W. Lamb

BASTO, A RUSSIAN SETTER.

Published Oct 31. 1853 by J. Parnall, 11, Abchurch Lane, London.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII. N. S.

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No. LXXIII.

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Embellished with,

I. Portrait of BASTO, a Russian Setter.

II. Portrait of the celebrated Racer AMERICAN ECLIPSE.

III. An Engraving of PHEASANTS.

BASTO.

Painted and engraved by W. SMITH.

BASTO is of Russian parents, which were highly valued in this country, and their offspring has in no way disgraced the character of these setters! He is distinguished in the lower parts of Surrey and in Sussex as an excellent *finder*, and of very delicate mouth.

BASTO brings his game, and has scarcely ever been known to lose a wounded bird, in either corn, furze, or water, which he takes and hunts with the same ease as a *smooth-haired* pointer hunts a stubble!

BASTO, like all sporting dogs of Russian blood, is *slow*, but he often

picks up birds, hares, and pheasants, that a fast-hunting pointer has passed in the field.

He is about eight years old, and the property of T. Gilliland, Esq.

CONDITION OF HUNTERS.

(Continued from Vol. XII. N. S. p. 249.)

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THE avocations of the preceding month prevented my continuing my remarks on *condition*; but I hope soon to be able to bring them to a conclusion, as also my description of Warwickshire; after which I shall give an account of some other hunting countries with which I have been acquainted.

A

True to my text, I enter into no further discussion with the *BIT OF A JOCKEY*. Indeed, were I inclined to renew the attack, his temperance would disarm me. He tells me, my letter was a dictionary of quotations. Having lent the Number to a neighbour, I am unable to enumerate them now, but if my memory serves me, they were aptly applied. I always hold it good to avail myself of another man's language, if more to the purpose than my own; and I studiously avoid imposing upon your readers the wearisome task of reading that which has no meaning at all. If the *BIT OF A JOCKEY* can prove me wrong, let him bring me at once to book; but let us hear no more of his doubts and suppositions, of old Betty Bloss, or his great uncle, and his "what-nots." I am now come to that part of the subject (the foot of the horse), on which I must claim some indulgence, as having puzzled much wiser heads than mine. Indeed, I must be careful how I enter upon it at all; for, were I to advance any thing which I could not substantiate, I should oppose myself to a body of science, now concentrated in veterinary practice, against which I should have no chance to contend.

Experimental philosophy has been hard put to it in its researches into the foot of the horse. Indeed, Nature herself seems to have exerted her very nicest art before she could form any thing in the shape of animate substance, capable of being hammered with the force of a sledge-hammer—and all this with impunity, for twenty years in succession. To accomplish this, she has had recourse to all the art and power of mechanism—to springs and cushions, pulleys and levers, and to

every contrivance to prevent concussion in the *internal* parts of it, whilst the *outward* part is composed of a substance, of all others, the most suited to its purpose, being firm enough to bear the weight of the horse and his burthens, and admirably adapted to the adhesion of nails, by which shoes are affixed to it for its protection. Notwithstanding, however, the unrivalled excellence of the workmanship, it is too often unequal to the purposes to which we apply it; and the diseases and injuries of the feet of horses, form a bane for which no antidote has hitherto been discovered, and which so frequently blast the hopes and expectations of the sportsman, who goes to bed at night in the belief that he has a horse in his stable worth five hundred guineas, and when he gets up in the morning, finds him not worth as many shillings. What I have to say on this subject is the result of experience, never having seen a proper dissection and injection of the foot of a horse; and perhaps it is well for me that I have not—for I remember hearing my Lord Maynard declare, that he had never had a happy moment since he had witnessed that operation; "for now," said his Lordship, "I expect my horses to be ruined every time they step over the sill of their stable door." From the numerous horses, however, that I have seen cut up in the boiling house, added to the great attention I have paid to the subject, I have, I think, a pretty correct idea of the form and construction of the horse's foot, and the causes of the diseases that attack it. I wish I could add, that I were able to point out the cure.

It is, perhaps, presumptuous to say what may have been the intentions of the Creator. Might

we be allowed to conjecture whether it were intended that the foot of a horse should be shod with iron, and that the horse should be driven, or ridden, on hard roads? From the adaptation of the parts, my humble faculty supposes both; and yet we must express our surprise, why so many ages should have passed over before such ends should have been effected; as, from what I have heard and read on the subject, there is no proof of shoeing horses, as we shoe them, being practised, until the ninth century of the Christian æra; and we must admit, that he was a bold man who first ventured to drive nails into the foot of a living horse. I may be told that we have only negative proof of this—inasmuch as there is no mention of horses being shod with iron by any of the ancient writers on husbandry, horsemanship, or the veterinary art; neither is there any representation of horse-shoes in any of the remains of ancient sculpture, although the artists of antiquity were so minute in their designs, as even not to omit a nail in the wheel of a carriage. No mention is made by their historians of shoeing-smiths, or horse-shoes, forming part of the materiel of an army; but we have numerous instances of their cavalry being obliged to halt on their march, on account of their horses' hoofs being worn down, and spoiled. On this account it was that they so much esteemed horses with hard feet. The Bible speaks of those whose hoofs were "counted like flint;" and Homer and others, of "iron and brazen-footed horses, with loud sounding feet"—all which, with the *equi sonipides* of the Roman poet, we may consider as poetical ornaments. That the ancients had a contrivance to pro-

tect their horse's feet, by a kind of sock, fastened on them, is certain; and to this day, in some eastern countries, these socks are used and sold to travellers, by persons stationed for that purpose, on their roads. We all remember—as a political event of some interest was attached to it—Vespasian's coachman stopping on the road to put shoes on his mules, which, no doubt, were shoes of this description. Indeed, socks are now sold, very similar to what we may conclude these to have been, by a person who has obtained a patent for them, to be used when a hunter loses a shoe in the field. They are made to fasten under the flap of the saddle, till wanted; and, but for the weight of them (about 7lbs.), they would be a desirable appendage to a sportsman. They buckle around the fetlock joint, and the bottom of them is shod with iron.

Shoeing horses is not now universally practised, as in many of the eastern countries they are still ridden barefooted. It is most probable, that the practice of shoeing became more general, as gravel was used for roads; for, although paved roads were in use in very early times, they were not so injurious to feet, as sharp flinty gravel. I have read that William the Conqueror introduced horse-shoes into England, and that Henry de Ferrers, who came over with him, got that surname, because he was entrusted with the inspection of the farriers, and that his descendants still bear six horse-shoes in their arms. It is further added, that that Sovereign gave the city of Northampton to some person, as a fief, in consideration of his paying a stated sum yearly for the shoeing of horses.

Nature is seldom defective in

her work; but without proper consideration, we might be induced to think that she had been so with respect to the hoofs of horses, and the teeth of human beings. Before, however, we can substantiate this charge, we must prove that it were *intended* that horses should carry heavy weights on their backs, or be driven at the rate we drive them, on hard roads; or that human beings should eat and drink boiling hot food; for I believe that the teeth of savages, in a state of nature, are said to last to the latest period of their lives. With regard to Europeans, it is certain, that their teeth, generally speaking, do not endure half their natural existence; and were it customary to ascertain the age of a man, as we do that of a horse, by looking into his mouth, we should generally find, at the age of forty, as great a lack of grinders, as Sancho did in the jaws of his master, after one of his renowned battles.

It cannot be denied, that the treatment and diseases of horses' feet, embrace a subject of the highest importance, not only to a sportsman, but to all who possess valuable studs, for the common purposes of life. It is a subject on which I could write a volume—the result of observation and practice; but it is neither within my province, nor limits, to do so here. Indeed, it may be said, that enough has been written upon it already; and we must also admit, that no small quantum of quackery and book-making has been the result. We have had shoes of all descriptions, some of which must excite a smile, and the short reign they had proved their inutility and folly. My experience, however, has led me to the following

bold conclusions—first, that the original form of a horse's foot has nothing to do with his soundness; secondly, that contraction of the hoof is the effect, and not the cause, of disease; thirdly, that unless nature has done her part *effectually*, by forming the foot of good materials, all the art of Mr. Coleman, and the whole body of veterinary science, is of no avail; and, lastly, when disease has once thoroughly taken possession of this delicately-formed organ, the boiler is the only remedy.

With respect to my first assertion, it would be as preposterous to say, that, because a man may have a neat leg and foot, or an elegantly-turned hand, he were never to be attacked with gout, or rheumatism, in either of them, as to suppose, that because a horse may have a perfectly-formed foot, he is never to be subject to disease. Much as I am an advocate for good shoeing, it would be equally preposterous to assert, that unless a horse be shod, agreeably to one or two particular systems, he is to become a cripple. When we consider how many various methods of shoeing are practised in different countries, we must be well aware that they cannot all be agreeable to nature; therefore we must conclude, that shoeing is *not the chief consideration*, as, in spite of its very worst application, some horses continue sound in their feet for a great number of years, whilst others, shod by the first practitioners of the art, are irrecoverably lame before they have worn out a dozen sets of their orthodox shoes. The Sieur La Fosse enumerates no less than six diseases, incident to the foot of the horse; and yet, compared with present knowledge, he seems to have been ignorant of

the true anatomy of the parts he treats of, though we must give him credit for opening the way to future science. When, however, we consider the delicacy and intricacy of the structure, with all its various articulations, we cannot wonder at its not being perfectly comprehended at first sight. I am aware I must not speak of my great uncle, or the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* will be about me; but as under the roof of our parents we imbibe our first notion of things, it may be allowable to go back to such data. In my father's stable, although—from his principle of treating them, working them with a belly-full of grass in the summer, and of hay, good or bad, in the winter, with "abhorrence of physic"—every other horse in it was broken-winded, yet (and I was a close observer) I only remember *one* at all tender in his feet, though they were shod by a blacksmith who never heard of the principles of nature in his life—who never knew there were such things as bars in the foot of a horse, but who took his buttress, and pared hoof and frog, till he was tired, and then made a red hot shoe* do the rest of the business! Let not the reader imagine that this was a system I approved of, for I think the good old gentleman had much luck on his side, and only mention it to shew, that some horses attain their twentieth year—which several of his did—perfectly sound in their feet, though shod by a smith who

violated all the principles of nature, save one—that is, he suffered the shoe to rest on the crust, which is the chief natural bearing of the horse.

However lightly I may have now spoken on this subject, no man holds good shoeing to be more essential than myself; and to prove what I assert, I some years since made myself acquainted with the operative part of preparing a horse's foot for his shoe, with the drawing knife, under the tuition of a first-rate performer from the College. Having done so, I was ever afterwards enabled to direct those who shod my horses, and found the best effects from my instructions. In one instance, in particular, I found them of infinite advantage. I went to spend the summer months, a few years since, with a friend who resided in the interior of the principality of Wales; and conceiving that gentle exercise at that period would be serviceable to two valuable hunters I then possessed, I took them with me. Dreading the uncontrolled operation of the buttress, in the hands of a Welch blacksmith, I took my drawing knife with me, and the first time my horses wanted shoeing, I prepared their feet myself. Contrary to my expectation, the Welchman approved of, and profited by, the example I set him, and, in a very few lessons, became a shoer on the principles of nature, which was also of no small importance to my friend, who had eight

* When the late celebrated Colonel Thornton kept fox-hounds in Yorkshire, he was extremely particular about the shoeing of his horses. Taking up one of their feet one day, he observed that a hot shoe had been applied to it. "Tell that rascal of a blacksmith," said he to his groom, "if he ever dares to apply a hot shoe to a horse's foot of mine again, I will apply one to his —." (Your readers must guess the rest.) A short time afterwards, as the Colonel was returning from hunting, he caught poor Vulcan in the fatal act, when galloping up to him, with the assistance of two of his whippers-in, he made good his promise, and stamped him *à posteriori*, with the insignia of his profession. It is unnecessary to add, that the actual cautery was, in this case, a sovereign remedy.

coach horses (seven greys and a piebald) in his stable at the time, which Messrs. Tattersall afterwards sold for him, for as many hundred pounds.

Although, in a future Number, I shall attempt to enter more fully into the nature and cause of disease in the foot of the horse, together with some remarks on a late *most important discovery*, my limits will now confine me to a mere detail of some experience I have had on the subject in my own stable.

Were I to purchase a horse at a large price, I should certainly like to see him with a fine circular foot, sound and elastic frogs, and strongly-defined bars. I should like to see the hoof full in the front, free from ribs or seams, and of a dark shining colour. But when I have seen all this, am I to imagine that I have got a horse whose feet are secure from disease? Am I to imagine, that so long as I contrive to preserve this circular foot, these sound and elastic frogs, and these well-defined bars, I am to have a sound horse? Let me not take such "flattering unction" to my soul! No: this horse is liable to disease in his feet as well as another, whose hoofs are narrow—whose heels are high—whose frogs never touch the ground—*provided Nature formed them in such a mould*, and also provided she formed them of good materials. If this were not the case, what would become of the mule, the donkey, and the Arabian? I could bring an hundred proofs of the truth of what I am now advancing, but will only state one or two at present:—

Five years ago, I heard of a very clever, well-bred young horse, the property of a clergyman in Bedfordshire, that had gone well one

day, for half an hour, with the Oakley hounds, when the country was very deep, and was to be sold for one hundred and thirty guineas. I went to see him for the purpose of purchasing him. But I must here enter a little into detail, for the sake of establishing one point.

On my arrival at this gentleman's residence, he was on a visit to a friend, so that I only saw his horse in the stable, but as he was expected at home early the next morning, I gave him the meeting at an appointed hour. On examining this horse's feet, previous to taking him out of his stall, I found them perfect. I had him trotted at the end of the bridle, down hill, upon pavement, when he went perfectly at his ease; and after riding him a short time, I purchased him at the price stated, and had him led by a careful servant of my own into Leicestershire, at three easy days' journey, of twenty miles each. The fifth day after he arrived, I got on his back to ride him to covert, and found he was lame. Immediately mounting another horse, I ordered my groom to get his shoe off, and to put his foot into warm water, supposing his lameness to proceed from some trifling cause. My horse, however, was never sound again, and *because I could not prove that he was lame before I became possessed of him*, I never saw a shilling of my money again.

Now I must here observe, that when I saw this horse on the morning previous to my purchasing him, I thought he did not stand quite square on his fore-legs, but that he seemed to have one of them—the faulty one—a little more forward than the other. I observed it again, when I saw him the next

day, and mentioned it to his owner, who assured me that it was only caused by his looking over the side of his stall at another horse—adding, that, as he had bred him, he could answer for his never having been lame in his life. All this was very true. The horse never had been lame; but at the time I am speaking of, incipient* disease existed in his foot, and the travelling into Leicestershire produced inflammation and lameness. The veterinary surgeon who attended him declared, that if he wanted to make a drawing of the foot of the horse, he should have been glad to have taken his for a model, so perfectly was it formed in all its parts and features. On dissection, two years afterwards, all this fine form was obliterated, and a total derangement of the necessary organs of action presented itself. Neither all the skill of the college, nor all the art of the shoer, would have been of any avail here, so rapid was the progress of the disease.

The next is an instance *é contra*. Three years ago, I heard of a horse, the property of a farmer near Gloucester, that had been going particularly well with Colonel Berkeley's and Mr. Hornyold's hounds, and was for sale; but, though he was, what we call, "all over a hunter," no one would purchase him, because he had "small, contracted feet," as they were denominated, and was "certain to be lame." His price was 150 guineas. Being at this time on a visit to Mr. Hornyold, I got on my hack the next morning, and rode to see him. I

found him, just as he had been described to me, with small feet, high heels, and frogs not within an inch of the ground; but, convinced of his soundness, I bought him for 150l. and sent him part of the road, that evening, into Warwickshire, with orders to my groom to give him a dose of physic, previous to my riding him with the hounds. He, however, very soon attracted the eye of a celebrated sporting character in that country, who rides heavy, and who gave me the price of another good horse for him, in addition to what he cost me, and does me the honour to call him "Nimrod." He has never been at all lame, or even tender in his feet, nor would his owner take 500 guineas for him at this moment, if such a price were offered for him. I may here add, that Hermit, who, as I have before stated, was sold for so large a price in Leicestershire, had very narrow heels, with very small frogs, but was never lame from such causes in his life, and was most particularly good on the road. On talking over these matters lately with a friend of mine, who has been a great breeder of race horses, and has had much experience in others, he observed, "You remember my Currycomb colt. I never took such pains with any horse's feet in my life, as I did with his, to make them perfect, but he was never sound after four years old. My Zodiac horse, that I rode so many seasons, had very narrow feet, with scarcely any frogs at all, and never was lame in his life."

NIMROD.

* One of your correspondents—I have not time now to ascertain which—denominates this word, "the canting phrase of the day." Cavilling about words is, at best, a poor pastime; but surely this is, of all others, correctly applied, and classically derived. Might he not as well assert, that the mind of man is not the recipient for knowledge, or the block of marble for the statue?

THE LATE HON. MR. TREVOR.

THE stud of the late Hon. C. Trevor was sold on Saturday, the 25th October, by Mr. Beardsworth, at his Repository, at Birmingham, amongst which was the horse which occasioned his death. We much lament the fatal accident which befel this young gentleman, as he was a promising sportsman, and of affable and obliging manners. He was, we understand, the darling child of his noble parents, whose affliction on the occasion has been very great.

A correspondent observes, that in riding a race, the head should never be turned out at all, when within less than twenty yards of a post, and then only half around, by which a sufficient glance of the horses may be obtained.

We remember, some years since, a bad accident of this nature taking place at Worcester. A celebrated one-eyed jockey was riding a horse of Mr. Hornyard's, for the Gold Cup, and was winning his race in a canter; but, not content with being some lengths before his horses, and turning his head *quite around* to have a full view of them, he ran against a post, a short way from home, and had a tremendous fall, by which the horse was spoiled, and himself severely injured. We also recollect a celebrated little gentleman jockey (the late Mr. Ferdinando Bullock) doing the same thing, by which his leg and thigh were broken. On being carried up to bed in this dreadful state, he cracked his joke, by spurring one of those who helped to carry him with his other heel.

In the same advertisement with Mr. Trevor's horses, were two racers, the property of Mr. Beardsworth himself—viz. Rossini, a particularly well-bred horse, and Paradigm, by

Partisan, out of Bizarre, both four years old. Mr. Beardsworth is getting on on the turf, on which he shews as much enterprise and spirit, as he did in the construction of his Repository in Birmingham, where certainly the public have the advantage of a good choice of horses and carriages, if they want to purchase, and a good chance of getting fair prices for them when they want to sell.

HOUNDS KILLING EACH OTHER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

TAKING up a paper this morning, I observed the following account of a hound being killed by his own pack:—"On Saturday last, at Scriven, near Knaresborough, one of the best harriers in the pack belonging to Charles Slingsby, Esq. having done something to offend his associates, a general canine conspiracy was formed against him, and they suddenly with one consent attacked and worried him before the huntsman had time to rescue him."

This is too common an occurrence with fox-hounds, when they are much above their work and become quarrelsome. About two months ago, a hound of Mr. Chute's, called "Capper," was not only killed in his kennel in the night, *but was eaten by the rest of the pack!* Capper was a favourite hound, not only with his worthy master, but with the field in general—for his tongue being at least two notes *higher* than that of hounds in general, it was easily distinguished from the rest, and it never descended so *low* as to tell a lie. He might be said to have been a real killing hound, and very nearly without a fault.

October 27, 1823.

MELTONIANS OF THE PAST AND
PRESENT DAY.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

YOUR correspondent NIMROD has favoured the readers of your excellent Magazine with sundry anecdotes of Warwickshire sportsmen; but he has not given them, what I should like much to see, some comparative account of them and Leicestershire gentlemen; or, if he will call such comparisons odious, I should wish him, or some other gentleman, to give us his opinion of the Meltonians ten or twelve years ago, and what they are now—that is, whether they are improved or not in riding; or, rather, if the gentlemen of 1810 or 1812 were to come there again, in all their vigour, whether they would outdo their successors. For my part, I rather think they would; for, though I was never in Leicestershire but two seasons myself, which were in 1811 and 1812, I cannot but say, that a gentleman whom I then considered very second rate, is now, I am told, nearly at the top of the tree. Whether he is improved or not, I do not know, and this it is I want some of your correspondents to determine.

The members of the old club then were—for the new one was scarcely in existence—Lord Alvanley, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Berkeley Craven, Mr. Charlton, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Mr. Meyler. Lord Alvanley and Mr. Charlton were what you may call very *bustling* riders, but the flower of the flock was Mr. Smith. Now supposing these three gentlemen, with Mr. Vansittart, who was not, perhaps, so quick, but men in the front at the end of a longish run, were to return there in all their youth and vigour, I want some of your correspondents

to inform me, who have seen them all, whether they would be above or below par with the *avant couriers* of the present day?—Your humble servant,

CURIOSITAS.

London, October 4, 1823.

HYDROPHOBIA.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

EVERY thing relating to hydrophobia must be interesting, particularly to sportsmen. The following, as a fact, cannot, in my opinion, be too widely circulated:—Mr. Springett, of Linton, near Maidstone, in Kent, a grocer, had a small terrier bitch, which used to lie behind the counter in his shop, and was in the habit, when any dog intruded beyond a certain line, to fly out at him, and punish him for such intrusion, much to the delight of the shopmen and apprentices. Nearly three weeks back, the bitch was observed to do this in a more ferocious manner than common, and had, among others, bitten a puppy or two belonging to her master. It was observed at the same time that she did not quit them as usual, but the lads in the shop were obliged several times in the day to take her off by force, and, in doing this, three of them were bitten—two lads of the name of Allchin, and one of the name of Springett, a relation of the owner of the bitch. No further notice was taken of this till the next morning, when the bitch was missing; and the next day, or the day after, it was reported a mad dog had been killed at Hadlow, near Tonbridge. As soon as Mr. Springett heard this, he went to Hadlow, and had the dog, which had been buried, taken up, and it proved to be his own. The two Allchins, much alarmed, went im-

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mediately to a person of the name of Chapman, living at Birling, near Rochester, and took a medicine which the man has sold for some years, as a remedy for the bite of a mad dog. Springett, the other one bitten, disregarded the thing altogether, and thought, as many others do think, it was all nonsense, and that madness was only in apprehension. So the matter rested for a few days, and all were well: however, in little more than a week, Springett had some ugly sensations, and Mr. Whatman, a surgeon, at Maidstone, was sent for, who immediately saw symptoms of hydrophobia—a great thirst, uneven pulse, and spasmodic affection of the throat at the sight of liquids. He advised him immediately to go to Birling, telling the young man's friends, at the same time, if Chapman's medicine did take effect, it was invaluable—for he had no hesitation in saying that he had but a few days to live, if it did not. Mr. Springett directly went to Chapman, and took the medicine when there, and has since taken it, and till this time, which is a week since, continues well: how long he may continue so, God only knows. Mr. Whatman has, I understand, written to Sir Astley Cooper on the subject, as a very extraordinary circumstance. I should mention, that the other two, who took the medicine from the first, have continued well.

For my own part, I will candidly own, I had always supposed that madness in the human species had been occasioned by the horrors at the thought of the bite of a mad dog; but this fact, part of which I have been an eye-witness to, staggers me. That the dog was mad, there is no doubt, for several dogs that were bitten by her have since

gone mad. The particulars, and the truth of this, may be known, by application to the parties—Mr. Springett, of Linton, and Mr. Whatman, surgeon, of Maidstone.

It may not be improper to mention here, that Mr. Whatman, when walking the hospital, saw a case or two of hydrophobia, where the poor creatures had died, or most likely had been bled to death, under the immediate attention of such men as Cooper, Cline, Abernethy, and others, who could do nothing for the sufferers but look on and pity them.

There is also a woman of the name of Peton, some relation I suppose of this Chapman, who sells the medicine, and who lives near Wrotham, in Kent. I have heard of the cures made by these people for years past, and have thought of them, as people generally think of quack medicines; but, really, this happening where I know the parties, and the circumstances from the first, has made a very serious impression on me; and if this medicine (and Mr. Whatman thinks it by no means impossible) should be a remedy for this most dreadful of all dreadful disorders, the blessing will be incalculable.—By the insertion of this, you will much oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

October 11, 1823.

THE CRICKET QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

AN OLD NOTTINGHAMSHIRE CRICKET PLAYER, and myself, appear to be at issue on a "Disputed Point in Cricketing." I do not see why we should be so, for both of us arrive at one conclusion, only by different routes—

namely, that "the umpires are the judges of the game." In the present instance, we may fairly conclude *their* decision to have been in favour of *my* hypothesis; as it appears, reasoning on your *Swaffham* correspondent's letter, that the striker did not, in the game cited, continue his innings. I know very well that as long as a striker "is in his ground," and the game is being regularly played, and provided it is "*not alive*," that he cannot be out. But here the game *was alive*: "*play*" has been called, the ball has been struck out, and the striker's fellow batsman is, as we are justified in supposing, engaged in running his game, at this moment; and whilst it is in full activity the striker commits an act of *felo de se*, and surely should suffer the penalty "of his bond." I offer these suggestions as riders to my former opinions, which (backed by the opinions of greater judges here) I still venture to think impervious to a contrary shaft of judgment. At the same time, I trust it will be believed that I have neither wish nor design to arouse reprehension, or *wire-draw* differences. I leave such to Nimrod, and his equally perturbable opponents. I would in the present case, for it is a curious one, solicit suffrages, and purchase opinions, but neither my habits nor my inclination lead me to encourage controversy, or to irritate antagonists.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ΦΙΑΟΣ.

Wiltshire, October 9, 1823.

A FISHING TOUR.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IF a few observations on fish and fishing, during my peregrina-

tions, are worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Magazine*, I may possibly trouble you again on the same subject; or it may stimulate those more capable, and who have better opportunities than myself of describing the different rivers they sport in.

Most of us are glad to escape from the smoke of London some part of the year or other. Then the angler seeks the stream, the fowler the mountain, the fox-hunter the monotonous plains of Leicester and Gloucester. Those scenes that delight the fisherman have few charms for the boisterous sons of Nimrod. It is different with the shooter; for, while he is grouching up to his middle in heath on the mountain, the angler is frequently struggling with a salmon, or trout, in the river below. They both enjoy the most romantic scenery, and always have something to delight the fancy, even if there be a lack of sport.

I arrived at Shrewsbury the day the Judge entered, and on the following day strolled into Court. I found the parties there assembled very busy *fishing*, some for fees, and some for favours—many white rods sported on the occasion—and the Judge left the town without bestowing a *line* on any one. Those who travel into North Wales will most likely stay a day or two in this town. It is famous for cakes, and was once for female beauty (*see Farquhar's dramatic works*); and if the traveller likes to wet a line in the Severn, he will meet with sport in March, April, and May. The salmon fry are then numerous, and now and then trout and grayling are taken at the same time. Samlets, or skeggers, are to be caught mostly in July and August: they rise very free. I

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took some few with a small dun hackle. The fords, or shallow parts of the river, are best for sport when the water is low and clear: this is contrary to the general rule of "*when the water is a little coloured,*" but I found it was really as I have described.

Salmon is seldom taken in this part of the Severn, with angling: in this river are likewise jack, carp, perch, roach, dace, chub, bleak, ruff, flounder, and the finest gudgeon I ever saw. The water runs so rapidly over a stony bottom, and is generally so clear, except when land floods affect it, that the fish are excellent. It is said the refuse of gas has been destructive, and that the fish are not so numerous since it has flowed into the river; but the small meshed nets are equally so.

If the angler should have forgotten any part of his tackle on leaving town, he may be furnished in Shrewsbury with every requisite, at Mr. Shaw's, who is also a practical angler, and can give some useful information on the subject.

In Shrewsbury was born Barker, who wrote a treatise on angling, published 1661, from which Walton acknowledges he borrowed some useful hints. A neat reprint of this work appeared in 1821. There are many good lines—the Lion, the Talbot, the Raven, &c. The Holyhead coaches leave Shrewsbury early every morning. I rode as far as the delightful vale of Llangollen with its beautiful Dee murmuring at leaving its retirement. The vale comes suddenly on the sight opposite the aqueduct at Pontrycysyllte, not far from Wynnistay, and to a stranger it has a magical effect, its charming river winding through the valley, encompassed by mountains, which

graduate until the horizon mixes with the clouds.

Many visit Llangollen during the summer and autumn. Fishing parties are seen on the margin of the stream with pliant rods, whisking a fly under the alders that grow on its borders; while others, who have waded in, are trying a fish to some shallow part of the river or shore, with their angle over their shoulder, the fish following: this seems necessary to secure their prize, for the bottom being uneven, and in pools, the fisherman would frequently fall by walking backwards. Ask a Welchman if it is likely you will have sport? He will answer, "Yes, if you have the right colour." It is an opinion of mine, from experience, that colour is more attractive than form. I have frequently found an ill-made fly of a right colour more killing, than the neatest of a colour not frequently seen on the water.

In these rivers, small flies will be found to have superior claim, the water is mostly so very clear; but they may be used larger, if the river is cloudy, or in dark weather. The flies should be made on the finest gut, and the hooks not too large and heavy. Hackles of different colours, the bodies of each varied in tint, are, I think, best; for a hackle always falls light on the water, and does not create suspicion.

He who attends to the catalogues of flies, published in most fishing books, will find himself perplexed and confounded; and will frequently see a homely fisherman, with a hazel wand, and an extra fly or two in reserve twisted round the band of his hat, filling his hamper, while he, so fastidious in his choice, is selecting, from his book of ready-made London flies, one for the month; nay, even the hour of

the day!! A man may as soon attempt to learn the Chinese characters and language, as fish by books; enthralled and entangled with a multiplicity of flies. I am much mistaken if he does not soon find, by experience, that these flies are like quick medicines—made to sell.

AN ANGLER.

SHOOTING QUERY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

YOU will oblige a constant reader of your entertaining and useful Magazine, by informing him what is the usual charge of powder and shot, adopted by those celebrated pigeon shooters, such as Arrowsmith, Osbaldeston, &c. &c.; the size of the bore, and length of barrel; and whether percussion or flint guns; and, lastly, by whom made?—Your's,

A. B. C.

SCRAPS FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

NO. 1.

“A King of shreds and patches.”
HAMLET.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

NIMROD has told you one anecdote connected with the worthy, and, to the last, heart-whole Colonel Sheldon. I will tell you another—his portrait, taken when he was Commander of the Oxford Volunteer Regiment, is even now smiling urbanity upon me for the thought. He used to relate it with infinite gusto, and was ever assured of a gratified audience.

Colonel Johnson, who served (I believe) under the Duke of York in the Netherlands, was celebrated no less as a gentleman than as an

officer: he was every inch a soldier, and had reaped glory and scars in the battle's van. He was an excellent swordsman, and his extreme height of person, and length of arm, rendered him a dangerous antagonist, even to more skilled opponents. Travelling on the Continent, accompanied by a single groom, he on one occasion halted at a small inn, glad to seek anywhere rest and refreshment for himself, his servant, and the jaded steeds. The only decent apartment in the house was pre-occupied by a party of French officers: all the provisions the house afforded they had bespoken; and the Colonel was informed that not a ragout or an omelet was to be had for love or money. A soldier's education seldom deserts him on an emergency: it was but a minute's employment to dictate, and another to send, a polite request to the party, that a British officer might be permitted to share in the rations of their mess-board. The envy of *republican* France overcame its politeness, and his messenger was sent back with rudeness and denial. Colonel Johnson possessed, under unmerited insult, the coolness and the intrepidity of his country. He commanded that the joint then being dished up should be laid before him: he and his servant fared sumptuously; and, with fear and trembling, “mine host of the Garter” carried the mutilated remains to the impatient and vociferating guests of the parlour. Affrighted and astonished, their disappointment and chagrin were soon converted into impotent railing and breathings of revenge. At that period, the transmission of a watch, a glove, a ring, or any article of which the transmitter stood possessed, was considered the gate of

defiance; and our Colonel soon found his table in the kitchen glittering with mementos of Gallic daring. He allowed the challengers to finish their *abbreviated* repast, calmly took his modicum of wine, and then, followed by his servant, strode into the apartment. Drawing his sword, and placing on its blade the first article of defiance, at the same moment raising his fine person to its utmost height, and darting an eye of indignation around, as if singling out his victim, he coolly desired its proprietor to redeem it. The effect was prodigious. There was a pause denoting hesitation—a buzz, but nothing palpable; and after a full minute had elapsed, the watch was handed over to his bowing lacquey, and a ring dangled on the still extended weapon: *that* too became the undisputed property of the domestic; and so with the rest. “Men but in appearance—soldiers but in name!” exclaimed Colonel Johnson, as he drew his hand across his blade, ere he deposited it in its sheath—“learn from henceforward how to respect the rights of hospitality. I have been told that cowardice is ever the companion of audacity; and that those who know how to convey an insult, have rarely the courage to redeem it: I regret that it should have been my fortune to witness, beneath the uniform of France, the combination of these degraded alliances.”

The other occurrence which, at present, I shall borrow from my Portfolio, happened to an old acquaintance of mine; and, although of a different interest, is for a time singular enough.

At a period when the Heaths of Hounslow and Bagshot were the scenes of constant robberies, and the Bolters and Turpins of the age

bade the traveller “Stand, and deliver!” almost with impunity—and when a journey to London, now a mere walk across a garden, was considered of the utmost seriousness and hazard—Mr. E. was constrained, by the cloak of evening coming fast upon him, to put in at the town of Hounslow for the night; and he accordingly, after stabling his horse, ordered a supper and a bed at the principal inn. The room into which he was ushered was of large and lofty dimensions, and a crowded display of burnished plate, preparatory to a public dinner the next day, decorated the ample sideboard. Mr. E. retired early to his chamber, and fatigue made him neglectful of adopting his usual precautions of securing the door, and burning a light. About the first hour of the morning, as he imagined it to be, he was conscious of a movement at his chamber door, succeeded, after a second or two, by a footfall on the floor. To move on the instant would have been to run into uncertain danger, and he awaited in silence the approach of the intruder. It was preceded by a voice, stifling its natural compass, demanding, “Henry, is that you?” and then again directly, “Are you awake? It is time.” No answer being returned to these mysterious interrogatories, the speaker began to handle the curtains and bed cloaths. At that moment, and when Mr. E. heard the rustle above his head, and in the direction where he had deposited his watch, with a rapid movement he tore aside the curtains, leaped from the bed, and was immediately in the grapple of a person whose hair, thick and matted, was saturated with wet, and whose garments sufficiently indicated an acquaintance with the

storm that was pelting without. The struggle was but of short duration: his opponent, the more agile of the two, succeeded in extricating himself, and fled. A hue and cry was soon raised, the affrighted household roused, and a muster called. Host, guests, servants, helpers, all appeared—none were found wanting; but the display of the sideboard plate had vanished—not a spoon remained, and its splendour “was not.”

Mr. E. left early the same morning. Whether the nocturnal intruders sought his chamber (in error), as that of an accomplice, or whether from an appetite of further plunder, has never been divulged. The purloiners up to this period have escaped detection, and were their hiding places now invaded, my kind-hearted friend could not now witness their exposure; for, full of years and honour, he departed, a few brief months since, to that rest where “thieves do not break through and steal.”

J. S.

ON THE USE OF THE GIN TO TAKE FOXES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine
SIR,

I Have frequently seen foxes that have been caught in gins, and which have remained therein two or three days, with a broken leg in a state of mortification, their teeth, from biting the gin, worn into the gums; at other times I have seen them, when they have broken the chain of the gin, walking about, dragging the gin after them, in a state of starvation. I have before read in your Magazine a letter on the cruelty of catching rabbits in gins. When one reflects on what these animals suffer, it is revolting

to the feelings to think that gentlemen should be so unfeeling as to countenance their keepers in such cruelty. If gentlemen will destroy foxes, let them take the animal alive, by setting a large hutch on a down, or in a ride in a covert, and bait the hutch with cheese.

HUMANITAS.

ON BREAKING HORSES.

(Continued from Vol. XII. N. S. p. 256.)

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

ERE I proceed, let me note some of the typographical errata which, owing to the indistinctness of my holograph, appeared in my last letter. In page 252, for “through-out,” read, “throw out”—255, for “If his forehead is too long,” read, “too low”—same page, for “pulling a colt now,” read, “pulling a colt’s nose,” &c.

Now let me return thanks, in a few observations, for the notice with which NIMROD has honoured my first letter. I had there stated it as my opinion, that the horses used for hunters were, in general, very ill broke. How is this answered? Unluckily, it seems I had made some quotation, and this unfortunate line is drawn from its lurking place—like a traitor, made to expiate the fault of the company in which it is found. Tortured on the rack of NIMROD’s imagination, it is forced into the exposition of an intent which never existed. With the simple words—“To witch the world with noble horsemanship,” NIMROD is off with the greatest antiquarian eagerness to the era of our Fifth Harry, and hawking; but in this flight he has soared above his pitch. *Piano vi, prega, Nimrod!* You are soaring in the clouds of your own creation: *Nec sat rationis*

in arms. At that era, he allows horses were managed, and were good enough hunters for the sport in which they were used, as they had merely to prance and caper nimbly with their riders; while the falcon and his quarry slowly skimmed above. Now, really, Nimrod should have made himself in some measure acquainted with the nature of hawking, before risking this assertion, and he would have found that in this sport there was bitter need for all the virility of modern hunters—the *εἰσάρα; τας διναμεις*. One of the oldest and most esteemed authors on this subject* has to this effect: "Leto thesteade be swift of foote as the roe bucke. Fore hawkeing is a sport of no gentleness. After experymente, ye will saye in no countrie is there ever such neede for speedenes in the hunter;" and so on he goes to commend great agility to the horseman. So it would appear, Nimrod, this sport is no "nodding in a punt." But I beg no thanks for putting you right: 'tis common charity to help one who has so bemuddled himself—for by proving that the horses of the olden time were fit for *their* work, you have unwittingly proved, that, in spite of their capering education, they would have been fit for that of the present day. This is going farther than I would have dreamt of.

In ridiculing, however, the manage riding of other days, he has either not understood, or misrepresented me. Now this is not well. For I distinctly stated that the manage seat, and the dressed horse, are not for the field. No, they fall heavy on the eye, and are "out of keeping." I never meant or stated that hunters should undergo so tedious an education: I only recommended (though master of a pack of hounds,

I retain these caperings of the manage) so much of it as would assist in eradicating some defects, or improving those qualities they naturally have. In spite of the *fiat* of the "too tender" Nimrod, the *se plus ultra* of horsemen, as he would have us believe, I am still of opinion, that education will sometimes improve nature, and that, too, without a cruel outrage against her; and that a horse, by gentle means, may be made to bring his hind legs a little more under him, or solicited to hold his head a little higher, without using *too much liberty with nature*. "Officer, why make the left-handed man use a sword in his right? Or why enlist the stooping mechanic? And, doubly cruel! why extend the misery of his sufferings, by drilling him upright, or marching him with his toes turned out? Learn, Sir, this is taking 'too much liberty with nature.'" Nimrod's result is, that unless a horse has his every point so formed that the nicest observer cannot find a defect, he is not fit for a hunter. This is, with a vengeance, the "*poeta nascitur non fit*;" "the faultless monster which the world ne'er saw." But why pursue this farther, as each of us, in spite of all, may still continue, as Catullus terms it, "*flans nostris*?"

When you have the colt so far advanced as to trot smoothly, and without fretting on a circle with the cross, you holding a rein of the bridle in hand, lead him into your riding house. The cross being on, and the reins rather loose, buckle to the inside eye of the snaffle a soft twisted rope rein of eight yards in length, and pass it through a ring in the upper part of the surcingle on which the cross is fixed: pass it through this ring to the hand. Let

* Sir Hubert Duncombe, Vol. I. p. 23.

me explain that when a horse is working in a circle or square, that side of him next the centre is the *inside*, and the other the *outside*. Coil the rope rein in your right hand, and take hold of the snaffle with the left, leading the colt along the side wall of the house, while an assistant with a long whip (the thong about seven feet long, thick and heavy, but softly plaited) gently urges him forward, by throwing the lash on the ground. As he advances, gradually let the rope slip through your hand, and remove your left from the snaffle, stepping back till you are in the centre of the figure you wish him to describe round you. Let the assistant follow the colt, keeping about half way betwixt you and him; and his eye should be constantly fixed on him, for he will sometimes in playfulness turn round: the assistant should be ready to prevent this, by forcing him forward. If the colt incline to contract the size of the figure, and come near to the assistant, let him point the end of his whip at him. You will also find that in this lesson he is anxious to avoid going into the corners of the house. This is of no consequence at present: let your object be merely to make the circle well. When he is steady in it, you may then think of taking him a little more into the corners, by attaching another rope rein to the outside eye of the snaffle, passed through a ring on the surcingle to the hand, as before. Thus you have the two long reins, one fixed to each side of the snaffle, the outside one leading him into the corners, and the inside one assisting him out of them, at first. In commencing this lesson, the reins of the cross, as I remarked before, should be so loose as just to feel the colt's mouth; for unless

you have had practice in this method of working, the *aids* from the reins in your hand, and those from the springs of the cross, might not correspond—might fret and irritate the temper. If this is kept in mind, the lesson may be proceeded in with safety. Let the colt move round you, the assistant following and keeping him out—you aiding him gently by feeling the outside long rein, especially as he approaches the corners. Your object at present is to get him to trot more into them; but as the yet stiffness of his body prevents him easily turning out of them, do not urge him too boldly into them at first, and assist him out with the inside long reins. By and by, let him conduct *himself* out, which you will find extremely beneficial, in giving him pliability in his shoulders and limbs. Practise this lesson often, gradually putting more and more constraint, by lightening the outside cross rein. The consequences will be, his head and neck will be somewhat bent outward: in action, he will retain the outside shoulder, and advance the inside one. Now of course he will go easier into his corner, but will have more difficulty in getting out. This you will assist him in, with the inside long rein. This lesson should be persevered in till he can work it freely, with his head turned at least half round to the outside wall, observing that you work as often to the one side as the other; unless one side is stiffer, or more difficult to bend, than the other, which is often the case, then you may work oftenest to it. My plan is, to begin working to the stiff side, stop, work the other side, then finish with the stiff side—say the duration of each five minutes, repeated several times

a day. Should the colt require more exercise, let him trot round you, the cross so placed as to keep his head in a good position, and urge him forward to his best pace in the trot without requiring any more *bend* from him than he finds necessary for himself in the circle. Indeed, I recommend to finish even the *uniting* lessons with extended and quick action in the trot, then there can be no danger (of what many people are so alarmed at when you talk of a horse being well united) that the speed of any of his paces will be affected. Nay, I maintain that some of them will be improved by it, especially his walk, and none injured. If a pedestrian were to undergo the education of a tumbler or stage dancer, at the same time he practised his walking or running, no one would suppose that by the *union* of his powers his speed would be injured for either of these exercises. So is it with the horse. To be able to give himself occasionally extreme *union*, is not only often required for his own ease, but also for his and the rider's safety; and if he is not by art prepared to do it easily, the consequences are serious, and often strain every joint and muscle of his body. The nature of a hunter's work renders him much exposed to these violent shocks and strains. I urge the necessity of being prepared for them. In *uniting* the colt, you lighten his forehead, place the haunches more under him, improve the figure and carriage by his weight being more equally distributed on his legs, whereby you enable him to bend and turn himself quickly, and with ease, in any direction. This, too, is the true manner of teaching a horse to leap with safety, by enabling him to rest on, and then spring from, his

haunches: you learn him to judge of the leap required, and measure his force accordingly; and when he is enabled to do the standing leap, little practice is required to make the flying one as well.

Then let us proceed to the lesson of the *union*. Already we have the colt moving in the trot with the one shoulder more extended than the other, and consequently the one hind leg more brought under him than the other. Endeavour to bring both hind legs under at the same time. Let the colt be made to trot, the reins of the cross equal in length: if the forehead is low, elevate the springs, keeping the long rope reins in your hand, as before: the assistant urges his speed, while you gradually and almost imperceptibly draw him into himself, by the reins, using both equally. The consequence is, the assistant forces the hind legs under—your retention elevates the forehead as the hind quarters sink down, by the hind legs getting more under the belly, and out of the perpendicular. *That* support is, in fact, shortened, so he pitches himself now more strongly from behind. As, when a man leaps, he first sinks down to acquire more force, thus the horse darts his fore legs freer and more forcibly out from him. Take care that your aids by the long reins are given smartly, finely, and true, otherwise he will break into a canter, if you should ease your hand to him. Do not require too much at a time: this lesson must be worked gradually, and time allowed for improvement. The cross here is to elevate the forehead: it is the rein in your hand which is to extend or unite the action. In a day or two you will find no use for an assistant in this or any of the preceding lessons, which should always

be put in practice once a day: they will soon become so familiar and easy, that the extra exercise you may judge necessary for him may be given by them. When you take the whip in your own hand, in using it, be careful that you do not jerk or irritate the mouth by the long reins; for now, if your hand is true, you will find, as the colt improves in union, so does the delicacy of his mouth. Your great difficulty will be, to keep your hand of an equal and corresponding fineness. When united, a thread of silk will be almost sufficient to command him, in his greatest exertions; and, by means of the cross and long reins, we have arrived at this perfection, and the colt, still unmounted, causing neither risk to himself or breaker. Than this *iron man*, the Man of Ross had not a more gentle temper, or Job more patience! Here, however, if you please, the colt may be backed, though I think it unnecessary. The cross is sufficient for all our purpose, even to dressing the highest airs of the manage, which is far beyond the union necessary for a hunter, the remaining part of whose education will form the subject of my next letter.—Yours, POLLUX.

October 13, 1823.

DOG KILLED BY SNAKES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

By the insertion of the following, you will much oblige a constant reader of your interesting work:—

Having had an invitation to Bramshill Park, the seat of Sir J. Cope, I arrived there on the evening of the 9th of September, where they commenced shooting next

day. The morning was very propitious, and we looked forward to good sport; but scarcely had we killed a brace, before we heard our best dog moaning, as if in pain. On going up to him, we found two large snakes curled round each of his fore legs. We, of course, soon dispatched them, and the dog was taken all possible care of; but I lament to say, he survived only the next day. Should you know any remedy in case of such accidents, you will much oblige an admirer of your Magazine.

Portland Place, Sept. 23, 1823.

* * A circumstance similar to the above occurred about three weeks since to a gentleman of our acquaintance, when shooting in Essex. In getting through a strong fence, his dog stepped upon a viper, which immediately fastened upon his upper lip, and kept its hold until struck off with a stick. A person was instantly dispatched to the nearest town (two miles off), for a bottle of sweet oil, about half a pint of which was poured down the dog's throat on the spot, and the dose repeated when he got home. Although considerable swelling was produced, with evident signs of pain, no spasmodic affection took place, and in three days the dog was quite recovered, and able to take the field again.—EDITOR.

STRANGE, YET TRUE:

A TALE OF YORE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR pages being open to whatever tends to amuse, I beg to lay before you the following narrative. Be its nature what it

will, it would never have seen the light, but for my late perusal of an article in the *Sporting Magazine*, of distant date, entitled, "*Sportswomen*."

Many years ago, when I was an Oxford lad, or, more properly, a student at that University, I bespoke a gun of one Collis, a maker of some celebrity, and whose name is well known, as I hear, at the present day. Calling at his manufactory with a friend one morning, to see how matters were going on, a boy popped in by the side of me, and, after slipping a paper into the gunsmith's hand, he departed without uttering a syllable, and was out of sight in a moment. "Heyday!" said Collis, on opening the paper: "What have we here? Two tickets to a play at Blenheim, I declare!"*

Blenheim theatricals being at that time the rage, from the reports of the choice few Collegians who had witnessed them, many a vain wish was uttered on the occasion; and happy was the academic who could obtain admission to such precious entertainment. Aware of this—"Gentlemen," said Collis, "these tickets are perfectly at your service, if you will accept of them; and I wish I could pay you a better compliment; for however thankful I shall hold myself to *his Grace*,† on the occasion, I am quite clear that neither myself nor any one in my family would wish to avail ourselves of them." Had myself and my friend obtained each a University prize, more joy could not have appeared on our countenances than on our obtaining these tickets, nor was there an individual amongst our associates but envied us our good fortune.

Presuming that all on the scene of action was to be in the highest style imaginable (not an idea occurred to us of our occupying the room of mechanics), our dresses forsooth were to be in perfect unison with this gorgeous display; and to "*spring a tick*," of consequence on the occasion, was not only pardonable, but—pahaw!—it was praiseworthy.

The day, or rather the evening of the exhibition arrived, we set off from the "Mitre" Inn, in a neat post chaise, having taken only a sober pint of Port each, and, after a halt at Woodstock, we arrived late, and not until the commencement of the piece, entitled, "*The Maid of the Oaks*." On our entrance, we found the house a bumper, and on taking our seats, to whatever part of the "panorama" we turned our eyes, all was brilliant, and all was fascinating. In the design of the theatre there was a grandeur not often observable in one of its dimensions: in the fitting-up, as well as in the scenery and decorations, much taste was exhibited; and the performance, conducted by those only of high rank and fashion, was seldom equalled—never, in the opinion of a certain amateur of acknowledged judgment, surpassed on private boards. Whether the invitation tickets, as given out to those of the order of our gunsmith, did not suit, or, as in the case with us, were exchanged, but few of that class attended. Amongst the spectators were many of high rank. The beauty of the neighbourhood seemed concentrated as to a focus; and hilarity sat on the countenance of every individual.

Refreshments and the most delicate wines being every now and

* Tickets were sometimes sent to certain mechanics—"Collis" had a city vote.

† The Duke of Marlborough.

then handed round at the dropping of the curtain, my friend would be sipping; and after a while he became so very polite to some females, that he attracted the notice of the house. At length he so far forgot himself, and the respect due to those around him, as to "*chuck a young lady under the chin,*" and to call her "*his love.*" The brother of the damsel, roused with indignation, would have sprung on the delinquent, but he was withheld by certain remonstrances, and the consideration of the peculiarity of the place and occasion. During the momentary pause, however, and when my friend seemed much embarrassed, a tall lady, apparently about thirty, and who had somewhat of the masculine in her countenance, advanced towards him, and of such effect was the exertion of her interest, that the scale quickly turned in his favour, and peace was soon restored.

To this lady, who, from her being heribbioned with *red*, we called the "*Coquelicot Lady,*" we took every opportunity, as may be naturally supposed, of evincing our gratitude, and paying her every possible attention. After the termination of the performance, which went off not without such reiterated plaudits as shook the edifice, according to some, to its very foundation, my friend handed the Coquelicot Lady, and I another female who accompanied her, to a smart chariot, the driver of which, much bedizened with livery ornaments, appeared by the light of the flambeaux to be in a state of intoxication. Our vehicle being next theirs, we brought up the rear of a cavalcade, if I may so call it, of about a hundred and twenty carriages in a line. Just before clearing the Park, the ladies' coachman

fell from his seat: a violent screaming ensued from the carriage; and such acknowledgments for our services escaped the fair ones, as gave a romantic character to the incident and its consequences. During our arranging matters, and providing for the safe conveyance of our charge, by an exchange of drivers, the rest of the cavalcade had got far ahead of us, and, in such an increased dilemma, we flattered ourselves our assiduities were proportionably appreciated. Arrived at an inn at "*Woodstock,*" we again officiated, and handed the ladies from their carriage, the blazoning on which could not but attract attention. We supped with these females by invitation; nor did we part from them without a stipulation to breakfast with them on the morrow.

The morrow arrived, the coachman, who had been pumped overnight to no purpose, was again found proof against bribery, and, strange as it may appear, neither from the landlord, nor any other source of intelligence, could we find out who these ladies were. Nor did our curiosity by any means abate, when, on their resuming their seats in the carriage, the companion of the Coquelicot Lady whispered into my friend's ear, that "they may be heard of at a small cottage at the extremity of ——— Green."

On our return to College, this adventure took up more of our thoughts than was consistent with the discipline enjoined on us. After no small pains, we defined the "*Green,*" and even the cottage adjacent, and we looked forward with eagerness to the next short vacation, when we might visit the spot, and learn more of the fair ones who had engrossed so much of our atten-

tion. How it happened I never could ascertain, unless from the hopes of being reinstated in the favour of an offended rich uncle, who had vouchsafed to write him, but all of a sudden my friend appeared lukewarm in this project, and one morning I found him packing up some game, which, he told me, he meant to present personally to his uncle, as a peace-offering; and thus, as the vacation was to commence on the morrow, the scheme, pregnant with high hopes and expectations, was abandoned altogether.

Many years had rolled on after this adventure, and both myself and my friend had long taken an active part in our respective professions; further, the latter had felt the good effects of reconciliation with his rich uncle, when I chanced to meet a Mr. J—— and family, from Oxfordshire, at a small watering place in the county of Dorset. An intimacy taking place between us, at length the adventure before mentioned came on the carpet, when, together with the identifying the ladies to a certainty, a strange piece of information came to light—the “Coquelicot Lady” proved a lady of fortune; the other her humble companion; and as she moved only as in perfect subservience to her mistress, my new acquaintance gave the history of the latter strange personage, to the following effect:—

“Up to the period you speak of, and indeed some years after, this lady, who has a villa, as I told you, not far from my general residence, however noted for her singularities and eccentricity, was universally respected. The only and darling child of a penurious being, who, as I have heard, amassed together an immense property as a Govern-

ment contractor, by the death of her mother she became her own mistress, at a very early age; notwithstanding which, she confined herself to such strict attention, under able masters, that eventually she became highly accomplished. Many eligible offers she refused; and it was a saying of hers, that the man who could please her must be moulded by the combined exertions of nature and art for the purpose. After the death of her father, by which event she acceded to all his immense wealth, she exhibited symptoms of apostacy from most of the customs of society. At length she seemed regardless of decorum; and eventually she spurned at all rules and ordinances, but those of her own prescription. Her house became the seat of riot and confusion, not such as proceed from intemperance, but such as were in direct opposition to order and consistency. One while she was an advocate for early hours, and her dress, in which she indulged to boundless extravagance, was irrecoverably impaired by the morning dew: at another time, she would turn night into day, breakfasting at evening, and dining at midnight. Neither mare nor gelding would she have in her possession: nothing but entire horses would she ride or suffer in her carriage, and she rode with an intrepidity rarely witnessed in any one of her sex. She consorted a long time with an army officer much younger than herself, who was at length taken into the house. In process of time, he was obliged to give place to one who had become a greater favourite: for the latter, the lady kept hounds and horses; and, on his account, her house became a scene of confusion and extravagance rarely equalled. Ban-

queting and revelry now succeeded the sports of the day, in all and each of which the lady bore a distinguished part; and their midnight orgies reminded one of those of Anthony and Cleopatra. Such was the high tone of the proceedings at this establishment, till an attachment was found out between the favoured youth and a beautiful daughter of the clergyman of the next village, when, lo! a wonderful and memorable change took place. The lady assuming a simple sable garb, commenced the determined recluse. He who was once so rooted in her affections, and had fared so sumptuously, solicited charity, as an outcast, from door to door; and the beautiful young creature, who was the innocent cause of this sudden and awful reverse of things, by what hand administered was never known, died by poison."

SENEX.

October, 21, 1823.

NEW MODE OF CATCHING SALMON.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Beg to enclose you an extract from a work lately published by Captain Batty, on the Peninsular war, in which he gives a way the natives of France have of catching salmon. Perhaps it may prove a useful hint to some of our own countrymen in Scotland or Wales, if published in your *Sporting Magazine*.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. B.

London, Oct. 2, 1823.

"At the mouth of the Adour, we noticed a simple and very successful mode of catching salmon. The fisherman walks along the beach, following the direction of the cur-

rent, and distending an oblong net by means of a long slender pole, which partly floats on the surface of the water. A slender cord is fixed to the lower angle of the net, at its farthest end, and is held by the fisherman in readiness to be pulled tight the moment a fish strikes against the net. By this simple contrivance, he is enabled to take very fine salmon. He scrapes a hole in the sand, and covers up the fish, to be kept fresh till the fishing time is over; for this process is unsuccessful when the current is running strong."—*Captain Batty's "Campaign of 1813-14 in the Western Pyrenees and South of France."*

MANORIAL RIGHTS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Have read with a great deal of pleasure, and have obtained a great deal of information from, the letter of your correspondent NEOS (in *August Magazine*), on "Manorial Rights," and who is afraid that few of your readers will follow him as far as he has gone. But I hope he will favour us with the remainder of the information which he appears to be in possession of on the above head.—By inserting this in your valuable *Magazine*, you will greatly oblige,

A SPORTSMAN.

Streatham, Oct. 8, 1823.

SPORTING TRESPASSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Some time ago read in some paper, a clause of the Act lately passed, for punishing trespassers when sporting. An attempt was made at the time to extend it to

all persons hunting; but this was, as I thought, completely overruled, until, to my great surprise, I see that it only extends to those qualified, and taking out a licence. A little time previous to the Bill being brought into Parliament, I happened to hear two gentlemen, who are vulpecides and great game preservers, speak of this Bill, and the one begged the other to use his endeavours to get it supported; for if they could carry it, *it would be a great point, as it was meant to feel their way how they could eventually stop hunting.* The promoters of the Bill have so far ingeniously enough succeeded; for, by excluding qualified persons taking out a licence, from the penalties of the Act, they for the time, as I conceive, blinded the liberal-minded from watching the different clauses, and got this odious Bill through the House. Now, as I rent a large farm, and am not qualified, and never shoot, I am almost afraid to venture out hunting, lest a neighbour should be compelled by his landlord to pull me up before the justices, for riding over his land; under a threat, that if he does not prosecute his friend and neighbour to please them, he shall no longer hold his farm. My land is rode across by fox-hunters and hare-hunters, about twice a week. It is a light, dry, healthy soil. I have never found that it has hurt my wheat—nay, I think it has been better for it: and as to turnips, gentlemen who are real sportsmen will never wantonly ride over them: and as to a gap or two in a hedge, I have always found the master of the hounds, or some gentlemen I have known, who regularly hunts with them, kind enough, on my telling

them, that on such a day they made a few gaps in the hedges, or left open a hurdle or two, to give me a shilling or two for the shepherd or hedger; and therefore I have no complaint to make against hunting, and shall always be glad to see the hounds out.

But I have another serious grievance to state, which is, that those gentlemen, the promoters of the Act, should not have got a clause introduced to protect one from noxious trespassers, not harmless ones: I mean trespassers that do me heavy damage all the year through, namely, those gentlemen's hares, rabbits, and other game. Who is to pay me, I want to know, for my young hedges that are yearly eaten up by the rabbits, and which I am continually re-planting? beside the quantity of corn and turnips eaten? When these gentlemen deprive me of hunting, I say they should have protected my property against the injuries they themselves do it.

Let the Bill, at the next meeting of Parliament, be kicked out of the House, and let me see no sinister means used to stop hunting, and the gentlemen's game shall eat me up, as it hitherto has done, without my murmuring; and am, Sir, yours,

Although unqualified, a Liberal-minded One.

INQUIRY ON PEDESTRIANISM ANSWERED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN the last Number of your valuable Magazine, I remarked the wish of A BIT OF A RUNNER, that some one would give an answer to his inquiry into pedes-

trianism. Being one of those "who pad the hoof," not amongst the slowest, perhaps it may be some information to tell him what I have done, and thence he may infer what is in the power of man.

My favourite race is only 100 yards, and I have never run the quarter mile, 440 yards, but once, and this was done *off hand, round a circle, and without any training.* This certainly took me longer to accomplish, by two seconds, than the celebrated A. Wood, though, perhaps, we may account for it by the peculiarity of the course.

The 100 yards I have done, more than once, in the space of *nine seconds and a half*, and this too without any preparation; but as the distance is short, and speed more required than wind, much training might not be necessary.

From accomplishing eight miles in an hour when a boy at school, and in tolerable condition from frequent playing at foot-ball, added to my performances since, perhaps I may with some confidence state my opinion, that it is in the power of man to accomplish the 400 yards in the specified time. By inserting this, you will oblige

A YORKSHIREMAN.

Leeds, October 17, 1823.

P. S. Possibly it may be as well to add, that when I ran the race of 100 yards in nine seconds and a half, the ground was properly measured, and there were *stop watches*, so that no mistake could occur.

AMERICAN ECLIPSE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

MY friend, Mr. S. Hawes, jun. of Coltishall, having just arrived from New York, after mak-

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ing a tour of a few months in the United States, has been so kind as to give me a pamphlet, detailing the successes of a famous racer of that country, styled the American Eclipse. As I have no doubt you will feel pleasure in circulating the turf improvements and successes of our American brethren, in your Magazine, which has long been a periodical traveller, the world over, I send you the pamphlet, to make any extracts you may think proper; also a few remarks which have occurred to me in the perusal.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

October 19, 1823.

HORSE RACING is of high antiquity, and to be traced in the histories of ancient Greece and Rome: but in modern times, and until within about half a century, it has been peculiar to England. In this country, it has been established between two and three centuries, and pursued with a persevering ardour of improvement. The result has been, a race of coursers, horses for the road and field, and quick draught, not to be paralleled in any other part of the globe. The excellence of our provender, and maturity of skill in our management, are most strikingly apparent, in the fact, that, although the courser, or race horse, be not indigenous here, he must voyage hither, from the burning desert, from the shores of Syria, Egypt, and Persia, in order to acquire perfection; and it has never yet happened, that a foreign has come within a distance of an English racer, in his own country. Further, the English horse exported, being in health and condition, is invariably superior to those of every other country, even in the native countries of the courser.

D

in all temperate climates; however, Asiatic and African blood, good provender and management, are the essentials, and will produce race horses; and France had fair, half a century since, to rival us in the breeding stud and on the race course. America has since made far greater strides—indeed, began considerably earlier than France, although upon a small scale. To write from memory, racing stallions and brood mares were imported into Virginia, as early as 1758. Subsequently, I saw Diomed, grandsire of the American Eclipse, and Ulysses, at Newmarket, the year before the former was sold to America. They were both covered with an eruption, for which none of the doctors could account. The American-bred horses have been highly improved, and run truly, although they have not reached the speed exhibited in this country. The same may be said of their trotters, with the disadvantage of their being runners. Perhaps they are still in want of a more extensive import of English jockies, grooms, and breakers.

The portrait of the American Eclipse, said to be a correct likeness, of which a *fac simile* will be found in the present Number, resembles rather the English racer of a former and far distant, than of the present day. He is good in all "the cardinal points," and of the most advantageous size.

There are a few errors of a general nature in the pamphlet, and deviations from the English turf phraseology. Many English horses, both before and since Babram, have raced after serving in the stud. It is not "well authenticated," that Eclipse ran over the course at York, in eight minutes, carry-

ing 12st. I first published it, merely as I received it, soon after, from a jockey; that is to say, a better took out his watch upon the course, and declared the time to be so. The horse did not run against time; had that been the case, there is little doubt but he would have beaten eight minutes. Malton must not be classed next to Childers and Eclipse. When Bay Malton first ran at Newmarket, I was at school, not many miles from thence, but did not see the race. I have, however, discoursed often with those who knew that horse well. His truth, and general excellence, as a racer, not speed, were his grand distinctions; and he would have made a queerish figure, in running a single mile, at even weights, with such cattle as Pumpkin, Firetail, Old Peggy (Masquerade), or Shark. I have before said something on *timing*, and have been assured by a jockey, that there was no authentic timing of Hambletonian and Diamond, nor were they first-rate racers. I also stated the probability that Childers, in the race referred to, carried upwards of nine stone, which granted, would make far more than the difference of seconds. Hold hard! at page 17, my brother jockey of the U. S. for the superiority of your future Eclipse and Henries. I cannot answer; but could the present have been transported in their prime, and without the slightest detriment to their health and condition, to the plains of Newmarket, they would there have found play-fellows, American *chronometer* proof. Yet, so far as I am able to judge, we have not yet equalled the racers and trotters of the last century.

Much having been said of the





comparative merit of the racers of different periods, and of the utility of its ascertainment, with the view of improvement, and to avoid the risk of degeneration, on the British turf, I beg leave to propose the following plan:—An annual race at the Craven Meeting, Newmarket, to be called the "Time Purse," for reputed speedy south country horses: *three* only to start, a single mile, 8st. each. A similar Purse, in the First October Meeting, B.C. 8st. 7lb. each. The time-pieces to be held and managed by persons properly qualified, and worthy of dependence. Similar annual Time Purse, to be run for by north country horses, at York or Doncaster. In general, gentlemen certainly neither desire to distress their horses unnecessarily, nor find it their interest to have their utmost speed or goodness known. In stated races like the above, there would be a motive for fair exertion, and the measure might be rendered compatible with racing interests.

EXTRACTS.

"An authentic History of the celebrated Horse, American Eclipse, containing an Account of his Pedigree and Performances, with some general Information on the Subject of the Turf, and the Means adopted at various Times to improve the Breed of Horses: embellished with a correct Likeness of this famous Horse, engraved on wood, in the best style, by Dr. A. Anderson.—New York: printed by E. Conrad, 4, Frankfort-street, 1823.

"TO THE READER.

"THE great interest that has prevailed respecting the animal which is the subject of this pamphlet, and a desire to dispel the

rumours that are so invariably attached to all matters which engage general attention, have induced the publisher to present an authentic account of all the particulars connected with this celebrated horse.

"Most of the documents requisite for such an undertaking could necessarily be derived only from the proprietor; and it is an act of justice to Mr. Van Rensselaer, to observe, that the publisher has received from him every facility in the furtherance of the design. For the general observations of the work, or its arrangement, that gentleman is in no wise responsible; but for the veracity of the several statements respecting his own animal, he is willing to be accountable: and, in order to remove all doubts with the reader, he has politely furnished the publisher with the communication which will be found on the succeeding page. For the accurate print of Eclipse, he has been indebted to Dr. Anderson; and it may safely be asserted, that it is the most elegant specimen of wood-engraving that ever appeared in this country.

"THE PUBLISHER."

"To the Publisher.

SIR—In the absence of a Turf Register in this country, in which the pedigree and performances of my horse, American Eclipse, could have been preserved, it has been deemed advisable to present them to the public, who have manifested so lively an interest in his history, in a distinct form. The utmost pains have been taken to give these as correct as possible: I therefore vouch for their authenticity. For the general information on the subject of the turf, and the means adopted to improve the breed of horses, the most standard works have been

consulted by the gentlemen who have thrown together the following pages; and it is to be hoped that this may lead some man of taste and leisure to commence a work devoted to the sports of the turf and the chase. That materials might be found in the United States for a very respectable volume, yearly, there can be no doubt. The adventures of our enterprising fellow-citizens, in our widely-extended country, in the sports of the forest, would then be preserved, as monuments of human skill and intrepidity. That you may be amply remunerated in the publication of the following pages, is the sincere wish of yours respectfully,

"C. W. VAN RANST,

"New York, July 26, 1823.

"To Mr. E. Conrad, printer,
4, Frankfort-street."

"AMERICAN ECLIPSE is a sorrel horse, with a star, and the near hind foot white, fifteen hands three inches high, possessing a large share of bone and muscle, and excelling all the racers of the day in the three great essentials of speed, stoutness or lastingness, and ability to carry weight.

"He was foaled May 25th, 1814, at Dosoris, in Queen's County, on Long Island, and, from a memorandum, in the hand-writing of Gen. Nathaniel Coles, the breeder, it appears that he was reared in the following manner:—The colt was weaned on the 10th of November. At the commencement of winter, fed with four quarts of shorts, which were increased during the winter to eight quarts per day: hay—clover damped.

"Second year, in the spring, turned to grass with no grain—Nov. 10th, put up—fed with eight quarts shorts per day—during win-

ter, shorts increased to ten quarts—hay, the same as first winter.

"Third year, turned to grass, with four quarts shorts per day—Sept. 1st, commenced breaking—fed, eight quarts oats—through the winter, hay as formerly—grain—ground corn and oats, equal to eleven quarts oats—March 1st, commenced and trained for nine weeks, then gave a trial of two miles, and found the colt very superior.

"Fourth year, in summer, turned to grass—fed with ground oats and corn, equal to nine quarts oats—in winter, hay as formerly, with nine quarts oats per day, till the 1st of March, 1818, when commenced training—feed, oats and cracked corn, equal to twelve quarts oats.

"Fifth year, late in May, 1818, ran the three mile heats at Newmarket, on Long Island, and won the first day's purse with ease, beating Black-Eyed Susan, and Sea Gull, then called the best three-mile horse of the day—turned to grass 1st June, with about six quarts of oats a day—in winter, fed with hay as before, with ground corn and oats.—March 15, 1819, sold Eclipse to Mr. Van Ranst.

"At five months old, while a suckling, he gave his owner such a sample of stride, strength, and speed, that he was at that time named 'American Eclipse.'

"While a colt, he was not confined, but during the winter seasons turned out every fair day. He was first shod in the spring, when three years old.

"PEDIGREE.

"American Eclipse was sired by *Duroc*; his dam, *Miller's Damsel*, by *Messenger*; his grandam, the English mare *Pot8o's*, imported in 1795, then three years old, by Wil-

ham Constable, Esq. and bred by Lord Grosvenor, sired by *Potter's*, and *Potter's*, by the celebrated horse *Eclipse*; his great grandam by *Gimcrack*; *Gimcrack*, by *Cripple*; and *Cripple* by the *Arabian* of Lord Godolphin.

"*Duroc*, a Virginia horse, was sired by *Diomed*; his dam, *Amanda*, the property of Mr. Mosely, was sired by *Grey Diomed*; her dam, by *Virginia Cade*.

"*Messenger*, the sire of *Miller's* *Damsel*, was an English horse, bred by John Pratt, Esq. of Newmarket, and died the property of Mr. Van Ranst, January 28th, 1808, aged twenty-eight years; was sired by *Mambrino*; *Mambrino*, by *Engineer*; *Engineer*, by *Sampson* (the sire of *Bay Malton*), who was got by *Blaze*, who was got by *Flying Childers*, a son of the *Darley Arabian*; *Messenger's* dam (dam of *Leviathan*), by *Turf*; his grandam, by *Regulus*, a son of the *Godolphin Arabian*; his great grandam, by the *Bolton Starling*, out of the *Fox* mare, dam of *Snap*, &c.; his grandam was sister to *Figurante*, dam of *Revenge*, &c. The performances of *Messenger* on the turf, previous to his importation, were superior to any horse of his day. In 1783-4 and 5, he won eleven purses and a king's plate, and was never beaten.

"*Diomed*, sire of *Duroc*, was got by *Florizel*, who was got by *King Herod*, out of the *Cygnat* mare; his dam, the *Spectator* mare (dam of *Pastorella*, &c.); her dam, *Horatia*, got by *Blank*; her grandam, by *Childers*, out of *Miss Belvoir*, by *Grantham*, the dam of *Fleece'm*, *Steady*, &c. *Diomed*, a chestnut horse, was foaled in 1777, and, after running several years, he stood to mares, and became the sire of many first-rate horses. In 1798

he was imported into Virginia, and covered with his former success until his death, at the age of twenty-nine years. In Virginia he became the sire of *Florizel*, *Duroc*, *Sir Archie*, *Hampton*, *Graculus*, *Hephestion*, &c.

"PERFORMANCES OF THE AMERICAN ECLIPSE.

"In May, 1818, when four years old, at Newmarket, Long Island, the first time starting, *Eclipse* won the Jockey Club's purse of £800, for three mile heats, beating with ease Mr. Van Mater's horse, *Sea Gull*, by *Expedition*; and Mr. Correl's mare, *Black-eyed Susan*, by *Sir Archie*.

"In June, 1819, he won the Jockey Club's purse of £500, running the four mile heats over the Bath Course, beating Mr. Purdy's horse, *Little John*, by the *Virginia Potomac*; Mr. Bond's horse, *Eelipse*, by *First Consul*; and Mr. Potter's horse, *James Fitz James*, by *Sir Archie*.

"In October, 1819, he again ran the four mile heats at Bath, winning the purse of £500, beating Mr. Purdy's horse *Little John*, Mr. Schenck's horse *Fear Nought*, and Mr. Bond's colt—the two latter being withdrawn the second heat.

"The Bath Course measured fifteen links over a mile: the first heat of this race was run in eight minutes and thirteen seconds, and the second in eight minutes and eight seconds.

"In the spring of 1820, *Eclipse* stood to mares on Long Island, at £12:50 the season.

"In the spring of 1821, he again covered as a common stallion, at £12:50 the season, and covered eighty-seven mares: nor was it contemplated to bring him again upon the turf; but the legislature of the

state of New York having new modelled the law respecting racing, on the urgent petition of many hundreds of the most respectable citizens, who deplored the great falling off in our breed of horses, from the want of encouragement to our breeders by course racing; and a society being re-organized specially for the improvement of our breed of horses, Mr. Van Ranset was induced again to put Eclipse in training for the four mile heats to be run over the New Union Course, eight miles from Brooklyn, and near the Jamaica Turnpike, in October of that year.

"The friends of Eclipse questioned the policy of again running him, believing that he must be beaten, from the long-cherished opinions of sportsmen on the subject, and the works of those who had written largely on the economy of the horse, that covering rendered him unfit to contend in the race. Indeed, the practice in England has been, never to run a horse that has covered; nor can we find an instance to the contrary, except that of Babram, a son of the Godolphin Arabian, who in the years 1747 and 8, won several plates, after having stood a season to mares. The event proved, however, that so far as Eclipse was concerned, there was not much ground for the opinion.

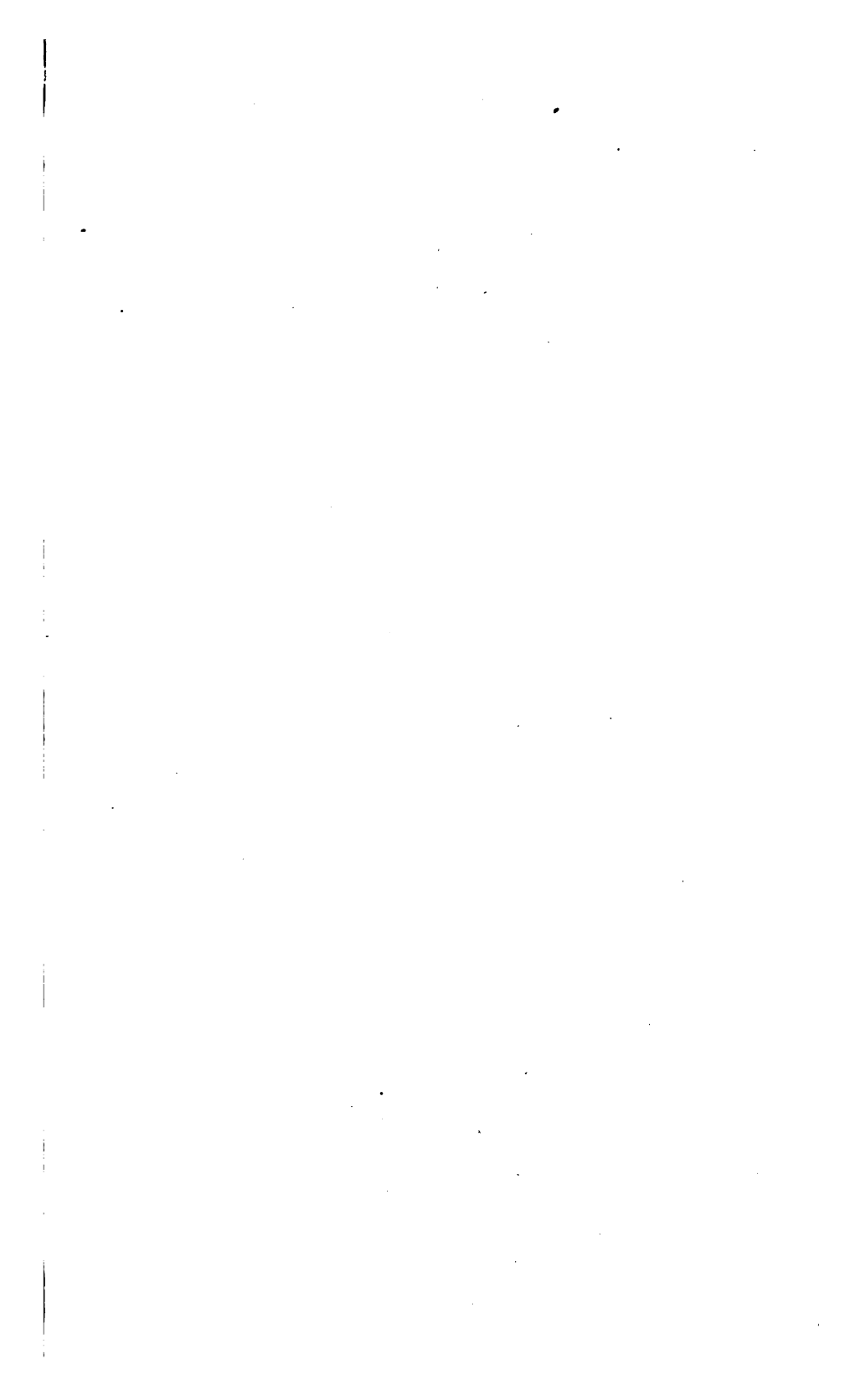
"The races commenced the 15th of October, 1819, when four horses started for the purse of d500, to run the four-mile heats—viz. American Eclipse; Mr. Sleeper's brown mare, Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie; Mr. Shenck's horse, Flag of Truce, by Sir Solomon; and Mr. Schomp's horse, Heart of Oak. The two last-named horses were drawn after the first heat, and Lady Lightfoot was distanced in

the second. A great degree of interest was excited by this race in the sporting world, as well by the celebrity of the mare, she having hitherto ran triumphantly, as by the peculiar circumstances under which Eclipse was placed. The bets at starting were two to one on the mare. The mare led until the last quarter of the first heat, when Eclipse passed her with great ease, coming in two lengths ahead. In the second heat, Eclipse passed her in running the third mile, and from that time left her alone. The time was, first heat, eight minutes and four seconds; the second heat, eight minutes and two seconds; and the course measured thirty feet over a mile.

"In the following week, Eclipse was exhibited at the annual exhibition of the New York County Agricultural Society, and received the Society's first premium for the best stallion, d50.

"In May, 1822, Eclipse won the purse of d700, for four-mile heats at the Union Course, beating Mr. Badger's five-year-old horse, Sir Walter, by Hickory. A bet of considerable amount was made by the owners of the two horses on the first heat, which, with the second heat, was won by Eclipse. Time, first heat, seven minutes and 54 seconds; second heat, eight minutes.

"In October, 1822, he again ran the four-mile heats at the Union Course, for the d1000 purse, which he won, beating a second time, Mr. Badger's horse, Sir Walter; Mr. Sleeper's bay mare, the Duchess of Marlborough, by Sir Archie; and Mr. Jackson's mare, Slow and Easy, by Duroc. The first heat was run in seven minutes and 58 seconds, when the two mares were





PHEASANTS.

withdrawn, and Sir Walter stopping short in the second heat, Eclipse came in at his leisure. A day or two previous to this race, the following challenge appeared in the New York papers:—

[To give the correspondence would swell this article to too great a length: we therefore proceed to its result, the]

“COPY OF AGREEMENT.

“C. W. Van Ranst, of New York, agrees to run his horse American Eclipse against Sir Charles, owned by James J. Harrison, of Virginia, the four-mile heats over the Washington Course, agreeably to the rules of that Course, on the — day of November next, for the sum of 10,000 dollars each.

“James J. Harrison, of Virginia, agrees to run Sir Charles against the American Eclipse, upon the above conditions.

“It is further agreed between said parties, that the usual number of judges shall be chosen by them, to consist of respectable gentlemen, each party choosing one, and the persons so chosen to choose a third person; that the money shall be deposited with the Cashier of the Branch Bank at Washington, by the 1st of November next, and in the event of either refusing to comply with this agreement, the party refusing compliance, to forfeit to the other one half of the sum deposited.”

“In pursuance of the above agreement, a friend of Mr. Van Ranst proceeded to Washington, and on the first of November met Mr. Harrison. The forfeit money, \$5000 each, was deposited, and the time for running fixed for the 20th of that month.

“November 20th, 1822, at the hour of starting, the horses were brought out, and the riders mounted; but here Mr. Harrison gave

notice that he would pay the forfeit, as his horse had met with an accident, and was unable to run more than one heat; at the same time proposed to run a single four-mile heat, for \$1500 each. This was instantly agreed to, and accordingly the horses started. Eclipse leading from the score in fine style. At the distance of 100 rods from the winning post, on the last round, Sir Charles broke down, Eclipse at this moment having passed the goal. The first round was run in one minute and fifty-five seconds, and the heat in eight minutes and four seconds. It may be proper to remark, that in this race Sir Charles carried 120lbs. Eclipse 126lbs.

“In the evening of the same day, William R. Johnson, Esq. of Petersburg, Va. offered to produce a horse, on the last Tuesday in May, 1823, to run the four-mile heats against Eclipse, over the Union Course on Long Island, agreeably to the rules of that course, for \$20,000 a side, \$3000 forfeit. This was agreed to, literally ‘making it ‘Eclipse against the world!’”

(To be continued.)

PHEASANTS.

THE subject of this embellishment cannot, we presume, require any explanatory remark. The engraving is from a painting by Mr. Barenger, whose productions have often illustrated the pages of this work.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

FOR our next Number, we are promised some account of this ancient and highly-respectable
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meeting, which, as most of our readers know, is the favourite resort of many of our first sporting characters, in addition to those individual gentlemen who compose the club. Sir Thomas Mostyn, it appears, has had a continuation of his success for the last year, having, with the exception of the Halkin Stakes, which were won by Lord Grosvenor, carried off almost every thing worth winning. Halkin being the name of the mountain from the mines of which the above Noble Earl has derived such immense wealth, it is no wonder that he should make it a point *for Etiquette* to win this stake, which he did with a filly of that name. Sir Thomas also, equally jealous of his honourable name, won the Mostyn Stakes again this year, with his celebrated mare Princess Royal, by Castrel, rode by Wm. Scott, and beating seven others.

FOREIGN HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

AS I was walking yesterday, in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square, my notice was attracted to two chesnut horses in a brewer's dray, the first of which had a peculiarity of action rarely met with in horses of his description—carrying himself in a very majestic manner, and stepping out in his walk with extreme ease, and even gracefulness.

On inquiry from the carter, I found they were Flanders horses, the property of Mr. Meux, who, his servant said, was a great fancier of such animals. He told me he had purchased them from a Mr. Cox, in Blackfriar's Road, together with another, an entire horse, but which was so vicious as to be obliged

to be returned. It is to be lamented that the importation of mares from Flanders is prohibited, as otherwise our breed of cart horses for quick work might be improved, by crosses from some of the same kind as I have now been speaking of. The carter amused me by saying he had had some trouble to break in these horses, as they did not understand English, and he did not understand French.—I am, Sir, &c.

A BREEDER OF HORSES.

London, October 24, 1823.

NEWMARKET OCTOBER MEETINGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IF you and your numerous readers still think my remarks on the Newmarket Meetings worthy of a place in your work, I shall continue sending them as long as I have an opportunity, and am flattered by finding they are permitted to form a part of your amusing and long-established *Sporting Magazine*.

On my arrival at this metropolis of horses, grooms, jockies, and *supposed knowledge*, I was surprised to find so thin an attendance, considering how many other attractions the place at these times possesses in a high degree. Whether Doncaster, with unusual attractions, so immediately preceding it, lessened the novelty of such exhibitions, or whether the bungling mismanagement there, making one set of men mad with joy, sinking another into the deepest despair, and at the end of a few minutes (just as some began to think what they should do with their money, and the others what they should do without it) *reversing them*, might not be shocks too great for

the human mind to bear—be this as it may, **NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING** has not been so thinly attended for at least thirty years past.

The *Trial Stakes* was a spirited thing for so small a field, and *Augusta* lost some of her well-earned fame. Her old admirers and backers, by way of excuse, thought she was not in her "form," nor former condition; but those who ought to be the best and only judges, backed her "heartily." Others said, that the whole stable was out of trim; but why one horse losing its running (when there is no disease), should affect the rest, is a secret I have yet to learn. Nevertheless, it is a doctrine well supported as to numbers, and these stables seem to give a plausible pretext for harbouring such opinions. But the fact is, *Marcellus*, the winner, when *fit to run*, or rather when his unfortunate leg will let him, is a most brilliant racer and formidable opponent; and neither *Augusta*, nor the fleetest on the turf, would be disgraced by being beat occasionally by such a horse. *Chifney*, too, was on his back, who knows, if ever man did, how to take care of a good one, and how to make the best use of a bad one. There is a report also (but report is a liar) about private trials, which ought never to be listened to—that *Ajax* beat *Augusta*, *Sultan*, and the whole stud; which subsequent public running flatly and sufficiently denies, or those who were concerned in it must be as much in the dark as if the trial had never taken place.

The second race was for the *Grand Duke Michael Stakes*, the first of which was made in that Prince's presence when in England,

and has been honoured by his name ever since. There were twenty-five nominations this year; but in consequence of such a horse as *Emilius* being in it, only six started. *Zinc* seemed, to those who do not know *Emilius*, to be nearly as good, but those who are acquainted with his idle habits say, he is like a lawyer—won't do any thing without paying for it; but, unlike a lawyer, he will, if you do, and do his best—proportioning the fee to the cause.

On the second day, *Hampden*, four years old, beat *Athenian*, six years old, giving him 4lbs. on *Athenian's* favourite course, which makes *Hampden* a very speedy horse, if the other was any thing like himself, about which there seems considerable doubt.

On the **WEDNESDAY**, *Centaur*, five, beat *Bay Burton*, four years old, over the Beacon Course, giving him 15lbs. This must be borne in mind by those who wish to see how it has a reference to his race with *Hampden* the next day, where he is made to give a four-year-old 16lbs. at high weights, and of course got beat. This remark is made to prove that it cannot be done in the autumn, supposing the horses equally good; and that 14lbs. is much easier given at *light* than at *heavy* weights. *Centaur* has travelled the country the whole summer, and *Hampden* has had every indulgence at home. Nevertheless, this last race has brought him into great repute as a racer, added to his being one of the finest-looking animals ever seen.

Lord Verulam's winning the *Newmarket St. Leger* seemed to excite a good deal of joy; as people began to fear all the great stakes of the year would go to one stable;

but, on the whole, the meeting and weather were very dull.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

The SECOND OCTOBER MEETING began with much more glee. Although the company was far from numerous, still it consisted of many of the first characters in the kingdom; and the weather and the sport altogether were much better.

There were six races the first day: the three and most attractive were won by horses all out of one stable—the first by *Zinc*, the winner of the Oaks this year, beating six others who all seemed to take their places as in the spring, except *Nicolo*, who then seemed a horse of great promise for a flat course, but is now evidently gone back.

The *Post Stakes* of fifty sovereigns each, was won in good style by *Pastille* (the winner of the Oaks last year). This was *Ditch-In*, and is only extraordinary on account of *Ajax*, the second horse, meeting with three worse than himself. The sweepstakes of 400 guineas each, five subscribers (pretty picking), was won without risk by *Emilius*, *Cinder* second. It is to be wished, that this *Cinder* had had a little more gas left in him, by whose *light* we might have seen what manner of horse *Emilius* really is.

Logic won the first race on Tuesday, with little difficulty. *Jane Shore*, who had nine pounds allowed on account of her *frailties* and *weakness*, was second. The rest formed a miserable team indeed, with an *Apparition* in the rear looking worse than any ghost.

The *Fifty Pound Plate* for two-year-olds, won by the Duke of Rutland's *Quadrille* filly, caused sad dismay amongst those who do so

and so, because others do it; great sums of money being lost at odds in backing the *Pericles* colt out of *Advance*, against a field of eight; and for no other reason, than because the owner appeared to do so; and, if one might judge from the event, on a foundation equally slight. So much for those termed "the knowing ones," who on this occasion paid smartly for their rashness!

The *First Class of the Outlands* was a beautiful sight, and won by Mr. Wyndham's *Elfrid*, by real true honest running. *Mirandola*, the favourite, was rode by *Buckle*, and it is thought by some, that had more running been made early in the race, she would have won.

The dead heat between *Cinder* and *Eden* was a sharp contest. One party asserts, that if *Eden* had kept straight, he could have won: the other say, "Ah, but if *Cinder* had not slipped when in deep running, he would not lose." So, to set these *ifs* and *buts* at rest, they have come to the wise resolution of matching them again, to run the last week.

The *Second Class of the Outland Stakes* was the most severe race of the whole week. *Ganymede*, *Pinwire*, and *Electress*, were reduced to a mere *crawl* by the post; in which crawl, two others—*Ajax* and *Whizgig*, once in high favour—could not take a part.

Gabrielle beat *Mystic* the last race—*Mystic* the favourite. *Cliff* rode the winner, in his own true original style. This was the first time this stable of nearly thirty horses won, in two whole Meetings.

The other races not noticed were tolerably easy. The Duke of Wellington was on the Heath every day, and seemed to take a good deal of interest in the races, particularly well-contested ones,

and those won by his friends the Duke of Rutland and the Duke of York.

There were sales, two or three mornings during the week, of horses and dogs, by Mr. Tattersall. Mr. Crockford sold 17 of his stud out of 24, at what they themselves thought pretty good prices.

OBSERVER.

Norfolk, October 18, 1823.

KITE AND WEASEL.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THE following may be relied upon as fact, and if worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Magazine* will oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

Orleton, October 24, 1823.

On the 12th of September last, whilst walking across the grounds of a friend in the neighbourhood of Presteigne, I saw a kite pounce upon and rise with a weasel *alias* stoat. The struggle for victory was great: at length, to all appearance, the kite had proved the conqueror, sailing through the air upon triumphant wings. But how short was the hour of victory! In about two minutes he fell with the greatest velocity to the ground. I went and picked him up, when, to my great astonishment, his intended prey had eaten away part of his throat, and bit his windpipe in two. I made a diligent search for the weasel, but could not find him. The bird was one of the common species, by some called the Bussard Kite.

PROTECTION OF FISHERIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM most passionately fond of angling, and refer those who

do not enter at once into my feeling, as an angler, to Isaac Walton. My usual resort for this sport, is the waters of the Thames; but in which I am much limited, in point of time, although I do not care what distance I go between Shepperton and Streatley.—I am always prepared to encounter the vicissitudes of wind and weather, as well as bad sport from the water being too high or too low, too clear or too muddy; but what I have to complain of most grievously, is, that in the best of seasons, there is now such a lack of fish, that I meet with many blank days. I consider this to be principally owing to two causes—first, netting, which to the angler is equally prejudicial, whether lawful or unlawful; secondly, to the destruction of the brood, by the taking of fish out of season.—On this latter point I will first dilate.

The conservancy of the city of London have an established law, by which all angling is prohibited before the 1st June; but this extends no higher than Staines, and I fear is not enforced below that place in the manner the preservation of the brood requires. I would therefore suggest, that regular fence months should be established by legislative enactment. Game is constantly the subject of Parliamentary care. Deer are protected by the prohibition of ingress during the fence month, in the Royal Parks; and oysters are prevented being taken from period to period. Now why should not the angler, and the objects of his sport, receive equal protection? and I can undertake to say, that the next Session of Parliament need not be passed over without a law being enacted to this effect. What is to be guarded against is, the killing of fish in their spawning sea-

son (from February to May, both inclusive), when fish will take any bait offered them, and when all the idle vagabonds on the banks of the

river destroy millions and tens of millions.—Yours, &c.

PISCATOR.

London, October 9, 1823.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

IT so happened that a short time since, three gentlemen and their respective wives met at table together, whose united children amounted to thirty-nine. "We might call them the thirty-nine articles," said one of the gentlemen. "You might so," said a lady who was present, "but I suppose no one would subscribe to them but yourselves."

A FRENCHMAN'S RECEIPT, GIVEN TO AN ENGLISHMAN, AS TO THE BEST MODE OF KILLING A FLEA.

DAT your meaning meet no sheck,
Put larsh shain about his neck;
Den of neighbours get one host,
And drag him vid main strengt to post;
Put one twish upon his snout,
Vid pondrose levre ope his mout,
Maugre all his kicks and flounces:
Put gun poudre two tree ounces
Into his throat, he cry no louder,
Den put fiar poker to de poudre:
So blow him, for his mad caprices,
Into—Ha, ha!—ten tousan pieces.

"PRAY," said a clergyman to a boy, who applied to him for a confirmation ticket, "do you know who is your ghostly enemy?"—

"Ees, ees," replied the boy, "'tis Tom Zommers as I do plough wee, he'es always a leathering o'me."

As an Irish dragoon was riding along the road, his horse picked up a stone in his foot. On getting down to take it out, the animal knocked him down with his hind leg; on which the dragoon returned the compliment by a severe kick with his boot under the belly, and mounting him, exclaimed, "By Jasus, my dear fellow, there's kick for kick for you, and a stone in your foot in the bargain!"

On reading "that Sherwood was shut out when running for the Leger, about 200 yards from home, and Scott was compelled to pull round the horses in front, which threw away at least two lengths."

HONEST Lancashire sportsmen, he can't go the pace

That was wanting to win the Great St. Leger race:

Though your geese may be swans—your ducks as a spare boot,

Poor Sherwood was only a second to Barefoot.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

RACING.

NOTICE is given in the *London Gazette*, that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to give the sum of One Hundred Guineas, to be

run for annually at Manchester (to commence in the year 1824), by horses, mares, or geldings, carrying the following weights—viz. four years old, 10st. 2lb.; five, 11st.; six, 11st.

slb.; and aged, 11st. 7lb. Heats, three miles, and a distance; subject, in all other respects, to the rules and regulations that relate to the sums annually given by his Majesty to be run for at Newmarket, &c.

Epsom, 1824—Last Day.—Mr. Cooper's ch. f. Elizabeth, by Sertorius, out of Ajax's dam, against Mr. Mellish's ch. f. Bianca, by Waterloo, out of Psyche, 8st. 3lb. each, Woodcot Course, 50 sovs. h. ft.

Ascot, 1824—Last Day.—Mr. Cooper's ch. f. Elizabeth, by Sertorius, out of Ajax's dam, 8st. 4lb. against Mr. Mellish's b. f. Hippolita, by Seymour (bought of Mr. Gardiner, of Oak Farm, Chertsey), 8st. 2lb. last half mile, 25 sovs.

York Spring Meeting, 1824—First Day.—Lord Kelburne's gr. h. Jock the Laird's Brother, 6 yrs old, 9st. against Colonel Yates's ch. c. Mendax, 4 yrs old, 8st. the last mile, 200 sovs. h. ft.

Dr. Syntax.—When this celebrated horse fell at the late Richmond Meeting, the greatest anxiety was felt both for man and horse; but such is the estimation in which he is held in that country, even by the fair, that the feeling was little for the former, compared with that for the good old Doctor. We have, however, the pleasure of stating, that both are recovering, and the Doctor, it is said, is to spend the remainder of his days in clover.

Hampden, the winner of the King's Plate at Newmarket, ran the distance of three miles, five furlongs, and 187 yards, in seven minutes four seconds, carrying 10st. 4lb.

The St Leger.—In the late race for this grand stakes, Earl Grosvenor's Etiquette could not be pushed to start, although she had been tolerably temperate a day or two before. Her speed is great.

The Members for Wilts, Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Pitt, M. P. Mr. Gordon, M. P. and another gentleman, have expressed their intention of supporting Burderop races for the next six years, by successively taking the station of stewards.

A subscription has been recently entered into at Hastings, for the pur-

pose of defraying the expences attendant on the establishment of annual races there.

Gamble, whose death was caused by an accident at Oswestry races, was formerly trainer to Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. He was buried on Saturday last, in a very respectable manner, at the joint expence of Mr. Edwards, Clerk of the Course, and Mr. Smith, of the Fighting Cocks Inn, Oswestry. A correspondent remarks, it is singular, that in 1821 the Hon. Charles Trevor, with Dunn and Gamble, rode for the Cocked Hat Stakes at Oswestry, and that they have each severally met their deaths by accident, in riding.—*Chester Chronicle.*

The line of the Leeds race course is now chosen, and staked out as it will be run upon.

A match for 100gs. was run on Monday, October 13, over Leicester race course, between Mr. Summer's bl. g. Woodcock (winner of the Cavalry Plate at the last Leicester races), and Mr. Heap's bl. m. Juliana (winner of the Farmers' Plate at the same races), which was won by the former. Considerable sums of money exchanged owners on the occasion.

A bad accident lately occurred at Kelso, through one of the stable boys who looks after Mr. Hudson's ch. f. White Rose, carelessly leaving a burning candle stuck against the wall when he went to his breakfast. The candle dropped and set the stable on fire, in which Sir Henry and White Rose stood: the former, by breaking his collar, caused a noise, which gave the alarm, and the stable was broken open when actually in a blaze. Sir Henry was immediately released from his perilous situation; but White Rose was less fortunate, her skin being much burnt. The stable was burnt down.

The Hon. R. H. Clive, and J. R. Kynaston, Esq. are appointed stewards for Walsall Meeting, 1824.

Doncaster St. Leger.—In consequence of the great difficulty of starting the horses for the Doncaster St. Leger, we understand it is in contemplation in future to start them at the sound of the trumpet; and in case

the start is not a fair one, they are to be brought back by a second sound of the same.

The limits of our racing department would not permit the insertion this month of the full particulars of the Lambton and Holywell Hunt Meetings. The winners of the various Stakes at *Holywell Hunt* were as under:—

Tuesday.—The Chieftain Stakes, by Sir T. Mostyn's Colchicum.—Sweepstakes of 50 each, by Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Alarm.—Taffy Stakes, by Sir T. Mostyn's Colchicum.—Sweepstakes of 25 each, by Mr. Mytton's Brother to Falcon.—Mostyn Stakes, by Sir T. Mostyn's Princess Royal.

Thursday.—The Halkin Stakes of 200 each, by Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 each, by Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Falcon.—Cobourg Stakes of 50 each, by Sir T. Mostyn's Mercandotti.—Handicap Stakes of 10 each, by Sir T. Mostyn's Madoc.—Princess Royal walked over for the Hawarden Castle Stakes.—Mr. R. B. Williams's Mrs. Sugs beat Mr. Mytton's The Devil, 25 sovs.

At the *Lambton Meeting*, *Wednesday*, October 13, the Sweepstakes of 10 each were won by Mr. Hudson's Sir Henry.—Sweepstakes of 25 each, by Mr. Wyvill's Dairy Maid.—The Gold Cup, by Lord Normanby's Why Not.

Thursday.—Sweepstakes of 50 each, by Mr. Harrison's ro. c. by Don Juan.—Welter Stakes of 10 each, by Mr. Lambton's Fortuna.—First Class of the Normanby Stakes, by Mr. Hopkinson's Collina.—The Farmers' Silver Cup, by Mr. Harrison's ro. c. by Don Juan.

Friday.—Sweepstakes of 50 each, by Mr. Loraine's Charles.—Second Class of the Normanby Stakes, by Mr. Lambton's Pecunia.—Lambton Hunt Stakes of 5 each, by Mr. Mason's ch. c. by Egremont.—Palatine Stakes of 30 each, by Mr. Lambton's Fortuna.

Saturday.—Handicap Stakes of 3 each, by Lord Normanby's Comet.—Sweepstakes of 20 each, by Mr. Russell's Laperello.—Milbank Stakes of

5 each, by Mr. Lambton's Jenny Horner.

Fourteen Matches were also run.

HUNTING.

His Majesty's stag-hounds turned out on Monday, October 13, for the first time this season, near Wingfield Plain. Lord Maryborough, the new Master of the King's stag-hounds, attended for the first time since his appointment. Several ladies in carriages, together with a great concourse of people, were present to see the deer turned out, and the field was numerously attended to witness the day's sport.

Chantilly, October 6.—An accident has just happened to his Royal Highness the Duke of Bourbon. A horse fell under him, and broke his left thigh. The fracture is a simple one. The Duke is doing well.

A few days ago, as the harriers of King Sampson, Esq. were in pursuit of a hare, she, to avoid them, took over the cliff at Beachy Head, and was killed. Some of the hounds followed, when one shared the fate of poor puss, and another was much injured.

Newport, October 17.—The annual ball given by the Members of the Hunting Club, was held on the 16th instant, at the Town Hall, in Newport; and the invitations, which had been issued on the most extended and liberal scale, were almost universally accepted throughout the island, so numerous and respectable was the company assembled. At eight o'clock, the Lady Patroness, Miss Shedden, daughter of George Shedden, Esq. of Spring Hill, was led into the room by Charles Lambert, Esq. the comptroller for the evening. The visitors were nearly 400 in number. The arrangements were tastefully made, and the refreshments of the best description; and the pleasing affability of the Lady Patroness, united to the polite attention of the Comptroller and the Members of the Club, afforded the utmost satisfaction. The Club ball is now upwards of 100 years' standing; and should it be kept up with as much spirit and liberality in future years as on the present occasion, its fame will

probably be recorded during another century.

Mr. Standen's deep-toned Sussex harriers have had several good days' sport since they began hunting.

The Dorsetshire roebuck-hounds commence roebuck-hunting about the first week in November.

Mr. Jenkins's harriers, at Castle, near Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, have killed a number of hares, and have had several very good days' sport.

The New Forest hounds have already had some good days, and have a very fine entry of young hounds.

Mr. Vibart's harriers, near Taunton, have been tolerably successful, considering the enclosed country they have to hunt.

Last winter, a gentleman, now in his 85th year, in the neighbourhood of Otley, rode out hunting one morning soon after seven o'clock, and continued the chase till after sun-set the same evening. This keen sportsman is still in high health and spirits, and is ready to resume his field sports.

We are informed that Lord Middleton has transferred his celebrated fox-hounds to Lancelot Rolleston, Esq. of Wathall, who is building large kennels, and making extensive preparations, to commence the approaching season with great éclat.—*Nottingham Review.*

Chepstow Hunt.—This annual meeting was held on Tuesday and Wednesday the 14th and 15th of October; but in consequence of sickness and death in the families of several country gentlemen, who are members, preventing them and their connections from attending, there was a very thin assemblage of sportsmen in the field. The ball was, however, numerously attended, and exhibited a very gay appearance, and the enlivening dance was kept up with spirit until a late hour.

The Devon Fox-hunters' Club, preparatory to their meeting, which is fixed for the 3d November, met on the 6th of October, at Chulmleigh, for a week, in order to scatter the foxes which abound there, and with the Hon. Newton Fellowes's and Dr. Troyte's fine packs of dogs, threw off

five days—foxes plenty, and fine running, but a bad scenting week. The field was each day numerously attended. Among the company were, the Hon. Newton Fellowes, Sir J. Rogers, Capt. Trelawney, Dr. Troyte, Henry Fellowes, George Templar, — Barbar, and — Chichester. On the Saturday the party separated, well satisfied that the abundance of foxes is likely to afford a good winter's diversion.

Stag Hunt.—A remarkably fine stag hunt took place in the New Forest, this month. A great concourse of sportsmen met at Markway Bottom, five miles from Lyndhurst, on the Christchurch road, with the keepers of the New Forest in their liveries, and their hounds, to hunt a fine stag, well known by the farmers in the neighbourhood of Burley as a trespasser. He was roused from his hiding place at Viney Ridge, and, after traversing a great extent of ground, he crossed the Salisbury road towards Whiteparish, turned back through Landford, took to Landford Water, and ran up to Hampworth, when the hounds came up to him in grand style, after running three hours without a check. Finding he could not get away from them, he beat and drove them all before him. Not having a gun at hand to shoot him, some farmers brought a fine lurcher dog, with the greatest confidence that he would pull him down: the dog ran at him as if he had been bred to such business, but the stag soon laid him bleeding at his feet. From thence he took refuge in a coppice, and a gun was produced, loaded with large shot, which had like to have cost Mr. Gale, jun. one of the keepers, his life: he shot at the deer at about 15 paces, going from him, but it immediately turned round and sprang right at him. He had scarce time to stoop, as the stag went over him, and owing to the cover being thick, he did not return on him again. From thence he took his course into North Common, where he was shot, in the presence of twelve well-known horsemen in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst, out of about eighty.

Mr. Farquharson's Dorsetshire hounds are again at their hunting kennel at Cattistock, and have killed a good many foxes already, in addition to what they killed previous to their arrival. The improvements which are rapidly presenting themselves, both at Cattistock and Maiden Newton, for the accommodation of gentlemen who go there for the season, confer on those places a gratifying aspect. Maiden Newton is nearly one mile from the kennel. Maiden Newton is likewise one of the best situations in the county for those who are fond of coursing and trout-fishing. The Cattistock kennel produces as fine an entry of young hounds this year, as ever were beheld.

Mr. Shard has commenced hunting the Hambledon country, with great success. The hounds have been out seven times only, five days of which they killed their fox, and ran to ground one day besides. On Friday, Oct. 10, they found an old dog fox at Stoke Park, and killed him at Exton, being not less than ten miles, as the crow flies.

Mr. Ayshford Sandford's harriers have been staying at Linton, hunting on the Forest of Exmoor, in the north of Devon. The old hares have proved uncommonly stout, and they have had some good runs.

COURSING.

Malton Coursing Meeting is announced to commence on Monday, November 3.

GAME.

Notwithstanding the quantity of coverts, there are few countries that have so few birds of all descriptions as Sussex.

THE HORSE HAWKAWAY.

Major Cunningham, of Heaves Lodge, near Kendal, has purchased the above celebrated stallion for the purpose of serving mares in that county. He is a son of Rockingham, his dam by Hue and Cry. When in Scotland, he trotted sixteen miles (carrying 13st.) in fifty-seven minutes. He possesses great bone, and his produce are very valuable.

NAPOLEON'S CHARGER.

Lately has arrived from France, in

the possession of a gentleman who has long had the object of obtaining him in view, a charger, formerly belonging to, and a favourite of, the Emperor Napoleon. His colour is a pure white: he is upwards of fourteen hands in height, exceedingly strong, and finely formed. He is judged by a gentleman conversant in the species of horses appropriated to the turf, to be a Barb, and a true-bred courser. There are no less than five bullet wounds in his hinder quarters, and one still remains unextracted in his tail. His likeness is taking, and we hear that he will be shortly exhibited, with the saddle and bridle used by his former imperial master.

SHOOTING WAGER.

A bet between Lord Kennedy and Mr. William Coke, was recently made for 200 sovereigns, who should kill and bag the greatest number of partridges in two days—Lord Kennedy to sport upon any manor in Scotland, and Mr. Coke upon his uncle's manors in Norfolk: both parties to shoot on the same days, the 26th of September, and 4th of October. Mr. Coke, on the former day, with one dog, shot upon the Warham and Wighton Manors, adjoining to Holkham Park. He killed and bagged 86 and a half brace of birds. On Saturday, October 4, Mr. Coke took the field soon after six in the morning. He was accompanied by his uncle, Thomas Wm. Coke, Esq. M. P. and by the two umpires (Colonel Dixon for Mr. Coke, and F. S. Blunt, Esq. for Lord Kennedy), also by two of his friends, Sir Henry Goodriche, Bart. and F. Hollyhocke, Esq. He was attended by several gamekeepers, with *one dog only*, to pick up the game. Several respectable neighbouring yeomen, volunteered their services in assisting to beat for game, and rendered Mr. Wm. Coke essential service throughout the day. Mr. Coke sported over part of the Wighton and Egmore Manors. The morning was foggy, and the turnips so wet, that the birds would not lay among them: Mr. Coke consequently did very little execution in the early part of the day. In the first two hours he

only bagged six brace of birds. The day cleared up after eight o'clock, and Mr. Coke amply made up for his previous lost time. He concluded his day's sport soon after six in the evening, and had then bagged 88 brace of birds and five pheasants; but a dispute having arisen about one bird, the number was ultimately declared to be 87 brace and a half of birds bagged—[pheasants and other game not counted in the match]—so that Mr. Wm. Coke's number of birds bagged in the two days' shooting stands 173 brace. He had much fewer shots in the second than in the first day; but he shot better. On the Saturday he bagged 180 birds and pheasants from 327 shots, which was considered good shooting in a match of this nature, when a chance, however desperate it may appear, is not to be thrown away.—His uncle, T. W. Coke, Esq. M. P. loaded a great part of the guns on Saturday, and, as a *finale* to the day's sport, shot at and killed the last bird, which his nephew had previously shot at and missed. Lady Anne Coke was in the field a great part of the day. Her Ladyship carried refreshments for the sportsmen in her poney gig. Lord Kennedy chose Monteith for the scene of his sporting exploit. The first day his Lordship bagged 50; and on the 4th ult. 82 brace, being in all 132 brace.—Thus Mr. Coke has won the wager, beating Lord Kennedy by 42 brace and a half in the two days.

STEEPLE CHASE.

A steeple chase for twenty sovereigns a side, between Messrs. Cox, Bouverie, and Captain Morrison, took place Saturday, October 11.—The start was between Virginia Water and Shrubs Hill, to go to Renfield Church, and from thence to Anbury Cottage, near Wargrave, Berks. Mr. Cox was mounted on the celebrated hunter Quiz, Captain Morrison on his fast bay mare, and Mr. Bouverie on a lengthy American horse. The three started off together through Mr. Horn's enclosures on to the Forest to the left of Ascot Heath race course, making for Bracknell, through part of

which town Captain Morrison passed, and pursued the road, while one of his opponents left the town on the left and the other on the right. The Captain was first at the church, and he still kept the road. Mr. Cox inclined to the left, and skirted Lord Braybrooke's park, and Mr. Bouverie got into part of the park and lost his course. Mr. Cox crossed the country with the Oxfordshire hills as his beacon, keeping Shiplake Church in view, and he crossed the Bath road at the thirty-second mile stone. Captain Morrison got too much to the right, and crossed the road to Hare Hatch, near the thirty-third mile stone. Both were in view of each other making for the cottage. Mr. Cox won by three minutes, having performed the ground, computed at fourteen miles, in fifty-three minutes. Mr. Bouverie arrived a quarter of an hour after Mr. Cox. Captain Morrison was beat mounted, but he lost the race in striking out too much to the right in the last five miles from the church.

WRESTLING.

It is calculated that no less than 15,000 persons were attracted to the Carlisle race course to witness this manly and very ancient exercise. Mr. W. Litt, author of *Wrestliana*, was umpire. For the chief prize of eight guineas to the best, and one to the second best man, ninety-four competitors entered the lists, and the first prize was won by John Weightman, who threw seven opponents: the second was John Robson. On the second day, the forty-eight men who had first thrown their antagonists, contended for a prize of four guineas, which, after six bouts, was decided by William Sands throwing John Robley. In a match between two noted players, named Graham and Liddell, for one guinea, Graham won, throwing his man thrice out of five times. The prize for youthful wrestlers was spiritedly contended for, and the sport continued till dark.

SINGLE STICK.

The single-stick playing at Marlborough, on Tuesday, the 30th of September and day following, terminated in favour of the Somersetshire

men. There was excellent play on both days. The head prize of 25 sovereigns was won by the Somerset men, on Tuesday; and the second prize of five sovereigns, on Wednesday; but the contest was much harder on the second day than on the first. George Wall and Stone particularly distinguished themselves; and on the Wiltshire side, Charles Wheeler (who is a Hampshire man) exhibited a degree of skill and bravery that did him great credit, having sustained a contest with George Wall, which lasted on Tuesday upwards of one hour and a half. Notwithstanding the weather proved very unfavourable, there was an immense concourse of spectators both days; and it is but justice to add, that every thing relating to the play was conducted with fairness and impartiality. The utmost satisfaction was consequently experienced by all parties.

SKITTLES.

The annual match of skittles was played by the gentlemen of Salisbury, at the Wilton Arms, on Thursday, October 9, when the silver cup was awarded to Mr. Samuel Collins, of the Canal, who also won half of the first sweepstakes, and the whole of the second. This gentleman is considered the best player in the county. The club were afterwards regaled by him, and a bumper of good old Port seasoned the prize.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

As Johnson, Big Ben, Ryan, Belcher, the Game Chicken, and many others of the *fistic* heroes, were not suffered to go to their graves without some of their great achievements being put upon public record, so, neither will it be right that a man equally as celebrated as any of the above worthies, as a *wrestler*, should go out of the world without some public testimonial of his great enterprizes: we allude to the late Mr. Isaac Newton (a truly great name), who died at Rempstone, a village about eight miles south of Nottingham, on the 2d of September, at the great age of ninety-one. Mr. Newton was a smith by trade, a respectable freeholder, and, in his day, a most athletic man, re-

markably powerful in the gripe of his hands; so much so, that whatever he got hold of, was as safely held as if it had been in a *vice*. Isaac threw all his competitors; and for many years when he entered a wrestling prize-ring, all the candidates for fame withdrew their names; so that, to make use of a technical horse-racing phrase, he many times "walked over the course." More than sixty years ago, after having tripped up the heels of the champions of Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, &c. &c. he was matched against the then reckoned invincible Bob Askew, the pride of the county of Derby. This great trial of strength and prowess, on the event of which many hundreds were depending, was decided on a stage erected in the centre of the marketplace at Bingham, Notts, on Easter Monday, 1762. A vast concourse of people were present, many of whom travelled from thirty to forty miles. The set-to was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and after a most fearful tug of *six hours* (the last two by torch-light), Newton laid the pride of Derbyshire prostrate, for the *first* time, on the boards. The next morning they again met, but poor Askew had been so dreadfully *handled* the day before, that he was thrown a *second* time like a child, and the Nottinghamshire veteran bore away the laurel, which was never torn from his manly brow. Askew died shortly afterwards, from the effects of this memorable contest.—The writer of this paragraph, who well remembers seeing the conflict, called upon Newton when he was 85, and was pleased to hear him make use of the following expression, in a very serious and becoming manner:—"Although I have never been thrown on my back by any man, yet I am well aware, that a *Champion* is coming who will by and by trip up my heels." This prediction was verified on the 2d ult. as above stated.

TROTTING, &c.

The match for 100 sovereigns, between Mr. Jones's poney mare, and Mr. Davis's Welch poney, to trot 20 miles, took place October 8, on the

Lea-bridge road, from the third to the 14th mile-stone, and back again to the fifth mile-stone. All the trotting fancy at the east end of the town were present. At the 14th mile-stone the ponies were together, but on the return the mare gained a little, and her jockey, from superior speed, was enabled to ease her. He did not let her loose till near the end of the race, and she won it by about 100 yards. The time occupied by the winner in performing the match was one hour and 15 minutes. Sixteen miles an hour for ponies is a masterpiece of performance!

Mr. Abbot, of Bridgetown, Huntingdonshire, started on a match to gallop 60 miles in three hours, Thursday, October 9, at day-break, for 200 sovs. on six horses. The rider weighed 8st. 9lb. mounted, and betting was 5 to 4 on time. The equestrian started upon a fine blood mare, belonging to Herbert Pearson, Esq. at Alconbury, and did 11 miles in 32 minutes. He rode the next horse, Beadle, 12 miles in 34 minutes, and did the first 30 miles in an hour and a half. The fourth horse performed 11 miles in 33 minutes. The fifth did nine miles in 26 minutes; and the last horse, belonging to the rider, won the match with four minutes to spare, and the only distress experienced was by the rider. This match equals Milton's race against time to Stamford in five hours.

RAT KILLING.

The *nonpareil* rat-killer, *Billy*, is backed for 100 sovereigns, for the last time, to kill 100 rats, in eight minutes, at the original Westminster Pit, on Thursday, the 13th of November.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The match between Halton, the Yorkshireman, and Ashton, the Lancashireman, for 100g. each, three times round, was run upon Doncaster race course, on Wednesday, October 1. They arrived on the ground about one o'clock, and both appeared in good condition. At starting, 20 to 12 on Halton, who took the lead. In front of the stand, the first time

round Ashton came in front, but Halton regained the lead. The third time round, from the steward's stand to the hill, each passed the other alternately, and the race was admirably contested. Even betting. Ashton then took the decisive lead, and won by about 30 yards.

	Mins.	Secs.
First time round.....	9	5
Second ditto.....	10	16
Third ditto	11	21
Total.....	30	42

The distance (three times round) is 612 yards short of six miles.

On the 9th Oct. a Mr. Henderson, a native of Cumberland, completed the Barclay match of 1000 miles in 1000 hours, at Allerton Park, Hants, for a considerable wager. The greatest inconvenience Mr. H. felt, was in the fifth week, when his legs swelled, but it went off, and he won cleverly.

On Monday morning, October 13, at twelve minutes past six o'clock, John Bullock, a native of Sheffield, started to walk fifty miles in ten hours. He completed the task at 25 minutes to five in the afternoon, having succeeded in his undertaking, with 37 minutes to spare, as one hour of this time was taken up for refreshment. The pedestrian did this feat upon the Hunalet road, and was rewarded by the subscription of his friends at Leeds.

At the close of Atherton Park races, on Saturday, October 11, Bartholomew, a celebrated runner from Nottinghamshire, was matched for 50l. to run six times round the two miles course in an hour and thirteen minutes. The pedestrian ran naked, flannel drawers excepted, and he did the ground as follows:—

	Mins.	Secs.
First two miles in	11	40
Second ditto	11	45
Third ditto	11	52
Fourth ditto.....	11	53
Fifth ditto	12	17
Sixth ditto	12	40

72 7

Betting 6 to 4 on time.

Defoe has offered to do three things with any man in England for 100l. a side—namely, to run 100 yards, or a

quarter of a mile; to throw a cricket ball the greatest distance; and to fight any man under eleven stone. He can be backed at odds to win two of the events out of three, and no great odds are required that Defoe wins the whole of them.

A match between Salter, a pedestrian from the Staffordshire Potteries, and Newton, the Oxfordshire man, took place Saturday, Oct. 4, at Ascot Heath race course, to run round it, the two miles. It was for 100 sovs. and Salter was backed at 5 and 6 to 4 to win. The race, till within 500 yards of home, was famously contested. Salter won the race by five yards, going the two miles in 10 minutes and 15 seconds.

Another race took place over the course for 50 sovs. a gentleman of the name of Arrowsmith having undertaken to gallop his horse over the two miles in four minutes and a half. The horse (Bluster) is considered one of the fastest in the Surrey Hunts, and in this instance he carried 9st. 10lb. The ground was done at full speed the whole distance, and the horse won cleverly, having six seconds to spare.

Thursday, August 2, James, elder brother of Wm. M'Mullen, who some time ago walked on our ramparts 102 miles in 24 successive hours, undertook to walk on the same place, and within the same space of time, 106 miles. He started at six minutes past two o'clock, P. M. and yesterday completed his arduous self-imposed task, 22 minutes within the time.—*Berwick Advertiser*, Aug. 4.

THE PUGILISTIC RING.

The English and Irish Fistic Champions.—A correspondence, of rather an elegant description, recently took place between Spring, and Langan the Irish Champion. The latter wished to fight Spring, who, it seems, was not willing to accommodate him for a less stake than 500l. a side. Langan replied to this, that by naming so high a sum, Spring meant any thing but fighting. On the 23d of October, however, matters were brought to a point, by Spring signing articles to the following effect, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, Tom Belcher signing on the

part of Langan:—"Thomas Winter Spring to fight John Langan for 300l. a side—a fair stand-up fight: half-minute time to be allowed between each and every round, in a 24-foot ring. The fight to take place on the seventh day of January next, 1824, half way between London and Manchester. Mr. Jackson to hold stakes." Fifty pounds a side were deposited. Langan is unknown to the London ring, but is described as a very handsome and fine young man. He is a native of that Dublin suburb which bears the classic name of *Mud Island*. The odds, at present, are on Spring.

The following fights are now agreed on, to take place as follows:—Josh Hudson and Ward, on Nov. 11; Aaron and Lenny, in the same ring; Bishop Sharp and Gypsey Cooper, Nov. 18; Aby. Belasco and O'Neale, Dec. 30; Spring and Langan, Jan. 7, 1824.—A match is also concluded between Matt Vipond (commonly called Wheeping), and Langan, the Irish Champion, for 100 sovereigns a side, to fight within 30 miles of Manchester.

Monday, October 20, a fight took place on Chatham Lines, for 20 sovs. between a man from Chelsea, named Read, and a man from Strood, called Underhill, which was won by the former with ease. The contest lasted 19 minutes.—There was a second turn-up between a person of the name of Lamb, and an Irishman, and after a severe contest of upwards of half an hour, it was won by the Irishman. A numerous assemblage of the fancy was collected to witness this display of the pugilistic art.

The *Manchester Mercury* says, "On Tuesday last, the Vicar of Ormskirk committed James Pilkinton to the House of Correction for twelve months, for committing an assault, or *"fighting"* with another young man.

LOADING OF GUNS.

There is nothing more false than the general notion entertained that increase of charge will give proportionate increase of distance. That a greater charge of powder will expel the shot to a greater distance cannot

be denied, but not at all in proportion, as double the charge of powder would only throw the shot one-sixth further, whilst the danger of bursting is increased in a ten-fold degree. Those who wish a greater than the customary distance, must do it by keeping the weight of the charge, both of powder and shot, the same as usual, and increasing the size of the shot, by which means it will be thrown much further than the smaller shot. The weight of a double-barrelled gun is from six pounds three quarters to seven and eight pounds, and will carry two drachms of powder, and one ounce and a half of shot. A single gun will weigh from five pounds and a half to six pounds, and will bear a charge of two drachms and a half of powder, and two ounces and a quarter of shot.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER MEETING.

Monday, October 27.—Mr. Greville's Jane Shore, 3 yrs old, 9st. beat General Grosvenor's Virgilius, 2 yrs old, 7st. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft. Two to 1 agst Jane Shore.—Lord Dunwich's Swap, 4 yrs old, beat Mr. Tyr. Jones's Prosody, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. each, A. F. 100 sovs. h. ft.—Five to 2 on Swap.—Duke of Grafton's Cinder, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Powlett's Eden, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200 sovs. h. ft. Eleven to 10 agst Cinder.—Duke of Grafton's Hampden, 8st. 7lb. beat Lord Darlington's Marcellus, 8st. 2lb. both 4 yrs old, R. M. 200 sovs. h. ft. Four to 1 on Hampden.—Mr. Rogers's Scratch, 3 yrs old, 9st. beat General Grosvenor's Flaccus, 2 yrs old, 6st.

8lb. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft. Two to 1 on Scratch.—Mr. Udny's Mirandola, 8st. 9lb. beat Mr. Hunter's c. Ganymede, by Orville, 7st. 8lb. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft. Six to 5 agst Mirandola.

One-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each, for five-year-olds, 8st. 8lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb. B. C.—Lord Egremont's b. h. Centaur, 5 yrs old, walked over.

Mr. Greville's Aaron, 4 yrs old, rec. ft. from Lord Exeter's Fanatic, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. each, A. F. 100 sovs. h. ft.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Henderson's "History of Ancient and Modern Wines" is nearly ready for publication.

A new veterinary work, entitled, "A Guide to practical Farriery; containing Hints on the Diseases of Horses and Neat Cattle, with many valuable and original Recipes, &c." by Mr. Pursglove, sen. will appear very shortly.

BETTINGS ON FORTHCOMING RACES.

At Tattersall's.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 5 to 2 agst Reformer.
- 11 to 2 agst Don Carlos.
- 13 to 2 agst Quadrille.

DERBY.

- 13 to 2 agst Swiss.
- 15 to 2 agst Reformer.
- 14 to 1 agst Cydnus.
- 14 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 20 to 1 agst Vesta.
- 20 to 1 agst Don Carlos.

OAKS.

- 6 to 1 agst Prudence.
- 7 to 1 agst Lyrnessa.
- 20 to 1 agst Specie.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE lines on the Billesdon Coplow Day, will most probably be re-inserted in some future letter of our correspondent NIMROD.

THE hint of "A Constant Reader," is accepted with thanks.

"A Rural Ride"—Mr. Lawrence, in reply to an "Amateur of the Cock-pit"—"Wrestliana," and other favours, are deferred till next Number, from pressure of other matter.

A CORRESPONDENT corrects the assertion in a late Number, that the Doncaster St. Leger began in 1779; it commenced in 1776, the first stakes being won by Lord Rockingham's filly, by Sampson. We shall be obliged to this Correspondent for any sporting information applicable to the present day.

THE person named in the Obituary, page 308, of last Number, should have been Mr. William Burstone, not Burstow.

P O E T R Y.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE WEDDING RING:

On reading the Account in the "Globe," of the 22d instant, of a Mrs. Wood, the Wife of Mr. Wood, of Northallerton, Gardener, losing her Wedding Ring from her Finger whilst weeding in her Husband's Garden, two Years after Marriage, and finding it again Ten Years afterwards, enclosed in the Heart of a Turnip.

THE wedding ring is said to be
An emblem of eternity;
To shew that love will still abound,
Though time and ages circle round;
The type of all that's worth enjoying,
Never ending—never cloying;
But, strengthen'd by mechanic art,
More firmly linking heart with heart.
Who, then, would think a ring like this,
The symbol of eternal bliss,
Should in a turnip's heart be found,
The coldest produce of the ground!

Perchance it was, that heart was cold
That dropped it in its native mould—
That, blighted in its early bloom,
It sank beneath its hated doom,
And, heedless of its wonted charms,
Had rashly sought a stranger's arms!
"Oh, no!" my Muse replies: "that heart

Was lately pierced by Cupid's dart,
Nor yet the wound was healed. That mould

In which was dropped this pledge of gold,
Was to its lord a certain mine,
From whence, by aid of power divine,
His riches sprang—from whence he gleaned
Domestic happiness; that weaned
His soul from all, save her who bore
This long lost treasure; and who swore
To bear it, till time's stern decree
Should doom her to mortality."

But, ah! how little do we know
The fate that waits us here below!
The morn the brightest prospect wears—
The evening often sets in tears.
The bells that ring the bridal peal,
Next toll the dismal fun'ral knell;
And he who soars on pleasure's wing,
Too often feels th' envenomed sting.
This ring was lost! the pledge was gone,
But love remained; and love alone
Could tell, that, though 'twere lost, the prize

Had never beam'd in others' eyes,
But, hid beneath its mother earth,
Had waited for a second birth;

And, at the end of ten long years
(When some have drown'd their love in tears),

This ring appeared! wrapped in that part
Which tender lovers call "the heart:"
By which it shewed, it ne'er had strayed
Far from the bosom, where it made
Its nest of love; nor could the cold
Of ten long winters wreat its hold
From this soft spot, where still it clung,
As when—midst softest transports hung—
On bridal night it first did spread
Its sanction o'er the bridal bed.

Oh, then, ye wives in splendid life,
Think on this humble gard'ner's wife—
Think, that though time has tried to prove
That absence is a cure for love,
She shewed that love would ever be
An emblem of eternity!

NIMROD.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*ON AN OLD SILVER PEN:
IMPROMPTU.

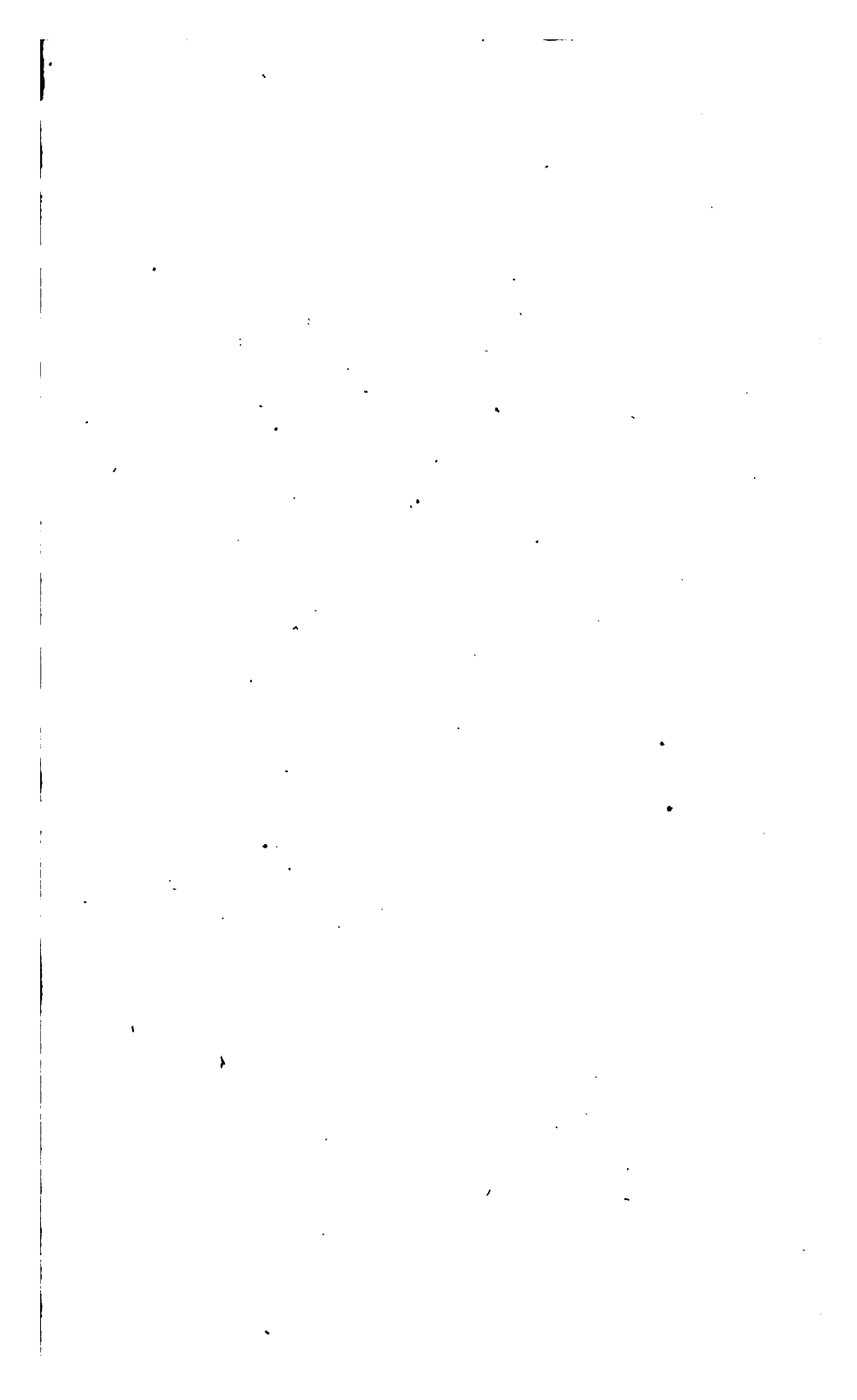
ART made for show, or use? I fain
would know
Whether thy silver nib can write, or no?
Let's see: Faith! it answers remarkably
well;

'Twere better to keep it than try it to sell:
'Twill be useful some day when quills are
scarce,
And perhaps mend my fortune by writing
a farce.

But stay, friend: a pen without talents
to aid!

"A love letter write to some wealthy young
maid,
Your fortune to make." "My friend,
thou art right;
I'll think of thy counsel from morning till
night."

And should, silver pen! thou my for-
tune e'er mend,
I'll call thee my best, and most sincere
friend:
No new-fangled pen, made of ruby and
gold,
Of Bramah's invention, shall dare call
thee old
In fashion, or beauty; I'll preserve thee
for ever;
Could I *out* such a good friend? Never,
oh, never!





THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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No. LXXIV.

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Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of GREY JEM, well known in the Hatfield Hunt.*

II. *JUNO, a Pointer.*

GREY JEM.

Painted by A. COOPER, R.A. and engraved by WEBB.

GREY JEM, aged twenty-one, has been well known for the last fifteen years in the Hatfield Hunt. He was got by Delpini; dam by Partner; grandam by High-flyer; out of a cast filly of Sir Charles Bunbury's—pedigree lost: bred at Barton in the Clays, Lincolnshire.

INSTANCE OF SINGULAR SUCCESS ON THE TURF.

AN instance of singular success on the turf has been lately

communicated to us from the sister kingdom:—

The Marquis of SLIGO is now holder of the *Northumberland Gold Cup*, the *Peel Cup*, the *Whip*, the *Sligo Whip*, and the *King's Whip*—the first time they have ever been in the possession of one person at the same time.

The *Northumberland Gold Cup* was given by the Earl of Northumberland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and is a four-mile weight for age race, challengeable each April and September Meeting, to run on the next Meeting but one after it has been challenged. It is challenged with 200gs., p. p., and accepted with the like sum and the Cup.

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The Peel Cup was presented by the present Secretary of State for the Home Department, while he was at the head of the Irish Government: it is also a weight for age, but the distance is only about two miles, and the Stake 100gs., p. p., and the times of challenging June and October, to run the following October and June.

The Whip was added many years ago by the Turf Club of Ireland, to a Sweepstakes of 100gs., p. p., 8st. 7lb. each, for all horses, as a mark of the best horse in Ireland.

The Sligo Whip was presented by the Noble Marquis to the Society, to be run for with a smaller Stake—namely, 25gs. each, p. p.—weight for age, about one mile and three quarters. It is run for on the Monday of each April and September Meeting.

The King's Whip is also a weight for age, with very heavy weights, and was presented by his Majesty, together with 100gs. annually, to be run for at each October Meeting. This prize has been three times run for, and won the first and third year by the Noble Marquis's chestnut horse Langar, who was amiss last year, and could not therefore start for it.

HINTS ON BREEDING FOX- HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT is too frequently the case in breeders of fox-hounds, that they breed from their fastest hounds. It does not always happen that the fastest hounds are the best in the pack: in general, the fast hounds, and which are usually at the top of the pack, become jealous of other hounds getting up to them, and, rather than lose the lead, will fre-

quently, in trying to maintain it, fly over the scent. I therefore prefer breeding from nose, instead of pace. A good line hunter, with a tender nose, in a bad scenting day, or where your fox is a long way before you, is of more essential use than five couple of *avant couriers*.

I have heard it said, that to prevent your pack from dwindling in size, you should frequently cross the breed with those of other kennels. I used to hunt, some years ago, with a pack of harriers, and the gentleman to whom they belonged hunted them himself, and was an excellent sportsman: he assured me that he was so bigotted to his own sort of hound, that he had not crossed them for thirty years. I never saw finer hounds in my life—handsome, bony, and well proportioned, they were too fast and too powerful for a hare; and the last year but one that the gentleman had them, I saw them one day wind up a fox in 26 minutes, as handsomely as I ever saw a pack of fox-hounds. They afterwards killed three hares. In the year 1802, in the month of November, after killing two brace of hares, they found an outlying deer (a four-year-old buck), which they ran two hours and a quarter, and killed. These hounds were never fed on any thing but raw flesh. The pack never exceeded eleven or twelve couple.—I am, Sir, yours,

Nov. 3, 1823.

J. W.

ON THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF CERTAIN SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for May last, I was exceedingly pleased in the perusal of a communication

signed FERGUS. It has (as he justly observes) of late years been very much the fashion to run down all sports which give amusement to the lower classes; and a champion in their defence is assailed with the epithets of "unfeeling," "barbarous creature."

I am a plain country gentleman myself: I hunt my own hounds (a few couple, bred of a size and strength to keep on terms with a fox; but as that animal is a rarity in my part of the world, I chiefly pursue the hare). Now, Mr. Editor, I think honestly that hare-hunting is one of the most cruel of amusements; and there is more real ferocity in worrying a poor, flying, harmless, panting little creature, than in pitting any two cocks. I perfectly agree with FERGUS in condemning the Welsh main: it is barbarous and disgraceful, and what I ever have, and always shall strenuously oppose. With respect to bull-baiting, I never saw it encompassed with those horrors that have been so ably yet falsely painted, as attendant on the sport. Refinement is the order of the day: let us be cautious, that in purging away the dross, we do not also suffer some of the gold to escape.

All sports are cruel: they will not bear too close a scrutiny. How can the fisherman, or the hare-hunter, condemn the cocker or the bull-baiter? Let him reflect on the nature of his own hobby, and see what difference there is, in the scale of humanity. Wanton cruelty I abhor: the unfeeling villain who bruises, wounds, and kills the unfortunate cock, gasping at the stake, on Shrove Tuesday, deserves to be scouted from his fellow men.

I mentioned before, that I am a plain country gentleman, hunting

my own hounds, and sometimes pitting my own cocks. Although confessedly the latter amusement is the least noble of all sports, yet, as a sportsman, I do not decline the pit, but think it well enough in its way, when properly conducted.

I hope FERGUS will favour us frequently with his honest sentiments: there is an openness and plainness about him, so free from nonsensical humbug, which creates our respect; and the more so in these times, as it unfortunately is most rare.

With an apology for troubling you with deciphering my scrawl, I have the honour to remain your frequent reader and obedient servant,

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

PISCATORY CHIT CHAT.

LETTER I.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,
BELIEVING, as I do, that a little desultory gossip on piscatory matters would not be unpleasant to many of your readers, I propose, as an old angler, to drop you an occasional letter on such subjects; but, in so doing, I do not intend to cramp myself with any thing like a plan: my communications will never soar above my title of *chit chat*—that sort of thing which would amuse a group of anglers when surrounding the fire at night, after having enjoyed a day's sport. I have no ambition to be the author of a *new* treatise on angling, in which every thing worth knowing is borrowed from poor old *Izaak Walton*—consequently, I do not propose to inflict upon your readers any such punishment; neither shall I confine myself to any precise number of

letters, but shall, without connection, give you my thoughts on some matters—facts which I have met with, or heard from good authority, even quotation or criticism, to which must be added an *et cetera* (that useful though undefined word), which may cover all sorts of wanderings.

To begin, then, with a thought. I think there is much of imposition, in almost every respect, about the *punting* system on the river Thames—that principal scene of Cockney angling; not that I mean to depreciate the abilities of very many Cockney anglers, for, beginning with Walton, and descending to the present day, it will be found that the neatest and best handlers of a rod and line, and the greatest destroyers of fish, let them fish where they will, have been Londoners. But to return to the punting system:—It is well known, that for many miles above the metropolis, when angling in the river Thames, it is necessary to have a punt to fish from, beginning at Battersea Bridge, and extending above Chertsey, and the first imposition anglers have to complain of is, the exorbitant charge of about 7s. or 7s. 6d. per day for the punt, besides having to keep the attendant in victuals and drink; and a very pretty twist these gentlemen generally have. For my own part, I dislike punt fishing exceedingly: nothing but very good sport could at all reconcile me to the confinement and restraint of such a situation; and I consequently endeavour, for the most part, in my angling excursions, to get 50, 60, 70, or 80 miles from town, where I can ramble by some secluded mill stream, with lots of fish in it, and where, if one hole does not please me, I can walk off to another, without troubling Jack,

or Bill, or Bob, to shove me there in a punt. And when, by any chance, I am staying at any of the fishing villages on the banks of the Thames, I prefer hiring a punt or boat by the week or month, to the usual mode; and would rather have any clodhopper I can meet with to assist me, than the too-knowing-by-half gentry belonging to the *flat-bottomed boats*—for that forms the next complaint. The furnishers of these things persuade (or endeavour to persuade) the young aspirants to the *noble art* of angling, that they know every thing, when it too frequently happens they know nothing. One would almost think they were *clerks of the weather*, for though a man has staid two or three days in the wet without sport, they are *sure the next day* will be fine, from something or other which they have observed; and so they contrive to keep the good gentleman “another and another day,” to touch his pockets a little more, that he may help to keep them. How could they live, poor things, if they did not do so?

As to a conjecture about the weather or so, one can hardly blame them: the angler himself is as credulous a being as possible in such cases. Who, that has been much out for the purpose of fishing, when confined to an inn by a heavy rain, but can remember himself, or his companions, constantly peeping out, and then ejaculating, “It looks a little lighter! It will hold up presently! It does not come down quite so fast, and we *may* have sport yet!” Hope, as was the case in Pandora’s box, is at the bottom of this, as of every other misery in life. But these *punters* are notorious for *lies* that are any thing but *white*. A young gentleman or two trudge down to Richmond, or

Hampton, by peep of day some fine summer morning: the punt is hired for the day; the ground-bait and graves prepared: they get an early breakfast, and off they glide, and are made fixtures for the day, or thereabouts. They begin, all hope and expectation, but the fish will not bite: they use all their ground-bait, and send Bob ashore for more, but all in vain—the barbel are *not to be had*. Bob takes his *bub* and *grub*, as the sailors say, very kindly, but his employers take no fish. He is very sorry—can't think how it is: takes them to another place, a *capital hole*, where Messieurs A. B. and C. killed *such whoppers*, Oh, nine, ten, twelve pounds apiece!!! Still no luck attends Bob's present cargo, and so he takes his *siesta*, as the Spaniards would say, or, in plain English, his afternoon's nap, at the end of the punt, sure of *nibbling* seven shillings at sunset, and leaves the flats to finish the day as they like. Many such a pair may be seen trudging from the water side, with rods on shoulder, and baskets swinging at the end, perfectly innocent of containing fish, except indeed some half dozen bleak, and two or three small dace or roach. But Bob convinces them, before they mount the coach to return to town, that the day has been *too bright* and *too hot*—only let them come down some dull, cool day, and see what sport they'll have, *that's all*; and so the poor souls go home, consoling themselves, and taking all Bob's stories for gospel.

But I see I have got nearly to the end of my paper, and therefore, for the present, must quit the subject; but as I have more to say respecting punts, and those who are employed about them, I shall return to the subject in my next.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. J. M. LACEY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

REPLY TO AN AMATEUR OF THE COCK-PIT.

FOR the sake of the cause, Sir, I generally waive the punctilio of refusing to answer anonymous writings. In the present case, my object is to point out several errors into which you have fallen, and to appeal to your more mature reflection; after which, I feel confident you and I should stand on better terms of agreement.

It is incorrect to suppose me led astray by Mr. Martin's system. I had adopted, indeed published mine, years before either that of Mr. Martin or of Lord Erskine was known. Mr. Martin, an honour to his age and country, and enthusiastically engaged in practical exertions, has already achieved more than any other man could pretend to; and, what is fortunate, both for the cause and himself, has incurred no odium or dislike with the lower classes, but is actually popular among them.

My "indignation has doubtless been excited by particular acts of cruelty," but those springing, as I have all along proved, from the general systematic cruelty of our sports, and the defective education of our youth, who, in fact, are trained rather to expect to reap pleasure from the miseries of the brute creation, than to compassionate their feelings, and to act with justice and fairness towards them. Your "pains and care" seem to have produced a most singular result, and in total opposition to the reports I have heard from all with whom I have conversed through a long life. Have you never been in Smithfield, in the knackers' and catgut makers'

yards, at the Westminster Pit, and the various torture-shops in town, or at a bull-bait in one of the provincial towns famous for that sport? For my part—and my experience has been long, various, and painful—I have found too many instances in which the description, even of the most powerful pen, came infinitely short of the reality of horror. Your defiance of proof is singularly unfortunate, as to cutting and cauterizing the tame bull, and throwing his quivering limbs and carcase, after he had been *run* and worried to death, over the bridge. You might equally well demand proof of the existence of the towns where bull-baiting is practised, or even of the practice itself. There are thousands of living witnesses, to the very letter, of all those horrors; and to them particularly, and to the concomitant dangers to the townsmen, we owe the general disgust at bull-baiting, and desire for its suppression. Only “one dog at a time,” and as many, in succession, as are sufficient to worry the bull to death, must surely exhibit torture enough for the most voracious glutton in that way. In justice, the dog ought to be the greater sufferer; but why, or for what sane purpose, expose either animal to such suffering?

Your mild sort of baiting, and which you wish to see revived, to prevent imposition! reminds one of West India slavery. “Oh,” say its advocates, “the slaves are well used!” Slavery, then, is nothing: baiting the bull, I suppose, nothing to him, where he also is so well used.

Far from having ever asserted that “the cruelty which requires legislative interference is exercised exclusively by the lower or-

ders of society,” the perpetual tone of my arguments has been in direct opposition to any such sentiment. In proof, I refer you to my late letter in the Magazine, to Mr. Brougham. We need no nice discriminations on the quantum or score of suffering: our object is to prevent, as far as is practicable, all that which is wantonly and unnecessarily inflicted. The presumption that Martin's Bill might go to prevent our destroying foxes and wasps, and the introduction of Darwin's poetics, are quite in the style of special pleading. When you call yourself a sportsman of the old school, I am glad to find it is with a bar. I knew that school well: it was one of infamous barbarity, both in principle and practice. Mr. Martin, if I am not misinformed, is, in one respect, of the old school, as he can swear a tolerable good round hand. You would recommend to him, then, to correct in the lower orders the abominable vice of swearing, and leave them to go on and prosper in their cruelties. You may, perhaps, be a subscriber to a Bible Society. Swearing is obviously, in your view, a greater crime than cruelty to animals. It is, no doubt, an improper and unseemly habit; but words are but wind, and harmless to man or beast—blows heavy, and may break bones. The man who damns my eyes, does them no injury; but he who tips me a closer, may do me a substantial one, more especially should he serve me as a certain dealer lately did his horse—beat my eye out of the socket. In the name of wonder, Sir, where can you have made your observations? Never have the lower orders, or indeed any orders, of the people of England, been so little addicted to

the habit of profane swearing, as within the last quarter of a century. They seem to have exchanged that for vices of a more substantial nature; and were old Toby Smollett now living and looking, and in want to bring out a new novel, he would be puzzled to find examples of his favourite swearing characters, even among sailors and prostitutes.

You are "An Amateur of the Cock-pit." Many years have passed since I was at the Pit, but never did I write or say a word in my life against cock-fighting. And why? Because it is their business more than mine, and they are volunteers. Against dog-fighting I should be equally silent, for the same reason; but that is attended with peculiar barbarity, and has the most debasing effects on the morals of those who practise it. It seems to inculcate and stimulate all kinds of cruelty. It is the rage and moral bane of too many of our youth of property. Instead of a cowardly rioting in the outraged feelings of miserable and defenceless animals, *these* ought to be the sports of the lower orders (and the upper classes might afford good encouragement to them, and yet find sufficient leisure for the glorious and soul-stirring diversion of psalm-singing)—all the ATHLETIC EXERCISES, PUGILISM, FOOTBALL, CRICKET, THROWING THE WEIGHT OR QUOITS, SINGLE STICK, WRESTLING, FOWLING (under local circumstances), SKITTLES, DANCING, READING THE CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, PLAYS and PUBLIC SPECTACLES, CONVERSATION among themselves, which might prove a substitute for, and an antidote to, the infernal English habit of eternal GUZZLING and tax promoting—in fine, any innocent, re-

laxing, and health-inspiring diversions.

I thus rehearse the articles of my belief.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

PEDESTRIAN INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,
H^AVING requested information, in your Magazine of September, on a pedestrian match, I perceived in your last a letter signed YORKSHIREMAN, which, I am sorry to say, is by no means satisfactory.

I have done the 100 yards in *ten seconds*, and the 200 yards under *twenty-one seconds*, but still I am very doubtful of the 400 yards having ever been accomplished in *forty-seven seconds*; and the failure of Lieut. Fairman, in a late match, to do 400 yards in *forty-eight*, confirms my opinion. I will, however, state the shortest times in which certain distances have been done; and I trust your correspondent YORKSHIREMAN, or some other of your readers, will say if shorter times have ever come under their notice.

In George the Second's reign, an Italian Jew and an Englishman ran 100 yards, which was won by the latter, who did the ground in *ten seconds*. Your Magazine of 1805 says this is the *shortest* time on record. Curling, the Brighton shepherd, and Grindley, the boot-closer, ran 120 yards in *twelve seconds and a half*. Leach and Shaw, the fastest men of their day (1816), did the 150 yards in *sixteen seconds*. Wantling and Beddoe, in their late match at Walsall, did the 200 yards under *twenty-one seconds*. I never heard of the 300 yards being timed. The 400 yards

was stated in the papers to have been done in *forty-seven seconds*, by Wantling; but, from the circumstance of the quarter mile, 440 yards, having been done with difficulty in *fifty-six seconds* by Abraham Wood, I am inclined to suppose the time was mis-stated in the papers.

Your inserting this letter will much oblige

A BIT OF A RUNNER.

London, Nov. 8, 1823.

ON THE SAGACITY AND PATRIOTISM OF THE HORSE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

AN old friend, a merchant, lately returned from the Continent, gave me the following curious anecdote of English horses in Italy:—The Duchess of Parma, some years since, had a present made her, by a person of high rank here, of a number of English horses. They had, in consequence, fine stables, and considerable appointments made for them; but partly, as it was said, from the heat of the Italian climate, and for other reasons, they have never been put to any labour or use, but have remained constantly stationary and as fixtures in their stables. It may be presumed they have never been very comfortable in their lot, or banishment from their own country and its skillful management of their species, from the report of the Italian grooms, which states, that the instant an Englishman enters these stables, the horses, by a natural instinct, as if through the medium of the olfactory nerves, and by the power of scent, recognise a countryman, and begin neighing and pawing, and are not quiet until

the stranger approach their heads, and bestows on them the grateful caress of the hand, which they return in their most pleasing manner—the salute between these *countrymen*, meeting in a strange land, much resembling, and being the substitute for, the cordial English shake of the hand. At other times, and in general, the poor aliens are dull enough. They are visited by all foreign travellers, but never notice any but English.

It does not appear, however, but that these horses have the best provender and treatment which the country affords. But our country horses are extremely tender abroad, and seldom thrive under the continental management. They seem to pine after the English hay, and seldom to look well, or do credit to foreign grooming. The famous Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*), in his early rage for English racers and hunters, had a vast number killed of the best and highest priced which this country produced, until he engaged a number of English grooms, and he was thenceforward improving highly in his studs, until the Revolution broke out. At present, the French make but an awkward hand, especially in their running stables, where they have no English grooms; and, in all probability, it is the same case in Germany, where racing has lately commenced.

T. A. C.

Coffee-house, Newmarket.

P. S. The late accident, by which a worthy and amiable young man of distinction (Mr. Trevor) has been lost to his friends and the public, has occasioned a considerable sensation in the sporting world. It brought up a conversation here, respecting an accident nearly similar, by which a favourite jockey boy, a feather, who belonged

to the stables of the then Earl of Clermont, was killed. It was said that Lord Clermont cried like a child at the accident. Previously to that occurrence, it seems that the posts at Newmarket were large, and strongly fixed in the earth: subsequently, by order of the Jockey Club, these were removed, and replaced by small ones slightly fixed, that would give way on any considerable shock. I note these circumstances by way of caution, in case a similar improvement should have been omitted; and may be necessary elsewhere. The nickname of Lord Clermont's boy was "*Little Wicked.*"

AMERICAN, ECLIPSE.

(Concluded from page 33, last Number.)

TUESDAY, May 27th, 1823, a day that will ever be memorable in the racing annals of America. Col. Johnson brought upon the course a four-year-old colt, called Henry, whose performance in the race entitles him to our particular notice, and we will therefore give his pedigree, as related by the breeder. Henry is a sorrel colt, and about 15 hands and one inch high; was bred by Mr. Lemuel Long, near Halifax, in the State of North Carolina. He was sired by Sir Archie; his dam by Diomed; her dam by Bellair; her dam by Pilgam; her dam by Valiant; her dam by Janus; her dam by Jolly Roger—imported horses. Sir Archie was sired by Diomed (whose pedigree is before given), and bred by Archibald Randolph, Esq. of Virginia. His dam was foaled in 1796, sired by Rockingham, and imported by Col. Tayloe, of Washington, from the stud of Lord Egremont; her dam the Ta-

bitha mare, got by Trentham, out of the Bosphorus mare.

"The day was fine: at an early hour the roads leading to the course were covered by carriages and horsemen in an unbroken chain, until the very moment of starting. About half-past twelve, Henry entered the field, followed by Eclipse, and the champions were thus fairly before the public—the principals in the match on each side confident of success. The horses uncovered well, and shewed that great science had been used in training. The track was well cleared, and at the signal to saddle we took the opportunity to look along the course. The whole track on the inside, of one mile distance, was completely lined by a mass of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. The stages at the starting post were crowded, and a great many ladies were observable in the rooms and stand of the club house. The throng of men on foot was immense, and every tree in the field, or near it, was groaning with the weight of its load of human beings. The hour for starting now arrived, and the confidence of the sportsmen seemed to be unimpaired in their favourite horses. Bets were offered and accepted to the last moment. At the word 'Go,' the horses left the stand like the wind—Eclipse rode by Wm. Crafts; Henry by a lad whose name we did not hear. In the first quarter Henry took the lead, and maintained it through the heat, the distance between them varying from 20 to 40 feet. The rounds were run in an astonishingly short time, and it was apparent to every practised eye, that it was such running as was never before witnessed in our country. As the horses turned up the straight side of the last round, the rider of Eclipse,

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for the first time, urged his horse to the utmost. The noble beast strove with all his powers to pass his antagonist, but in vain, Henry beating him by half a length.

"The result of this heat was so different from what the northern sportsmen had anticipated, that there was a profound silence observed by the multitude for some minutes. Bets were offered and accepted, with odds against him, and it was rumoured that he was injured in the race. It was undeniably the fastest running in well-authenticated record. The opinion we formed of the heat was, that if Eclipse had been pushed a little sooner, he would have won it; for he was gaining to the last jump, and, of course, we were not among the desponding. But all fears were dispelled on the appearance of Mr. Purdy,* coming forth from the weighing house in his scarlet dress, the signal that he was to ride Eclipse, and upon which the crowd rent the air with long reiterated acclamations. The moment for starting the second heat at length arrived, and, at the word, both went off. Henry took the lead, and kept it until the last quarter of the third mile, when Purdy made his push, and gave the amateurs a fine treat, in viewing the trial of speed and bottom. Eclipse passed his rival at the commencement of the fourth mile. On reaching the straight race, Henry made a desperate run in his turn, and, for a few rods, he

gained, but it availed him nothing. Purdy brought out of his horse, what those gentlemen who asserted that he was "not a racer," never till that moment believed was in him. He beat Henry by about thirty feet. On Eclipse's passing Henry, the multitude again made the welkin ring with their shouts, which continued without intermission to the close of the heat. Confidence was again completely restored to the friends of Eclipse, while a corresponding dejection awaited the abettors of Henry.

"Third heat—When the horses† were brought up for this heat, a rider named Taylor, known for many years on the southern courses for his great success, and whose skill was inferior to that of no other, made his appearance, and it was announced that he would ride Henry the third heat, instead of the boy who had rode him the two former. The course being once more cleared, they started. Purdy taking the lead, and keeping it to the end of the race, came in about three lengths ahead of his antagonist. Throughout the whole of this heat, Eclipse led so far, that Henry never came within reach of him, thus winning for his supporters the immense sums risked upon his speed and bottom, and for himself a never-fading fame, and an enduring page in the annals of the sporting world.

"The time of running the three heats, as given by the judges, General Ridgely, of Baltimore, Captain Cox, of Washington, and John

* Mr. Samuel Purdy, who, on this occasion, so mainly contributed to develop the mighty energies of Eclipse, is a native of Westchester County, and now carries on extensively, in this city, the business of a house builder. He has for several years been elected, without opposition, an assessor of the ward in which he lives, and is at this moment a director of several monied institutions. His skill and elegance in riding have long been the theme of admiration."

† The action of Eclipse, when brought up for the third heat, has formed a topic of conversation for all who witnessed it. Instead of shewing distress from his previous exertions, he stood pawing the ground, and champing the bit, with all the animation and vigour of a horse fresh from the stable!!"

Allen, Esq. of Philadelphia, was as follows:—

First heat, 7 min. 37 sec.

Second . . . 7 min. 49 sec.

Third . . . 8 min. 24 sec.

Twelve miles in 23 min. 50 sec.

"We believe, as we said before, that Eclipse might have decided the race in two heats; but, at the same time, we cheerfully state, that we consider Henry as one of the finest horses that ever trod the turf, and that the selection of him did great credit to the sagacity of the southern gentlemen.

"As for Eclipse, we know not how to speak of him. He appears always to rise with the occasion. He has now proved himself, beyond all cavil, to be a horse of speed and bottom unequalled in this country, and, to say the least, is one of the first horses in the world.

"It was to be expected that the victors would rejoice in the triumph of their favourite. We are glad to say that they were moderate, and that the southern gentlemen must have been convinced that their feelings of exultation were mixed with no ill-will.

"On the other hand, the losers sustained their defeat with admirable composure; and it is pleasing to reflect, that the whole business was conducted in the most fair and honourable manner.

"It is judged that there were upwards of sixty thousand spectators on the field, and it is with great satisfaction that we add, that, as far as was ascertained, no accident of moment occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.

"The weights carried by each horse were—Eclipse, 126lbs.; Henry, 108lbs. It may be proper to add, that by English sportsmen, who have regulated the weights

with such precision and accuracy, 7lbs. extra weight is considered equal to a distance of 40 rods on the four miles: thus Henry, in this race, had an advantage of 18lbs. or 565 yards, on the score of his youth.

"As we have remarked in these pages that the Union Course measured *thirty* feet over a mile, it is proper to inform the reader, that a few days previous to the race with Henry, a number of gentlemen visited the course with a surveyor, and had it reduced as nearly to a mile as could conveniently be done. On going over the course after the reduction, they found it 18 inches *over* a mile, and coming so near to their object, it was left.

"As a matter connected with the event, we shall now insert the following correspondence, which took place immediately after the race:—

" "Long Island, May 28th, 1823.

" "TO JOHN C. STEVENS, ESQ.

" "SIR—I will run the horse Henry against the horse Eclipse, at Washington City, the next fall, the day before the Jockey Club Purse is run for, for any sum from 20 to 50,000 dollars, forfeit 10,000 dollars. The forfeit and stake to be deposited in the Branch Bank of the United States at Washington, at any nameable time to be appointed by you.

" "Although this is addressed to you individually, it is intended for all the betters on Eclipse; and, if agreeable to you and them, you may have the liberty of substituting at the starting post, in the place of Eclipse, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the northern and eastern side of the North River, provided I have the liberty of substituting in the

place of Henry, at the starting post, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the south side of the Potomac. As we propose running at Washington City, the rules of that Jockey Club must govern, of course.—I am, respectfully, yours,

“WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.”

“ANSWER.

“DEAR SIR—The bet just decided was made under circumstances of excitement, which might in some measure apologize for its rashness, but would scarcely justify it as an example; and I trust the part I took in it will not be considered as a proof of my intention to become a patron of sporting on so extensive a scale. For myself, then, I must decline the offer. For the gentlemen who, with me, backed Eclipse, their confidence in his superiority, I may safely say, is not the least impaired; but even they do not hesitate to believe, that old age and hard service may one day accomplish, what strength and fleetness, directed by consummate skill, have hitherto failed to accomplish. For Mr. Van Ranst, I answer, that he owes it to the association who have so confidently supported him—to the state at large, who have felt and expressed so much interest in his success, and to himself as a man not totally divested of feeling—never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal, whose generous and almost incredible exertions have gained for the North so signal a victory, and for himself such well-earned and never-fading renown.—I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“JOHN C. STEVENS.”

“Wm. R. Johnson, Esq.”

“Eclipse is now off the turf, Mr. Van Ranst having determined

that, so long as he owns him, he shall never run again, but that his energies shall be directed to the improvement of his species: the last hope, therefore, respecting him is (in the language of one of his friends), that he may become the ‘founder of a stock which shall never disgrace their sire.’”

A RURAL RIDE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Am a sporting tradesman of the city of Westminster, and a great admirer of your sporting chronicle, but I never before ventured to contribute to its pages. Allow me to offer you a few remarks upon a little excursion I took the other day into Berkshire.

I mounted my horse at eight o'clock in the morning of the 10th of October, and rode to Staines to breakfast. The morning was remarkably fine, and numerous reflections came across me. “What a mercenary wretch,” said I, “must I be, to be still grovelling in my shop in London, when I have the means of passing the rest of my days in fresh air, and in the amusements of the country! I, who am so fond of fishing, shooting, and hunting, to be deprived of them, and never to get a day's sport in either, but, as it were, by stealth! I will, however, make up my mind to alter this in future, and, in defiance of all my wife my say to the contrary, I will cut the shop, and turn country gentleman.”

Pursuing my story as well as my journey, I entered the Park on my road to Reading. I call it “the Park,” Mr. Editor, because I think there is none other to equal Windsor, or that so well deserves the name. The grandeur of the tim-

ber, and the magnificence of the scenery, are above all praise. When I pulled up my horse at the top of the Long Walk, and viewed the matchless structure at the end of it, I could not help thinking that it was a palace really worthy of a British King. Exclusive of its grandeur, there is a solidity about it which is much in character with the English people, and, like the Government of the country, it looks as if it would last. Being a loyal man, the recollection of its being once more the seat of Royalty, much enhanced the pleasure of the landscape, and a merry peal which was then ringing on the Windsor bells, the sound of which wafted in melodious tones through the distant air, had, at that moment, the most pleasing effect.

The road from hence to Reading is through a very fine country, and particularly suited to the equestrian traveller, he being but little interrupted with dust or carriages. He has also another advantage, and which is not sufficiently attended to on roads in general, and that is, at every turn (and there are numerous ones) he has a finger-post to direct him to every place to which it leads. This not only saves travellers a great deal of trouble in asking, but also others equally as much in answering their inquiries; and perhaps it is not generally known, that actions at law will lie against trustees of roads for neglecting to put direction-posts in those places where they are wanting.

When I got within four miles of Reading, I came to the river Lodden, over which there is a handsome bridge, and the stream at this part is still and deep, and of considerable width. Here I found the good effect of country air, and determined

upon refreshing myself and my horse, as there was a neat public house by the water side. I might have delayed this operation until I reached Reading, had it not been that I saw two gentlemen going off in a boat to fish, and was anxious to learn the history of the water, being a little in the punting line myself. I soon found, by the picture of one in the parlour (weighing 28 pounds, which had been killed here), that the Lodden was famous for jack; and the party who went out soon returned with seven of moderate size. This river is also famous for roach, which are taken with the *gentle* in November, and the first part of December. They are of good size, shew much sport on the hook, and of very superior flavour when dressed, which is not the general character of the fish. One of the gentlemen who were in the boat informed me that some time since he hooked a jack of at least twenty pounds in this water. He judged of his weight, not only by his snapping some strong wire at the shank of his hook, but by his breaking through above fifty yards of very strong hop-weed in which he was basking, and which no fish of smaller size could have done. This river, I understand, empties itself into the Thames at a place called Shiplick, near Henley, after passing through a considerable portion of the richest parts of Hampshire and Surrey, and feeding some very valuable mills in its course.

On my arrival at Reading, I put up at one of the smaller inns in the town, as more becoming a man in my situation in life, than those where you are supposed to feed at the rate of a *guinea a mouthful*, which is rather too much for these cheap times. Here I was much

amused by a picture I saw in the parlour in which I ate, quite in the character of the *Sporting Magazine*. It represents a group of figures on the race-course at Newmarket, containing the famous Duke of Cumberland, of sporting celebrity; a good-looking well-fed parson, in his cauliflower wig and cassock; one of his Royal Highness's jockies, prepared to ride; and a very fine grey horse, also saddled to start. His reverence is in the act of informing his Grace that *his race is sold*, having, by accident, got possession of the fact, whilst the jockey is as much in earnest in the protestations of his innocence. The sequel is, the Duke mounts his horse himself, and wins the race which his *faithful* jockey was pledged to lose.

I could not help being particularly struck with the form of the racing saddle of this distant day, as represented in this interesting picture. It merely consisted of a tree to fit the horse's back, covered with dark brown leather, and full as long in the seat as our present hunting saddles. There appear to have been no flaps to the sides of it, but merely a bolster on each side wherewith to support the knee. In short, it seemed, on the whole, to be a most comfortless thing to ride upon.—The costume of the jockey differs little from that generally represented as in use at that period, the chief peculiarities of which are, the interregnum between the boots and the breeches, with the former tied by the garter *above* the knee, and the large bow to the waistband of the breeches, and the cap, with the guard on the spur leather similar to that worn by our country farmers.

On taking up the Reading paper, I was struck by the following ad-

vertisement of the 6th ultimo, but which was not replied to in two subsequent papers:—

“October 6, 1823.

“MR. EDITOR—Allow me to ask, through the medium of your paper, if it is true that foxes are destroyed at *Swinley Park*, by every unsportsmanlike method that can be adopted? I need not remind your readers, that *Swinley Park* is even still considered as the headquarters of the Royal hunting establishment.—I am yours,

(Signed) “FOX-HOUND.”

There was one other article in this paper which took my fancy much. It was to inform the public, that one John Adams had gained a triumph over the monopolising brewers of that town and neighbourhood, and was selling good strong beer at pence per pot!

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours, &c.

A SPORTING TRADESMAN.

November 17, 1823.

SINGULAR SPORTING ADVENTURE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Do not know whether you have observed a curious account which appeared in some of the newspapers about three weeks ago, of an adventure which happened to Mr. Isaac King, of West Wycombe, a gentleman well known in the sporting circle of that county, when returning from shooting in the early part of this season. The fact was as follows:—

As Mr. King was returning home, after his day's sport, his dogs made a point in a thick double hedge. Mr. King went up, when, to his surprise, a huge

brown bear bolted, and made off across the field. The gentleman shot, but the sight of the monster made so strong an impression on his nerves, that, although in general a very good shot, he unluckily missed bruin, who only quickened his paces, and was soon after caught, and found to have escaped from a collection then travelling about the country.

A CONSTANT READER.

EFFECT OF CLIMATE UPON DOGS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

FROM the great interest which has been created in the fate of the dogs lately brought over to this country, from the Northern regions, by Captain Parry (one of which, I find, has paid the debt of nature, and the others are said to suffer much from *the heat of the weather*), the following anecdotes, translated from the French of M. Buffon, may not be unacceptable to your readers, as relating, particularly, to the changes produced on the canine species by the effect of climate; as also establishing the fact, that nature will not admit of an union between the dog and fox, or the dog and wolf, as erroneously supposed by many to be the case.

—Yours,

C. H.

Nottingham, November 8, 1823.

"In our climate," says M. Buffon, "the wild animals that come nearest to the dog (and especially the dog with erect ears, and the shepherd's dog, which I consider as *the stock and type* of the species), are the fox and the wolf; and as the internal conformation is almost entirely the same; and the

external difference inconsiderable, I was desirous to try whether they would produce together. For this purpose I had a she-wolf reared, which was taken in the woods at two or three months old, with a mastiff of the same age. They were shut up together, and alone. Neither was acquainted with any individual of its species, nor with any man but him who was charged with the care of bringing them their daily food; and they were kept constantly for three years with the same attention, and without constraint, or chaining them up. During the first year, these young animals played perpetually together, and seemed extremely fond of each other: the second year they fell out about their food, though they had more given them than they could eat. The quarrel was always begun by the wolf. The dog was stronger than the wolf; but being less ferocious, I was afraid his life was in danger, so had a collar put round his neck. After the second year, their quarrels were more frequent, so that the wolf had a collar—the dog beginning to shew much less regard for her than at any time before. During all this time there was no sign of desire in either, and at the end of the third year the dog killed the wolf; and some days afterwards the dog was obliged to be killed, as he was become so savage, that no one could approach him.

"I had at the same time three foxes, two males and a female, which had been taken in snares, and which I had kept at a distance from each other, in separate places. I had one of these foxes tied up by a light chain, but long enough; and a small hut was built for him, where he might retire when he liked. At a

certain period, a terrier bitch was presented to him: he neither bit nor ill treated her, nor was there the least quarrel between them by day or by night, but no sign of desire was exhibited by him. Three more bitches were put to him, which he treated with the same indifference; and, in order to shew whether it was a natural repugnance, or the state of constraint he was in, that prevented an intercourse between them, I had a vixen fox put in to him, with which he was well pleased; and we found, on dissecting her, some weeks after, that she was pregnant, and would have produced four cubs. Several terrier bitches were presented successively to the other fox, but there was neither hatred, nor love, nor battle, nor caresses, between them; and this fox, in some months after, died of discontent.

"These proofs teach us, at least, that the wolf and fox are not of the same nature with the dog; that these species are not only different, but separate and remote enough for not approaching each other; that consequently the dog has not his origin from the fox or wolf."

M. Buffon enumerates no less than 30 varieties of the dog, 17 of which he attributes to the influence of climate: viz.—the shepherd's dog, the wolf-dog, the dog of Siberia, the dog of Iceland, the dog of Lapland, the mastiff, the greyhound, the great Dane dog, the hound, the terriers, the spaniels, the barbet or shaggy dog, the small Dane dog, the Turk dog, and bull-dog. The rest are mongrels, that come from a commixture of the former. He classes the shepherd's dog, wolf-dog, dog of Siberia, the dog of Lapland, and that of Iceland,

because they alone have erect ears, and whose instinct carries them to follow and guard flocks. The mastiff, the greyhound, the great Dane dog, and the dog of Iceland, have likewise a resemblance of form, and long snout, with the same natural disposition: they love to run after and follow horses and carriages: have a small nose, and hunt by sight rather than by smell. The true hunting dogs are, the hound, the terrier, the spaniel, and the barbet.* Though they differ in bodily form, all of them have a large snout, and their instinct is the same. It appears that the fineness of smell in dogs depends more on the thickness than the length of the snout, because the greyhound, the mastiff, and the great Dane dog, whose snout is very long, have a much worse nose than hounds and spaniels. M. Buffon seems at a loss to account for the English bull-dog, which appears peculiar to this country, and forms a variety different from all others in form, as well as in instinct. His breed is with difficulty preserved in France, which country is more congenial to the mastiff and the pug dog. It appears also by M. Buffon, that the shepherd's dog is the parent stock. "This dog," says he, "transported into the most rigorous climates of the north, grows ugly and small, as among the Laplanders; but preserves his perfection in Russia and Siberia, where the climate is less rigorous. The same shepherd's dog, transported into temperate climates, such as England France, and Germany, loses his savage air, erect ears, rough, thick, and long hair, and will become a bull-dog, hound, and mastiff, by the sole influence of those climates. The mastiff, trans-

* The barbet is the water spaniel—" *Canis aviarius aquaticus*." The spaniel—" *Canis aviarius terrestris*."

ported to the north, becomes the great Dane dog; and to the south, the greyhound. The great Dane dog transported into Ireland, becomes the dog of Ireland, and is the greatest of all dogs. The bull-dog transported from England into Denmark becomes the small Dane dog; and the Turk dog, is the Dane dog that has lost its hair. The spaniel and small Dane dog produce the lion dog, and the pug-dog is bred from the English bull-dog, and the small Dane dog.

"The life of a dog well fed, is nearly spent in eating and sleeping. Their sleep is accompanied by dreams, so that it may be said to be a sweet manner of existing. They can, however, do without food for a long time, but water is necessary to their existence. The duration of life in this animal is proportional to the time of his growth. He is two years growing, and lives seven or eight times as long. His age is known by his teeth, as also by his hair, which grows white about his snout, forehead, and eyes."

ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING, 1823.

FIRST DAY, NOVEMBER 4.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Heathcote's yel. and w. b. Harebell, beat Mr. Capel's blk. d. Jester; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gawrey, beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Elizabeth; Mr. Pettatt's blk. and w. b. Poll, beat Mr. Palmer's blk. and w. b. Abigail; Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Leicester, beat Mr. Briscall's yel. and w. b. The Bitter; Lord Craven's blk. b. Capability, beat Col. Newport's blk. and w. d. Norval; Mr. Hoskins's blk. and w. b. Harriot, beat Dr. Meyrick's blk. and

w. b. Mabel; Mr. Baskerville's blk. d. Moses, beat Mr. Cripps's brin. b. Capsicum; Mr. Browne's blk. d. Baron, beat Mr. C. Phelps's blk. d. Rajah.

Craven Stakes.—Mr. Briscall's blk. and w. b. Breeze, beat Mr. Baskerville's yel. and w. d. Marmion; Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hoyden, beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. and w. b. Etna; Mr. Cripps's fawn b. Clio, beat Mr. Capel's red d. Joe; Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Lufra, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Girl.

Lamborn Stakes.—Mr. Browne's blk. d. Briton, beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and w. d. Leopard; Mr. Hoskins's fawn d. Highlander, beat Mr. Pettatt's blk. d. Pantaloon; Dr. Meyrick's yel. and w. d. Magnus Troil, beat Mr. Palmer's blk. and w. b. Arachne (winner of the February Cup); Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldenlocks, beat Mr. Capel's yel. b. Jewel.

Owing to the rain, no matches were run.

SECOND DAY, NOVEMBER 5.

First ties for the Cup.—Gawrey beat Leicester—Moses beat Capability—Poll beat Baron—Harebell beat Harriot.

The ties for the stakes and matches were postponed to the following day, owing to the rain.

THIRD DAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Second ties for the Cup.—Gawrey beat Poll—Harebell beat Moses.

First ties for the Craven Stakes.—Breeze beat Clio—Lufra beat Hoyden.

First ties for the Lamborn Stakes.—Highlander beat Briton—Magnus beat Goldenlocks.

Matches.—Mr. Palmer's blk. and w. d. Atlas, beat Mr. Capel's blk. d. Job; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Eve, and Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Minikin—no course; Mr. Baskerville's yel. and w. b. Moonlight,

beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and w. b. Careless; Mr. Briscall's blk. and w. b. Britannia, and Mr. Pettatt's blk. b. Pickle—two hares; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bess, beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and w. b. Leda; Mr. Goodlake's fawn d. Glowworm, beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. and w. d. Horatio; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gadfly, beat Mr. Pettatt's blk. b. Peach; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Ebony, beat Mr. Briscall's w. d. Black Cap; Mr. Hoskins's fawn d. Hildebrand, and Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bumper—undecided; Dr. Meyrick's brin. d. Mameluke, beat Mr. Baskerville's w. b. Minna; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jet, beat Mr. Cripps's w. b. Christal; Mr. Browne's w. d. Boxer, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Glum; Mr. Pettatt's blk. d. Pantaloon, beat Mr. Heathcote's red d. Holbein; Mr. C. Phelps's blk. d. Rover, beat Mr. Blathwayt's blk. and w. d. Swap; Mr. Capel's red d. Joe, beat Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Lattit; Mr. Cripps's bl. d. Charon, beat Mr. Briscall's red d. Bowman; Mr. Palmer's blk. and w. b. Abigail, and Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Hamlet—undecided; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jenny, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Girl; Mr. C. Long's blk. and w. d. Leopold, beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Ermine; Mr. Hoskins's blk. and w. b. Heiress, beat Mr. Baskerville's blk. b. Mirth; Mr. Baskerville's blk. and w. b. Mignonette, beat Mr. Browne's w. b. Belle; Mr. Briscall's yel. b. Brenda, beat Mr. Pettatt's blk. b. Playfull; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gondola, beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. and w. d. Horace.

FOURTH DAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Mr. Heathcote's yel. and w. b. *Harebell*, beat Mr. Goodlake's *Gawrey*, and won the Cup—*Gaw-*

rey won the Guineas. *Harebell* and *Gawrey* are descended from the celebrated dog *Champion*, who was the sire and grandsire of more winners of cups than any greyhound stallion in England. Mr. Long's *Lufra*, beat Mr. Briscall's Breeze, and won the Craven Stakes; Mr. Hoskins's *Highlander*, beat Dr. Meyrick's *Magnus*, and won the Lamborn Stakes—a bad slip; *Magnus* never saw the hare until she was going into cover.

Matches.—Dr. Meyrick's blk. and w. b. *Mabel*, beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. *Joan*; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. *Gadfly*, beat Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. *Minikin*; Mr. Robert's bl. b. *Rhea*, beat Mr. Capel's red b. *Jewel*; Mr. Roberts's bl. and w. b. *Rampion*, beat Mr. Capel's blk. d. *Jester*; Mr. Phelps's blk. d. *Racer*, beat Lord Craven's bl. d. *Clarence*; Lord Craven's blk. b. *Capella*, beat Mr. Phelps's blk. and w. b. *Plaister*.

HINT TO FORWARD RIDERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Went out hare-hunting the other day. After the hounds had run a hare about twenty minutes, they came to a check. A young man not pulling up as he should have done, went slap into the body of the pack: his horse trod on one, and broke its leg short off. Being alarmed at the cry of the hound, and annoyed by the poor animal being under his feet, the horse set to kicking, and broke two ribs of another hound. The master of the pack thinking that the forward riders had had quite diversion enough for one day, ordered his servant to take the hounds home.—Yours,

T. T.

LUCK ALIVE AND LUCK DEAD.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

THE gist of my text is this—some racing stallions have been destroyed as useless, or sold for a trifle, which either might have, or really did prove, useful and profitable in an eminent degree: these, at any rate, were better *alive*. Some have been sold for a few pounds to the most slavish and murderous labour: these, beyond a doubt, had been better *dead*. Now to apply—

Squirt, a son of Bartlet's Children, after running several seasons, with good repute, became a stallion in Sir Harry Harpur's stud; but being a small horse, indeed a give and taker, there was, after a time, little hope of him as a stallion; and Sir Harry, rather than sell the little horse into drudgery, mercifully ordered him to be shot. But the stud groom being a soft-hearted man, and attached to the old horse, beside having a sly opinion in his own proper knowledge box, begged his life, whilst he was actually on his way to the dog kennel. Squirt's future life proved really lucky, and he died quietly, at a good old age. After his reprieve, he got Marsk, the sire of Eclipse; Syphon; Pratt's famous mare that bred Pumpkin, Maiden, Purity, and others. Squirt got several other racers, and Syphon got Sweetbriar, Sweetwilliam, Tandem, Daisy, and others. The late posterity of Squirt was numerous and eminently successful.

Being at Tattersall's last week, in company with a sporting gentleman of Essex, he declaimed with much feeling and justice, against that pitiful, scalt-miserable, black-guard piece of economy, selling for a few pounds the poor worn-

out racer and stallion, on account of his success falling off in his latter days; no regard being had to his former labours and earnings, nor any commiserating reflections on the tortures that his poor carcass, delicate from nature and habit, must endure, in the lowest drudgery, and amidst starvation, so debilitating and disheartening to an animal accustomed to the highest and most nourishing provender. A true sportsman, finding it inconvenient to keep, will always put such an unfortunate animal out of life, by the easiest possible method. Such is real humanity and sporting fairness. As to the enormity of selling a horse under such circumstances, it is really disreputable, and has the appearance of the seller being in need of a few pounds; and, in the old coachman's phrase, that "he has set up for a gentleman without the tools."

I have lived to see too many sales of this kind, in former and latter days; but shall only mention two or three of the former. I saw a winner of thousands sold for three pounds—old blind Bosphorus, at Tattersall's, for four guineas, to a Quaker, to labour in a drug-mill—Sweet William or Briar, I forget which, for nine pounds, at the same place.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

THE CRY OF HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IT seldom occurs in a pack of fox-hounds, that there are more than seven or eight couple of hounds whose notes the huntsman can distinguish, when finding, or running in covert. It is certainly essential that a huntsman should be acquainted with as many of his hounds'

notes as possible. A cross with a large deep-toned southern hound, would no doubt get rid of this monotony.—I am, Sir, yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

CONDITION OF HUNTERS.

(Continued from page 7.)

"It is absurd to suppose there are no final causes, because we do not see the efficient cause. The equality of three angles, of a triangle with two right angles, cannot be made to be, though there may be some other thing prior to it, without which it cannot be. My horse, which is lame, cannot be made lame, though there may be a cause for his being so:—there may be a nail in his foot."—PETWIN'S *Letters on the Mind.*"

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

WE attempt in vain to account for some of the dispensations of Providence, but to *suffer* seems the natural attribute of mortality. The natural diseases, however, of horses are but few; and, in justice to humanity, it must be admitted, that they, as well as others which owe their existence to man, have occupied their share of attention; and we cannot, without impeaching the mercy of the Creator, for a moment imagine, that there are many diseases without their remedies. It is, however, a maxim in physic, that to find out the disease and its cause, is half the cure; though it often happens that the former is the more difficult point to accomplish.

I concluded my last letter on "condition of hunters" with some observations on the foot of the horse, with a promise of continuing them in this. "When the ploughman took the helm," says the fable, "the gods left him to himself;" and I must be cautious how I enter into this field

of art, or I may be compared to the man who set about learning animal economy by dissecting a statue. Nevertheless, as all knowledge is progressive, few practical sciences arrive at perfection until they become the objects of *general* inquiry; and therefore I may be allowed to contribute my mite to the fund. Experience often points out guides more certain than any theory, and one triumphant certainty is worth a thousand doubts. At all events, *evidence* cannot cheat us, but, on the contrary, has that sovereign dominion over our minds, against which argument has no chance to contend.

Although it is well that every man should have some idea of the operations of nature, few have much knowledge of anatomy, unless intended for the medical or veterinary profession; but without its demonstrative evidence, all is doubt and uncertainty, and we go on, accounting for one thing by supposing another, until we exhaust every species of error. Find out the cause and remove it, and the effect ceases! Remove the film, and the sight is clear!

In searching for truth, it is useless to expose former mistakes and errors: we should only look to well-established facts, and to the unexpected discoveries which present themselves. In my last letter on this subject, I ventured to oppose the long-received opinion—an opinion emanating from the highest* authority—that contraction of the foot was a *cause* of lameness, and, that unless the frog received pressure, disease, and consequently lameness, were the certain effects. Now, the natural consequence of this opinion has been, the stumbling block I alluded to in shoeing, giving

* The Veterinary College.

birth to the expansion shoe, the thin-heeled shoe, and the artificial frog, which have, in their turns, ruined many thousand horses. Your readers may observe, "Surely this is bold language!" It may, I allow, appear presumptuous in an humble individual like myself to state my opinion, in opposition to that of such a man as Mr. Coleman, to whom we are, after all, indebted for laying down the first real principles of veterinary science in this country; by whose means they have been conveyed to all parts of the kingdom; and to whom may be traced that light, which has been recently, and generally, thrown on the art which he professes. We are all, however, wise after experience; and my experience has fully demonstrated, that thick toes* and thin heels will lame the soundest horse that was ever foaled, *when put to severe work*, and that pressure on the frog is by no means essential to, or a wide circular hoof by no means a proof of, the soundness of the foot.

With respect to the first of these positions, I have often experienced a converse effect. I have more than once had a horse in training, whose sinews shewed some symptoms of giving way; when, on lowering the toe and raising the heel, those sinews have been relaxed, and the horse has gone on well in his work.

With regard to the frog, I am fully aware that Nature never furnished an animal with such an or-

gan, without appropriating to it some useful function; but, on a nicer examination of the foot of a horse than that which a living subject presents us with, it is very evident that the heels, and not the frog, form the first natural bearing for his weight; and, in a state of nature, the latter will not touch the ground on a level and hard surface, until the crust of the former is worn down, as I have an hundred times witnessed in colts which have travelled a long distance barefooted. Add to this, that however well adapted the frog may be to act by *second* causes, and also to prevent injury to the parts beneath it, yet (speaking plainly), from the stuff it is made of, so highly elastic—when considered as a preventive of contraction—its powers of opposing horn and iron must be very feeble indeed.

As I shall, at a future opportunity, offer some remarks on preparing the foot for the shoe, in which attention to the frog and its properties will not be overlooked, I shall now proceed to the important discovery to which I alluded in my last, relating to the nature and seat of the disease called "founder, or groggy lameness"—a discovery which has hitherto never been noticed by veterinary writers, with the exception of one or two, who have *lately* touched upon it. Your readers will observe, that it is a disease strictly confined to the fore feet, so that the last-mentioned organ, the frog,

* Mr. Coleman recommends shoes three times thicker at the toe than the heel. In fair play, however, to him and his followers, this disproportion has not been persisted in. Alluding to these shoes, Mr. Peall, professor to the *Dublin Society*, thus expresses himself:—"Experience of many years has convinced me that no other principles of shoeing than those which Mr. Coleman has laid down, are capable of preserving the foot of the horse from disease;" but at the end of the same chapter he informs us, that "the thin-heeled shoes recommended by the professor, had been laid aside for some time at the London Veterinary College, from the experience of their inutility." We are indebted to Mr. Goodwin for this amusing extract; but, *as it comes from Dublin*, we must excuse all faults.

can have no *peculiar* relation to it, as that organ exercises its functions equally in all the feet.

Now the following is the manner in which I stumbled upon this (to me) new light in the veterinary horizon, in which I am much inclined to think there is still some twilight remaining, which the bright sunshine of knowledge and experience has yet got to dispel:—Happening¹ to go to London the latter end of September, I was requested by a friend in the country to purchase a hunter for him, for which purpose I went to the Bazaar. There I got into conversation with Mr. Turner, the veterinary surgeon to this splendid establishment, and who also so well performs his part in the rostrum on the auction days. On my looking at the feet of some horses, and making some observations on them which were in unison with his ideas and practice, he entered freely into the subject, and at last spoke of "*the navicular disease*." Now it so happened (and here I must expose my ignorance), that though I knew there was such a joint in the foot as this, yet I was ignorant of its technical appellation;* and therefore was obliged to ask for an explanation, which, in the most obliging and scientific manner, he instantly furnished me with; at the same time informing me, that the discovery of this disease, as the *seat of founder*, was due to a brother of his, who practised the veterinary art at Croydon, in Surrey.

Now I have heard and read a great deal about diseases of the foot. I have heard some attribute them to ossification of the cartilages; whilst I have heard others attribute them to contracted hoofs, or diseased frogs. On the other

hand, I have heard a good sportsman declare he would give a hundred guineas if he could get a good running thrush into one of a favourite horse's fore feet, to make it as sound as the other, which had a thrush. I was myself convinced that contraction, or pressure on frogs, had no more to do with lameness or soundness of the foot, than a ——— meeting has to do with religion; but I had never heard of the "*navicular disease*."

Being all for demonstration, when I can get it, and convinced that there are but two ways of obtaining knowledge—one from our own experience, and the other from the experience of others—I obtained from his brother an introduction to Mr. Turner, and waited on him, at his residence at Croydon, where I found he was the son of an eminent practitioner of his art, and a highly-respectable character, and was himself, though a young man, in full possession of all the veterinary practice of that populous and sporting country.

On my arrival at Croydon, Mr. Turner was prepared with one dissection of the leg of a horse just killed, to shew me the original structure of the interior of the foot; and with another, denuded of hair and flesh, so as to enable him to point out to me the situation and office of the navicular bone and joint, wherein, he contends, the seat of the disease called "*founder*, or *groggy lameness*," is *invariably* to be seen; and, by the very clear and able manner—suited to my capacity on such subjects—in which he unfolded the evidence necessary to establish the fact, I shall be able to detail it to your readers in such

* I knew this bone by the name of the nut, or shuttle bone, and was also aware of the joint it formed with the flexor.

language as may be intelligible to them, being similar to that in which it was conveyed to me.

The navicular bone has its derivation from the Latin word "*navis*," being supposed to resemble a boat; but, in my opinion, the old appellation of "shuttle bone" need not have been disturbed, as the resemblance here is the stronger of the two. By that wonderful organ—the *great flexor tendon of the leg*—passing immediately under this bone, and articulated with it, the joint called the "navicular joint" is formed. Immediately under this joint is the fatty, or elastic frog, also one of the greatest curiosities in nature; and under that is the horny, or elastic frog. It is also worthy of remark, that the navicular bone passes across the foot, from one side to the other, just above the centre of the frog, forming, as it were, a double joint with the pastern bone and the flexor tendon; thereby acting as an auxiliary supporter to the coffin bone, in receiving the weight from above. On this weight being received from the pastern, the navicular bone descends with the pressure, inclining backwards, conveying the weight to the fatty frog, and thereby acting as a powerful spring to all that portion of the foot which is *posterior* to the coffin bone. On inspection of this joint, in its healthy state, the navicular bone (which forms the joint with the flexor tendon, by a corresponding convexity in the centre of the bone) presents an exquisitely polished surface, resembling a shell, though, at the same time, it is highly vascular, and has the power of secreting that phenomenon in animal economy, *synovia*, or joint oil, by which the parts are lubricated when in action.

Now it appears most clearly, that there are two distinct causes for the disease of the navicular joint—one, from any effectual opposition it may meet with in its descent, as above described (and which descent, as it receives the weight *perpendicularly*, and not obliquely, as with the coffin bone, is essential to prevent concussion); and the other, by inflammation, which attacks the synovial membrane which lines the joint, and which may proceed from various causes; though I should imagine concussion, or jar to the foot, to be the principal one; notwithstanding, *to oppose concussion, to a certain extent*, seems to be the principal intention of the parts in question.

From the information Mr. Turner was so kind as to afford me, and from the specimens he presented me with, I am enabled to form the following notions of the disease of the navicular joint:—First, inflammation attacks the membrane lining the joint, succeeded by a diminution of the synovia, and a general stoppage to the healthy secretion of the parts. The consequence of this is, increased friction, succeeded by abrasion of the delicate and highly-sensible membranes of which they are composed. Secondly, absorption from the centre of the bone takes place, causing a hole in it very similar to that which we see in a carious tooth; and, lastly, a strong adhesion of the tendon to this hole, forming a disease the most prevalent, and at the same time the most formidable to which the horse is liable. In slight cases, I found there had only been an absorption of the cartilage which covers the bone, without any loss of, or hole in, the bone itself, and then there was little or

no adhesion of the tendon to the bone.

Now, to all those who have experienced the painful and distressing effect of a small bone spavin in a horse, it must at once be obvious, that to create action in a joint in the state above described, must be the cause of excessive suffering to the animal; yet such is the case with all groggy horses.

Of the extreme sensibility of joints, we need no further proof, than to be told that the most trifling exposure of their cavities very often terminates fatally, by excessive irritation. Even bones cannot rest or move upon each other with impunity, but are protected by ligaments which surround their joints, and by a fine vascular membrane which lines their different cavities.

Whatever may be the credit due to Mr. Turner for his able and satisfactory researches into this dreadful disease, it is but just to observe, that it has not *altogether* escaped the notice of others. Mr. Coleman, in all his publications, has never reverted to this disease; though I understand, that since his attention has been directed to it by Mr. Turner, he has admitted it. Mr. Goodwin did mention one instance of it in a late publication, in the case of a gentleman's hunter whose foot he dissected; but to Mr. Turner alone is the merit of establishing the incontrovertible fact of its being the *general seat of founder in the foot of the horse*. These gentlemen, however, speak of it as an individual instance; and it must be highly gratifying to Mr. Turner, to find that eminent practitioner Mr. Goodwin (veterinary surgeon to his Majesty, and whose book I have perused with the greatest pleasure) stating, that

"although this disease might have been previously known to exist in particular cases" (only one of which appears in his practice), "it was not understood to be the general cause, before Mr. Turner investigated the subject."

For my own part, I hate a hovering faith, and would at any time ride an hundred miles, rather than remain in doubt on a subject of this interesting nature. On my viewing Mr. Turner's specimens, all scepticism vanished; but some curious reflections came across my mind. "Why," said I to myself, "do we take so many opinions upon trust, when we have ears to hear, and eyes to see, for ourselves? If this fact be established, what must after ages think of those volumes of error that have gone forth to the world on a subject surely of no such impenetrable difficulty; or that one humble individual should have it in his power to say, that, after all the exertions of the veterinary body, not only has no cure been yet discovered, but no *real* cause demonstrated, for *by far the most common disease* incident to the theme and subject of their inquiries and labours?" As for contracted hoofs, I have already stated my opinion of them, in terms which cannot be mistaken. They have no more to do with the cause of lameness, than the pen I now hold in my hand. Among Mr. Turner's specimens, is the most contracted foot I ever saw; for the heels fairly over-lap each other, with no appearance of frog. It, however, carried an old horse quite sound to his dying day; but the navicular bone and joint are as sound as adamant. Had it been in the power of mere outward compression to have lamed a horse, this horse must have been lame; but

this I do not believe to be the case, and I will state my reasons why.

Every part of the internal cavity of the foot which could be affected by pressure, being of an elastic nature, and no joint being within its immediate influence, contraction, from whatever cause it may proceed, cannot come on so rapidly, but that the parts would adapt themselves to the change. How frequently are hind feet contracted, but when have we heard of lameness as the consequence! Should contraction arise from the mechanical effect of shoeing, which *must be progressive*, there is a still slighter chance, from the reason just stated, of disease being produced by it.

Were any thing wanting to convince me that the seat of foot lameness is in the navicular joint, I should take my stand in the hinder hoof. This, it appears, never founders. But why, may I ask, does it not? The answer is—it does not receive concussion sufficient to injure the navicular joint. It comes *obliquely*, and not perpendicularly, to the ground, as does the fore foot; neither does it support any thing like the same quantity of weight.

Now, for the sake of argument, it may be asserted, that as from the form of the animal, it was necessary that the fore legs should carry a greater proportion of the animal (say nothing of the rider), than the hinder ones, Nature has been deficient in not providing accordingly. To this I answer, that for all natural purposes she has provided; but not against going at the rate of 20 miles in the hour, with additional weight, and opposed to two of the hardest substances we have—iron and stone. It is “the pace that kills” here, as well as in

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other cases; and to the moderate pace at which horses in foreign countries are ridden (a fact universally allowed), is to be attributed the more general absence of foot lameness, and not to their clumsy method of shoeing, which I shall allude to hereafter. We may add to this, that the horses on the Continent are, for the most part, a different sort of horse to those used for the common purposes of life in this country; not that I mean to say the navicular disease is not sometimes found in our cart horses, as well as those of a superior breed, as has been demonstrated by Mr. Turner.

A groggy horse cannot be mistaken. From having been so much on “the road,” my eye is quite familiar to them; and I know them when I see them standing in the stable. They stand in a position peculiar to themselves, leaning obliquely backwards, as it were, to ease the fore feet, and trying to rest their weight more on the toe, than on the heel. This would not be the case, were the lameness produced by pressure on the cartilages, as then the impression would be general.

When some of my acquaintance, who may be said to have been great footmen, as well as great horsemen, all their lives, come to read what I have now written, they will, I think, be convinced, that they have had a good deal of their trouble for nothing—not but what I highly appreciate the value of an open and wide foot in a hunter, in keeping him above ground over a deep country, as I would draw out manure on tender land in a broad, and not a narrow-wheel, cart; but I allude to those whose anxiety has been so great to preserve open feet, as a preventive of disease. To one

K

friend of mine, this particularly applies. He had a very valuable gig horse, which he never drove in the winter, *because*, he said, he had such narrow feet, that he would certainly be a cripple, unless he passed the winter months in screw shoes, by means of which, I admit, his feet did appear to be somewhat wider at the heels, when he came up in the spring, though they soon resumed their old shape. These narrow feet, however, never failed him, for the navicular bone was sound.

Now I have no doubt but this was the disease which "the ancients" (amongst which I include the common farriers of the last century) termed "coffin lameness." As most of them are, fortunately (for horses), now in their own coffins, it is no harm to say, that they could not have given a much stronger proof of their ignorance; for, from the oblique direction of that bone, added to its being surrounded by, and embedded in, springs, its injury must be of rare occurrence.

When I say that injury to the navicular joint proceeds from concussion, are we not surprised that mischief is not done every time a man leaps his horse into a hard stony road? General rules, however, never apply to individual cases; and in no part of animal economy is there more variety than in the foot of the horse, not only as to its shape, but as to what it is made of. I have had horses whose feet have been very perfectly formed, who could not go at all without their fore shoes; and I had one, which I sold to Mr. Letchmere

Charlton for a large price, that carried me from the further end of Witchwood Forest, in Oxfordshire, to Bourton on the Hill, in Gloucestershire, a distance of at least 18 miles, in two hours, without a fore shoe, and without the smallest injury to his foot, which was a narrow one. Your readers will know that this is not a soft country to go over, and the shoe was off when we finished a capital run, so that I know not what distance my horse may have gone barefooted.

I must now bring this letter to a conclusion, but shall resume the subject, it being, in my opinion, one of the *most interesting* that ever occupied the attention of a sportsman, as far as the stable is concerned. In the mean time, it may not be amiss to observe, that as concussion appears likely to produce foot lameness, by peculiarly affecting the part I have been treating of, it should be avoided as much as is consistent with absolute necessity for it, and valuable hunters should be kept off hard roads as much as it is possible to do so.* This applies merely to concussion.

Inflammation of the synovial membrane which lines the joint, may arise from other causes, which it may be more difficult to describe. It may be well to observe, that suffering horses to go a long time without being shod, or removed, and thereby suffering the sole to become morbidly thick, may be one cause of inflammation, as offering too much resistance to the descent of the navicular joint. Standing long in the stable, and then suddenly called into action, is also very likely to derange these highly-

* Not very long since I was returning home from hunting with a friend of mine who was riding a horse he had purchased from me, and was trotting him at the rate of nine miles an hour on the high road, whilst I was riding by the side of it. "Why," said I, "do you knock your horse's feet about in that way, when you can avoid it?" His answer was—"If they will not stand what he is now doing, he is not worth what I gave you for him." This was bad logic!

sensible parts, as, indeed, it is the cause of various bodily complaints.

I have now only to observe, that were I to have a horse struck with foot-lameness, I would send that horse to Mr. Turner, and say to him, "Here, Sir, is a patient for you: as you know his disease, you are the most likely man to cure him." I should then take my leave, wishing him all possible success in his profession, to which he appears eminently entitled. If he succeeds in his labours, and finds out *the cure*, as he has found out the disease, *he* will then have found "the basis for the repose of his profession," which a brother member of it rather prematurely boasted of. Let him, however, persevere in his endeavours, and he will be sure of his reward. The words of the poet apply to us all: we know not what we can do till we try:—

Quid ferre recusant,
Quid valeant humeri.

NIMRON.

P. S. From the very liberal conduct of Mr. Turner to me—a perfect stranger to him—it would have been highly improper to have attempted to dive into his treatment of the navicular disease; but I have reason to think the public will soon reap the benefit of his labours.

ERRATUM IN MY LAST.
For "Buttress," read "Butteriss."

MR. STANDEN'S HARRIERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

ON Wednesday, October 29, Mr. Standen's harriers met at Beau Port, and, after running and killing a brace of hares (or rather walking and talking them to death), they returned to their kennel. Although

the day was as mild and fine as ever man went out in, still it proved the worst scouting day by far they have experienced this year.

The pack consists of fourteen couple, very large hounds, and very deep toned—handsome in their sterns, fine large ears, and broad open nostrils, and very large in their bones. They seldom miss a hare, and they will frequently carry the hunted hare through a covert of 200 or 300 acres, without changing.

Mr. Standen is a most indefatigable sportsman, and pays great attention to his hounds when in kennel; and his good humour and universal civility make him a great favourite with every one.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMRON.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

SEEING the word "Nimrod" mixed up in your last Number with directions for colt-breaking—which, in my opinion, a map should be nearly as well paid to read as to practise—I was induced to run my eye over them, and found they were from the pen of your correspondent POLLUX.

To keep a just mean, is as difficult in writing as in life; for, though style is infinite, as Plato considers pleasure in the Philebus, yet such is the tyranny of man, that he must be a witch who can please all palates. Good writing, however, has been compared to good breeding—not to that sort of good breeding which induces a man sometimes to say, "black is white," rather than contradict a woman; nor to that of Terence's amiable young gentleman in the Andria, who was too polite to say no—but to that which proceeds without delibera-

tion or reflection, like the natural deportment of a gentleman. To have right ideas of things, and to communicate those ideas to others, is the part we have to perform; and as POLLUX is a Grecian, he will remember how two great geniuses of that nation managed these matters;—one by amusing stories, —the other by deep reasoning; but each finishing by telling us we know nothing. This is not polite; but it is the only way to inspire us with a desire of knowledge.

Enthusiasm, says the *Edinburgh Review*, is necessary to those who (like us) write on trifles, and to be a little angry now and then, is among the admitted impulses of our nature; and, for aught I know, neither forbidden by law nor Gospel. Now it is evident that POLLUX is angry with me, so I must try and put him into good humour again. I will do any thing to oblige him but promise to read his directions for colt-breaking, because they are beyond my comprehension. Pulling colts by their noses, and "*soliciting*" horses to hold up their heads, is all new to me; and as to "uniting a horse," unless it be with a mare, that is all Hebrew to my humble faculty. I have heard of the union of nature, the union of body and soul, the Irish Union, the Union Fire Office, the Union Club, the Union Hounds, and the Union Coach; but I never heard of the union of the horse *with himself*, till now. Perhaps this is from ignorance*—a complaint, it seems, to which we are all subject. For instance—POLLUX says, I know nothing of hawk-

ing.† Practically I do not, as, with few exceptions, it was obsolete before I was born, and, from all I have heard of it, it would have been no great loss had it never been; for, with the exception of now and then giving a lift to the aerial flight of a poet (which even the king of bards has availed himself of), and furnishing him with a beautiful figure; to use a homely phrase, there must have been more plague than profit in it. As connected, however, with our days of chivalry, I should be ashamed to own that I were quite ignorant of every thing that has been said or sung on the subject. It was, I have heard, the favourite pastime with the ladies, who, no doubt, looked to advantage with a hawk on their arm, and then I suppose it was that POLLUX's "virility‡ of modern hunters" was so necessary to sport. It was also considered a wholesome recreation for the indolent clergy of olden times, though at last forbidden by the church, perhaps on account of the ladies. One thing respecting it is remarkable: one Demetrius, who wrote a Greek treatise upon it, in the year 1612, desires all men who go out hawking, to say their prayers ("*Τὸν θεὸν επικαλεσάμενοι*,") before they go to the field; which, indeed, they would have many other opportunities of doing in the course of their sport, when looking up to the higher world.

I must confess I have no idea of hawking, and riding over a country at the same time; for let us picture to ourselves the rider hawk-

* The sphere of my imagination is shallow, but I conceive POLLUX means the union of the powers of the horse, with which nature has more to do than the riding master.

† It is a curious coincidence of circumstances, but this very day (the 20th November), two hooded hawks were met by a friend of mine in the Brighton road, and had I been a little sooner I should have seen them. I have also had an opportunity of conversing with a person who often witnessed hawking with the late Colonel Thornton, and he informed me that sometimes they had a gallop of a mile and a half, over an open country.

‡ This word must allude to men, and not to horses.

ing, and his horse star-gazing, what accidents must occur, if there were any blind ditches in the way! As to the "speediness" of Sir Hubert Duncombe's hunter, I can only observe, that all horses go fast by a bush; and the being "swift of foote as the roe bucke," is a simile even older than Sir Hubert himself.

A quotation, it seems, has done the mischief between us. POLLUX says, I flew away with one of his to the era of our fifth Harry, and hawking, whereas I merely flew to my own recollection of the text of Shakspeare;—to the very page to which he had flown before me. I always think old Socrates was a good judge not to put pen to paper. Juvenal admitted that it was difficult to be good natured when he had a pen in his hand; and experience has shewn us, that well-rounded periods, and apt quotations, are often our greatest enemies. But for that fatal line—

"Cedant arma togæ; concedat laurea
lingus,"

Pompey had never set about Cicero!

Now, on further consideration, were I to say what has made me incur the censure of POLLUX, I should attribute it to a remark I made on one of his first productions, in which, if my recollection serves me, he appealed to me. I ventured to tell him that nothing was to be learned by a sportsman, by riding ladies' pads upon sawdust, which is an opinion I cannot retract. I also think POLLUX recommended me to put my horses, if not myself, through some of these harlequin-like manoeuvres, in the summer; but I must inform him, that, as far as regards myself, I have other employment for my time; nor can I guess what my old half-worn out horses would

think of me, were I to cut such capers with them, and "solicit" them to hold up their heads in their old age. POLLUX says, I ventured to compare a hunter to a poet—viz. that he must be born one. I did not go quite so far as this; but I intended to imply, that if a horse were foaled with short, upright shoulders, and straight hind legs, not "the union" of Pollux and Castor could ever make him fit to carry a gentleman over a country; and certainly not with the "thread of silk," which POLLUX talks of, after the "union" has been accomplished.

POLLUX talks of the cross (his "iron man of Ross"), as if it were something new. It is older than the man of Ross himself, for the purpose of breaking colts; and it was only two days ago that I met a very fine yearling colt, by Rubens, belonging to Mr. Maberley, wearing the cross, with a linen rubber flying on one side of it, and an old woman's cloak on the other. For my own part, I had seven thorough-bred colts broke, two years ago, by a one-eyed Welchman, who did the job for ten shillings a week and his keep, and he *crossed* them all *in his way*, in six days after he handled them, giving them as good mouths as I ever touched; and one of them has lately been beating some of the best country horses of the year.

POLLUX goes from horses to men; but I think his illustration of the manage by the soldier is a bad one. The Duke of Wellington will tell him that British soldiers are drilled to *stand*, and not to run; and he would also tell him, that those who do run, carry themselves in any way but that of a soldier. They don't turn out their toes and hold up their heads, upon those

occasions; neither do our speedy runners against time.

When speaking of the human race, some writer has observed, that when nature has completed her work, the dancing-master is necessary to put it in motion. This is in favour of POLLUX; but there are exceptions even to this rule. It is told of an English Nobleman of the last century, that he never could approach the graces, though long in the hands of a celebrated French dancing-master. Happening, at a later period of his life, to go to Paris, he met his old preceptor, and spoke to him; but Monsieur would not acknowledge him. Turning short upon him, however, some days afterwards, he addressed him in the following words:—"Halloo, you d—d French rascal! I did you the honour to speak to you the other day, but you did not return the compliment." "Ah, by Gar! me Lor," said the Frenchman, "I have van grand respect for you; but if they know in Paris I teach you to dance, by Gar I lose all my custom!"

To return to the brute. POLLUX tells us, that though a master of hounds, he retains the "caperings of the manage." So did Sir Roger de Coverley, upon his white gelding, when his pack ran over the country in the month of July, as told in one of the *Spectators*; and we may judge of "the pace," by the huntsman running before the hounds, and stopping them with his pole, to save the life of the hare. Mr. Tickell, however, the writer of the paper, was no sportsman; but he expiated all faults, in the elegance of his language, and by telling us, at the finish, in the words of Mr. Dryden, that, with the old Knight's beagles,

"a cry more tuneable
Was never hallooed to, nor cheer'd with horn."

I have now nothing left but to offer my thanks to POLLUX for lifting me out of the mud, and to advise him to take care that he himself does not get into the mire. Let me also recommend him to write a plainer hand, and not subject himself to such mistakes of the press. For instance: After speaking of pulling colts by their noses, only suppose (and not unlikely) his "*fixus nostris*" should have been made "*fixus nosis*," what a laugh it would have occasioned, and what would Catullus have said! Worse mistakes, indeed, than this might occur; for let me remind Mr. POLLUX, that there is a word or two in the English language, to which even the alteration of a letter would be fatal.

NIMROD.

MALTON COURSING MEETING,
1823.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

FOR the Cup—First Class.—Mr. Lowther's dun d. Harold, beat Major Bower's bl. d. Blackcock; Mr. Fox's bl. b. Elizabeth, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. Fly; Mr. Vansittart's r. b. Jesse, beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pilot; Mr. Vansittart's blk. b. Julia, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. Smoker; Dr. Blomberg's dun d. Blucher, beat Mr. Best's blk. and w. d. Tartar; General Bosville's blk. and w. d. Rivers, beat Dr. Blomberg's blk. d. Snap; Mr. Lumley's dun d. Catton, beat General Bosville's r. and w. d. p. Hesel; Mr. Best's r. d. Streamer, beat Mr. Lumley's blk. d. Clermont.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in classes on Tuesday and Thursday, b. f.—First Class.—Mr. Lumley's bl. b. Jessy, beat General Bosville's bl. b. Bluebell;

Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Nimble, beat Mr. Best's bl. and w. b. Vanity.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in classes on Tuesday and Thursday, b. f. for puppies—First Class.—Mr. Best's blk. b. Gazelle, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Nike; Mr. Lumley's dun d. Doctor, beat General Bosville's brin. b. Laurel.

Matches.—Mr. Fox's blk. and w. b. p. Thetis, beat Dr. Blomberg's blk. and w. d. Anvil; Mr. Best's blk. and w. b. Tulip, beat General Bosville's bl. d. Villager; Mr. Best's blk. d. p. Gelert, beat Mr. Lumley's bl. d. Caldwell; Dr. Blomberg's bl. and w. b. Ringlet, agst Mr. Fox's r. and w. b. Trinket—undecided; Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Hoyden, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. p. Sultan; Mr. Vansittart's r. d. Nectar, beat Major Bower's blk. b. Bella; General Bosville's brin. b. Maiden, beat Mr. Best's blk. and w. d. Tramp.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

Matches.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. p. Caroline, beat Mr. Fox's blk. d. p. Timothy; Mr. Best's r. d. The Milkman, beat Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. Nero; Mr. Lumley's dun b. Ceres, beat General Bosville's blk. d. Blackcock; General Bosville's r. and w. d. Heol, agst Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. Fly—undecided; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Pun, agst Mr. Best's blk. and w. d. p. Tomboy—undecided; Mr. Lumley's bl. d. p. Romulus, beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Pilot; Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Violet, beat Dr. Blomberg's bl. and w. b. Vesta; Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. Playmate, beat Dr. Blomberg's bl. and w. b. Ruth; Mr. Best's blk. d. p. Tickler, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and

w. b. Patth; Mr. Best's r. d. p. Striver, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Lucy.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

For the Cup—Second Class.—Blucher beat Julia—Streamer beat Rivers—Jessy beat Catton—Elizabeth beat Harold.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in classes on Tuesday and Thursday, b. f.—*Second Class.*—Mr. Lumley's bl. b. Jessy, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Nimble, and won the *Sweepstakes*.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in classes on Tuesday and Thursday, b. f. for puppies—Second Class.—Mr. Lumley's dun d. Doctor, beat Mr. Best's blk. b. Gazelle, and won the *Sweepstakes*.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, to be run in classes on Thursday and Friday—First Class.—Mr. Best's blk. d. Gelert, beat General Bosville's bl. d. Villager; Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Nike, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. b. Playful.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in classes on Thursday and Friday—First Class.—Mr. Lumley's blk. d. Clermont, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. d. Smoker; Mr. Best's r. d. The Milkman, beat Mr. Lowther's r. d. Waverley.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

No coursing, on account of the rainy weather.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

For the Cup—Third Class.—Blucher beat Streamer; and Jessy beat Elizabeth.

For the Cup—Fourth Class.—Blucher beat Jessy, and won the *Cup*.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, to be run in classes on Thursday and Friday, b. f.—*Second Class.*—Mr. Best's blk. d.

Gelert, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Nike, and won the Sweepstakes.

*Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in classes on Thursday and Friday, b. f.—Second Class—*Mr. Best's r. d. The Milkman, beat Mr. Lumley's blk. d. Clermont, and won the Sweepstakes.

Matches.—Major Bower's blk. b. p. Bella, beat Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. p. Playmate; Mr. Barnard's dun d. Reginald, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Pledge; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Pilot, beat Major Bower's blk. d. Blackcock; Dr. Blomberg's bl. and w. b. p. Ruth, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. p. Sultan; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Pan, beat Mr. Best's blk. and w. d. p. Tomboy; Major Bower's r. b. Bloom, beat Dr. Blomberg's bl. and w. b. Vesta; Gen. Bosville's blk. and w. d. Rivers, agst Major Bower's r. b. Blossom—undecided; Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Violet, beat Gen. Bosville's brin. b. Maiden; Mr. Best's bl. and w. b. Vanity, beat Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. Nero; Mr. Lowther's dun d. Harold, agst Mr. Best's bl. and w. b. Muslin—undecided; Gen. Bosville's r. and w. d. Hesel, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. Caroline; Mr. Best's blk. d. p. Tickler, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. Fly; Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Nimble, beat Sir J. Johnstone's yel. and w. d. p. Yellowboy; Mr. Fox's yel. and w. b. p. Trinket, beat Dr. Blomberg's bl. and w. b. p. Ringlet; Mr. Lumley's dun b. Ceres, beat Major Bower's r. b. Bird; Mr. Lumley's bl. b. Jessie, beat Gen. Bosville's blk. and w. d. Rivers; Mr. Best's r. d. p. Striver, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Lucy; Major Bower's brin. d. Bowler, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. Fly; Mr. Lumley's bl. d. p. Romulus, beat Mr. Fox's bl. and w. b. p. Thetis.

AUTUMN MEETING of the DUMFRIESSHIRE COURSING CLUB.

DUMFRIES, NOVEMBER 11, 1823.

FIRST Ties for the Cup.—Mr. Crichton's Flora Mac Ivor, beat Captain Graham's The Cuddie; Mr. Murray's Spell, beat Lord Queensberry's Spider; Mr. Babington's Homer, beat Mr. Younger's Venus; Sir John Heron Maxwell's Hoptop, beat Mr. Taylor's Fly; Mr. Stuart Men-teath's Spring, beat Mr. Leny's Vich Ian Vohr; Sir William Jardine's Nimble, beat Mr. Maitland's Blue Beard; Mr. Beattie's Bronti, beat Mr. Staig's Snap.

Second Ties.—Flora Mac Ivor beat Spell—Homer beat Hoptop—Spring beat Nimble—Bronti run a bye.

Third Ties.—Flora Mac Ivor beat Homer—Spring beat Bronti.

Deciding Course.—Flora Mac Ivor beat Spring, and won the Cup.

NOVEMBER 12.

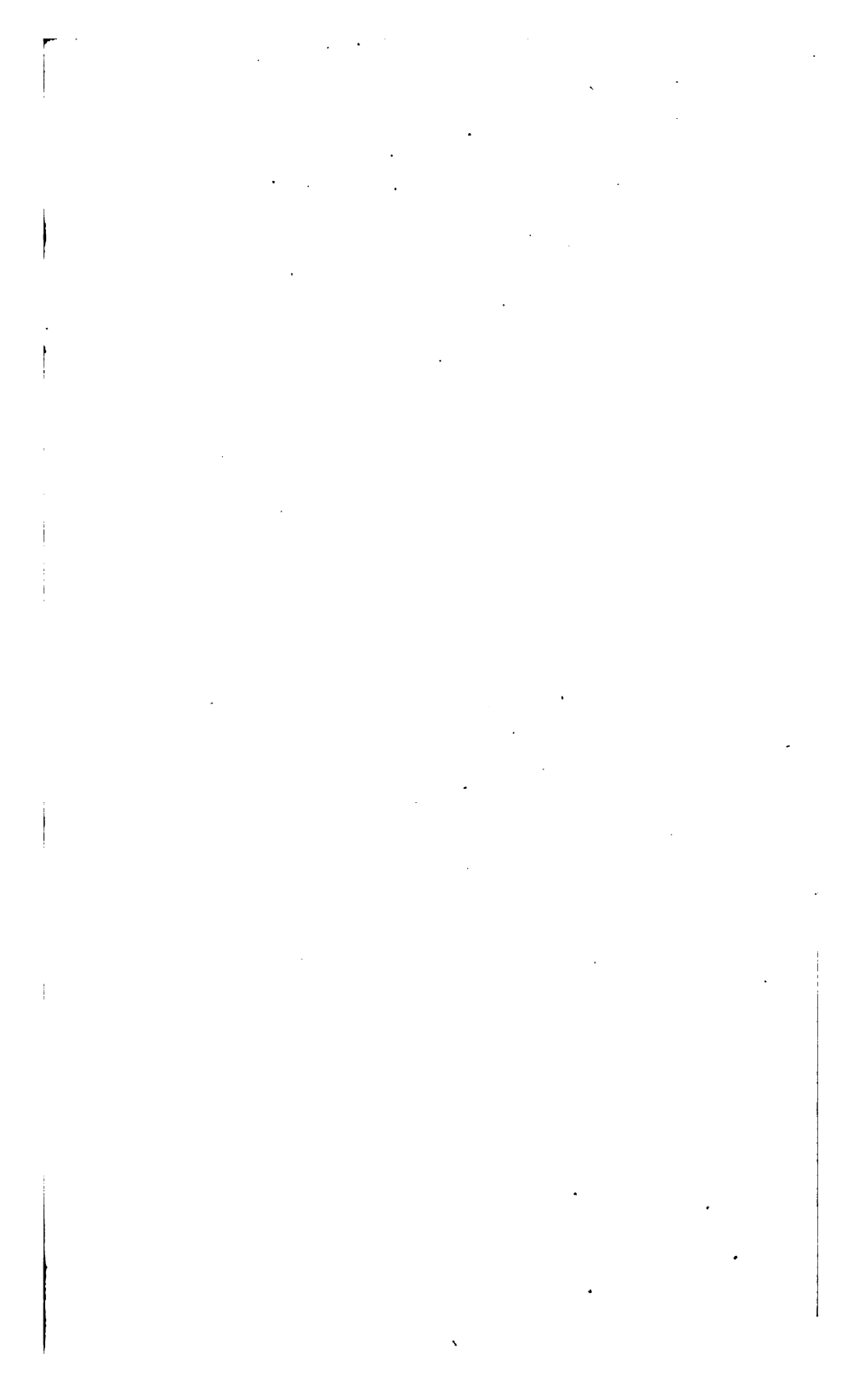
Members' Stakes—First Ties.—Mr. Staig's Blue Bonnet, beat Mr. Beattie's Blue Bell; Lord Queensberry's Fox, beat Mr. Maitland's Blue Beard; Mr. Young's Valiant, beat Mr. Babington's Bess.

Second Ties.—Fox beat Blue Bonnet—Valiant run a bye.

Deciding Course.—Valiant beat Fox, and won the Stakes.

There was also another Stake, free for strangers as well as members, which was won by Lord Queensberry.

The weather, both days, was highly favourable, the company numerous and respectable, and the sport most excellent. The Club dined together on Tuesday, twenty-three in number, besides strangers, when several stakes and matches were made, to be run for at the Spring Meeting in Fe-





bruary. The match which at present excites the greatest interest is between Flora Mac Ivor (the winner of the Cup) and Spell—the former named by Lord Queensberry, the latter by Mr. Wyndham—for twenty guineas each, p. p.

JUNO.

AN ENGRAVING BY SMITH.

JUNO is a pointer, the property of Mr. R. H. Easum, of Stepney, Middlesex, and is descended from a bitch in possession of a family in Essex, so excellent in breed, that 50gs. have been refused for one of her progeny.

The extraordinary tact often evinced by Juno in finding her game, together with various other rare qualities, among which may be mentioned that of pointing to a bird whilst returning with one already killed in her mouth, renders her well worthy of being thus celebrated in the *Sporting Magazine*.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING, 1823.

THE meeting this year was very thinly attended by the members. The fineness of the weather, however, attracted large companies of strangers in the several fields. From the quality and strength of the hares, and the excellent state of the greyhounds, many courses were run in the finest style, and numerous bets were lost and won on the results. The general success which attends Lord Rivers's matches (he having won five cups during the eleven meetings he has been a member) must be acknowledged to proceed from the superiority of his dogs, his Lordship being allowed

to possess the best breed of greyhounds in the kingdom.

J. Carter, Esq. Sir John Palmer, and Sir George Crewe, were admitted as new members.

The balls on Wednesday and Friday evenings were attended by upwards of two hundred persons of the first fashion and respectability in the kingdom.

The following is an account of each day's sport:—

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

First Westacre Field—For the Cup.—Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. Cogniac, beat Lord Stradbroke's blk. and w. d. Equator; Lord Rivers's bl. d. Rex, beat Mr. Buckworth's r. d. Bribery; Mr. R. Hamond's bl. d. Ferdinand, beat Mr. Ayton's blk. d. Pluto; Mr. Redhead's bl. and w. b. Lapwing, beat Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Artless.

Matches.—Mr. Hamond's Quiz, and Mr. Ayton's Pilot—two hares, no course; Mr. Scott's Inkle, beat Lord Rivers's Robin Hood; Mr. Young's Venus, beat Mr. R. Hamond's Farintosh; Mr. Redhead's Lively, and Mr. Scott's Imogen—undecided.

Sweepstakes.—Lord Rivers's Rantipole, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cowslip; Lord Dunwich's Merit, beat Mr. Redhead's Lovely.

Matches continued.—Mr. Gurney's Alfred, beat Mr. Buckworth's Billy; Lord Dunwich's Moorcock, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Count; Mr. Ayton's Pallas, beat Lord Rivers's Rivulet; Mr. Gurney's Abbess, beat Mr. Buckworth's Beauty.

Second Class.—Mr. Young's Valentine, beat Lord Rivers's Rarity; Lord Rivers's Royal, beat Mr. Gurney's Airy; Mr. Gurney's Agnes, beat Mr. Young's Vision.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

Cley Field—*Matches*.—Mr. Buckworth's Bacchus, beat Lord

L

Dunwich's Mitre; Mr. Ayton's Pearl, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cobbea; Mr. Wilkinson's Clipper, beat Mr. Redhead's Lass; Lord Rivers's Reuben, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Calliope; Mr. Redhead's Leveret, beat Mr. Gurney's Anna; Lord Rivers's Red Rose, beat Mr. Gurney's Addy; Lord Stradbroke's Egbert, beat Mr. Scott's Indus; Lord Rivers's Riddle, beat Mr. Scott's Io; Mr. Buckworth's Barbara, beat Mr. Ayton's Puss; Lord Dunwich's Mum, and Mr. Redhead's Leman—no course; Lord Dunwich's Medlar, beat Mr. Gurney's Archer.

Second Class.—Lord Rivers's Ruby, beat Mr. Young's Villager; Lord Rivers's Ronald, beat Mr. Scott's Intruder; Mr. Gurney's Abbess, beat Mr. Buckworth's Beauty.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

Narborough Field—For the Cup.—Cogniac beat Ferdinand; Rex beat Lapwing.

Matches.—Mr. Wilkinson's Caliope, beat Mr. Young's Vizier; Lord Rivers's Rosamond, beat Mr. Redhead's Lovely; Mr. Buckworth's Ben, beat Lord Dunwich's Medlar; Mr. Scott's Inkle, beat Lord Rivers's Ringouze; Mr. Gurney's Alfred, beat Mr. Redhead's Logic; Mr. Ayton's Pilot, beat Lord Dunwich's Moorcock; Lord Dunwich's Mum, and Mr. Ayton's Pluto—no course; Mr. Scott's Intruder, beat Lord Stradbroke's Equator; Mr. Young's Vampire, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Count.

Second Class.—Lord Rivers's Romulus, beat Mr. Ayton's Pallas; Mr. Gurney's Agnes, beat Lord Rivers's Ready; Lord Rivers's Robin Hood, beat Mr. Redhead's Lively; Mr. Gurney's Artless, beat Lord Rivers's Regina.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

Second Westacre Field—For the Cup.—Lord Rivers's Rex, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cogniac, and won the Cup.

Matches.—Mr. Young's Venus, beat Mr. Hamond's Quicksilver; Mr. Redhead's Leveret, and Mr. Gurney's Archer—undecided; Mr. Buckworth's Barbara, beat Mr. Ayton's Phillis; Lord Rivers's Rosamond, beat Mr. Ayton's Pluto; Mr. Redhead's Lass, beat Mr. Scott's Imogen; Mr. Redhead's Leman, beat Mr. Hamond's Quiz; Mr. Ayton's Puss, beat Mr. Young's Vampire.

Sweepstakes.—Lord Rivers's Rantipole, beat Lord Dunwich's Merit.

Matches continued.—Mr. Buckworth's Bacchus, beat Mr. Young's Villager.

Second Class.—Lord Rivers's Ruby, beat Mr. Gurney's Alfred; Lord Rivers's Royal, beat Mr. Gurney's Agnes; Lord Rivers's Ready, and Mr. Gurney's Addy—undecided; Lord Rivers's Rarity, beat Mr. Buckworth's Billy; Mr. Wilkinson's Cowslip, beat Lord Rivers's Ronald.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

NEWMARKET Third October, or Houghton Meeting, was very respectably and rather numerously attended, with a list, as to matches, something like old times. The turf, for the first three days, was in the most beautiful state possible; not so dry as to be dusty, nor so damp as to shew any thing more than just the marks of the plates, with elasticity exactly suited to a horse giving weight; and it is not a little extraordinary,

that all those doing so the first day were winners.

The ball was opened by Virgilius and Jane Shore; but though the swain had youth, activity, a willing mind, and two stone weight in his favour, he cut a poor figure in the sprightly dance. Jane herself, with such a foil—with all her beauty—caressed and *protected* by royalty itself as she is—still her *character* stands very low, and her *reputation* sneered at by those who pretend to be judges of these elegant accomplishments. It must be allowed she has too often been *discovered in unfortunate situations*; nevertheless, she is too often condemned by those who are not half so honest as herself.

I should not have dwelt so long on this insignificant event, only as it affects Reformer, who, for some time, was the first favourite for next year's Derby. In the opinion of many, Virgilius ran well up to Reformer, in the July Stakes: if so, Reformer cannot be any thing very superior; for to be very good, he ought to beat Virgilius, giving him two stone, and Jane Shore at something like equal weights.

Swap beat Prosody rather easy; and, had the run ended in Abingdon's Mile Bottom, very gallantly, giving a year away. The stride of Swap on level ground, or down hill, is immense, which evidently gave him this race; but if any thing can catch him in difficulties, or against a hill, it is soon over—his head is thrown up, and his apparent strength and great size of no avail.

Cinder and Eden were brought out again, to decide the dead heat ran the last Meeting. Cinder won easy.

Hampden beat Marcellus easy; a good betting race; but it ought

to be remembered, that Marcellus is an infirm horse, and the match was studiously made to exclude Chifney, his favourite rider. This, however, with the total falling off of Sultan, Augusta, Godolphin, &c. &c., has left Hampden at the "head of affairs."

The two other matches were trifling in themselves. Mirandola, who had hitherto been considered a slow, little honest creature, proved to Mr. Hunter, and Ganymede, that she has some speed also. The Houghton Oatlands Stakes was won, really in first-rate style, by Scarborough, giving, it may be said, weight to every thing, and to Pedrillo (a bad one certainly) eleven pounds. Posthuma, once a first rater, could not give him fourteen pounds for the year; thus proving, if proof were wanting, that practice does not always make perfect.

The greatest treat of the Meeting was, to see what a winner of the North St. Leger could do at Newmarket: none but losers were disappointed. He gave, it will be seen, three pounds and a year away to Tressilian, at one time a fair horse; two years to Vanloo; a year and eight pounds to Aaron; and great weights to the rest. Nothing in the south, except Emilius, seems to have any chance of putting a stop to this son of Tramp.

Logic won a fifty-pound plate on the Wednesday, against a large field, the winner to be sold for 350gs. which was claimed by Lord George Cavendish, for the Duke of York. He ran again the same day, and won for his new master, proving himself a good trial horse, and a cheap bargain.

Mr. Powlett's Eden won a stakes of ten sovereigns each, eight subscribers; a very poor affair, con-

vincing the owners of the old ones, that a sale might have taken place some time ago, evidently to their advantage.

The weather was so distressing on Thursday and Friday, with wind and rain to so great a degree, that no opinion could be formed which was the best horse: it seemed altogether to depend on strength or accident. Independent of this, the Meetings, it must be said, went off altogether with improvements, except in horses—they never were worse.

Nov. 1.

OBSERVER.

FEEDING OF HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IT is the general opinion of huntsmen, that hounds, fed on raw flesh, are not in such good wind as others, and that it is prejudicial to the nasal faculties. I hunted for many years with a pack of harriers fed on nothing else but raw flesh: I never saw hounds in better wind, or more tender nosed; and of this I am quite sure, that a pack fed on flesh is stouter at the end of a long day. Foxes live on raw flesh. What animals are better winded? So much so, that if the scent does not serve a pack of hounds so as to press a stout fox, and blow him at some period of the chase, they will never get up to him. A good fox is not to be walked to death by cold hunting, or killed by a moderate scent. A fox generally keeps going, and never stops; therefore, with an indifferent scent, he goes five miles whilst the pack are running three. No animal has a finer nose than the fox—therefore the opinion that raw flesh is prejudicial to wind, or noses, must be an erroneous one.

P. P.

N. B. Fox-hounds running in covert, if they cross another scent, generally change; but if any of these hounds should afterwards be converted into buck-hounds, when running a deer, if they pass a large herd, they never quit the hunted deer.

ON ROAD ACCIDENTS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THIS is a sporting subject, with a witness to it! from its universality, affecting sportsmen, as well as all other good people who can afford a place within or without a stage coach; not one of whom, I humbly apprehend, would willingly, or with his own free consent, either orally given or M. S. S. have a leg, an arm, or a neck broken. Yet, strange as it may seem, this truth appears such, rather in *suppositio, quam in actú*, from the small regard which is paid by our English community to the *super-multiplicity* (if the enormity of the subject will justify a new and rather uncouth coinage) of accidents which, weekly, annually, and regularly, occur on our beautifully-formed high roads.

My attention was lately refreshed on this every-day subject, by a short but very useful letter in the *County Herald*, signed "Viator," on the frequency of an axle-tree giving way, or a wheel flying off, in our stage coaches; accompanied by the sound advice to the guard, in whose department it lies, to examine the axle-tree every time it is fresh greased; farther, that the axle-tree should be removed once in ten days, a string put through the bolt that receives the lynch-pin, then hung up and cleansed; finally, the axle to be

stricken with a hammer, which, if uncracked and sound, will ring like a bell—the coachman attending, to take especial care that the axle-tree be again properly screwed on.

As-a closer to this sound advice, I give you a quotation from a book written by an old and well-known correspondent of your Magazine.

“ Previously to saying a few words on the obvious particular defects of our travelling system, and after having dealt so unreservedly with the coachmen and proprietors, impartiality demands that we name another party, and that of the highest consideration, which must unavoidably come in for a share, if not the greatest share, in the premises—we mean the PUBLIC. The superiority in the modern form of our public vehicles, and the celerity with which they whirl along the roads, are, no doubt, highly contributory to general convenience, and to the furtherance of commercial views; but we seem to be all *ultras* in the affairs of travelling, and to set no limits to our desires, as if unconscious that there must necessarily be a point beyond which we cannot with safety proceed. Do we travel one hundred miles in twelve hours? Well—but not sufficiently well—an opposition coach starts up—a new candidate in the break-neck-line, who offers to run the same distance in ten hours! All the passengers who can find places now crowd to the new *diligence*; for what's the object of broken bones, or a broken neck, to the pleasure of arriving at one's journey's end, or dinner, a full hour and half sooner than usual? Besides, every Englishman is a true *Mussulman* in this case, and well convinced, before starting, that if it shall have been recorded in the

book of fate that he is to escape all accidents upon the road, the journey must needs be performed in safety; but if otherwise, there is no remedy, but patiently to await and submit to his fortune, whatever that may be. Sentiments of this kind have actually appeared in print, and much surprise has been expressed, that timid and fastidious people should make such fuss on a matter so trivial, and that they should be so irrational as to expect fewer accidents, the immense number of our stage coaches considered. These accidents are made a subject of mirth, even of doubt; and overthrows, and breaking of axle-trees, succeed each other with a rapidity which quite overpowers the public apprehension of them, as too great a glare of light serves to obscure all distinct vision.

“ Various meritorious attempts have been made by the legislature to remedy these defects, with a view to public safety; but what can be efficiently done for a public absolutely striving to counteract every measure which can possibly be devised in its favour? No coachman can be more eager than the passengers themselves, to increase the number beyond its lawful rate! The keenest whip has not more delight in a race along the road, than the major part of those whom he drives! What jolly and unconcerned parties do we daily behold upon the roads, both withinside and without of a light and tottering vehicle, so heavily and highly laden, and so nicely balanced, that the slightest eminence in the way is sufficient for an upset! We feel too well aware, in this case, of climbing up labour-in-vain-hill, and of the thankless nature of the task we undertake—

that of giving gratuitous and unasked advice. Indeed, why should a free-born Englishman be denied the liberty and pleasure of breaking his own neck, in his own way? We must nevertheless satisfy our conscience.

"A strict attention of POLICE—suppose an unexpensive board established on purpose—to the following regulations, might be attended with salutary effects, and at least preventive of a part of those accidents which at present are of so frequent occurrence:—

"In case of the overthrow or breaking down of a public stage coach, the conductor of it—namely, the coachman—should be liable to a criminal prosecution, the responsibility of the proprietors, with respect to pecuniary damages, remaining *in statu quo*. The punishment of the coachman, legally convicted of breach of duty, to consist of imprisonment, and incapacity to drive during a certain term, or for ever, according to the merits of the case. Actions also to lie against proprietors, for inca-

pable or vicious horses, or for carriages out of repair, and not road-worthy, or for loads too high or too heavy to be conveyed to the journey's end with safety. Criminal prosecutions also, in certain cases, to lie against proprietors."

Various other especial regulations are proposed—such as a penalty on the coachman for neglect of inspecting the state of the harness, the horses, coach, &c. previously to the set off, I thoroughly agree in the rationality and the real necessity of all the above, with even certain additions, but with very faint hopes, from the general apathy and wrong headedness, that any of them will ever be adopted; and this sense of the matter was not slightly confirmed by that which I saw in the New Road last year. It was as true a crossing and jostling race as I had formerly seen at Newmarket, between two Paddington stages; and the people within view seemed highly delighted at the amusement!

NARROW ESCAPE.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

AN elderly widow and her daughter, travelling in a stage coach, would pop out their heads on passing any gentleman's seat, and ask the coachman "*Who liv'd there,*" adding, on being satisfied on this head, "*is he married or single?*" Coachee having repeatedly answered "*married,*" "*What all married!*" quoth the widow: "*Heigh ho!*" "*Ah me!*" replied the daughter, "*if you, mother, say heigh ho, what must I say?*"

A BUTCHER, residing in a village in the immediate vicinity of

the metropolis, had an amazingly fast trotting galloway, which Mr. M——, a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, who prided himself on possessing a superior stud, and finding himself often outdone by the butcher's boy, was most anxious to purchase. The bargain was eventually struck, the purchase money paid, and the horse warranted sound, wind and limb. The head groom had him under his immediate care. He was trimmed, trained, and got up in the highest style for action—gay in all his points. No sooner,

however, was the saddle put on for his new master, than it was found he would not budge an inch—unless in a retrograde position: neither his whip nor spur had any effect; and on representing the circumstance to the butcher, he said he was aware the horse would not go—without the tray.—“Not go without the tray!” exclaimed the purchaser with astonishment: “How am I to manage?”—“That’s not *my* business,” replied the butcher: “he is a sound horse, and as such I warranted him; but I knew he would never trot, unless he had the tray on his back; indeed, that’s the only good *trait* in his character.”—“Duce take the tray!” (*trois*), said Mr. M.—“No, Sir, no; I don’t know at what game that occurs; for even at *PUR* the *trois* is the best card in the pack.”—“Well, that’s very well,” replied Mr. M.—; “but since you have *tra-duced* the horse, you may have him back at *two-*

thirds my purchase.—“Be it so,” said the butcher, laughing in his sleeve. The proposal was acceded to, and the butcher’s horse now “trots along the road” as gaily as ever, with the tray on his back, the butcher chuckling over the joke, and adding, that the tray (*trois*) had, as usual, won the *trick*.

 EPITAPH.

Here lies *Bill Wright*, as queer a *wight*.

As rests these tombs among,
Who, strange to say, though always
Wright,

Was always acting *wrong*.

November, 1823.

QUIN used to say, that “of all the bans of marriage he ever heard, none gave him half so much pleasure as the union of delicate *Ann-chovy* with good *John-dory*.” The wit and the sentiment are equally worthy of the disciple of *Apicius*.

 SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE TURF.

HIS MAJESTY’S PLATES.—We understand that a general regulation is about to take place with respect to weights, &c. whereof an official notice will shortly appear in the *London Gazette*.—The Newmarket Spring Plates, and the Mares’ Plate, run for alternately at York and Richmond, to remain as heretofore. The Manchester as in our last. The Lincoln as this year. The Ipswich to be in future four-mile heats: four-year-olds to carry 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; aged, 12st. Salisbury, Guildford, Nottingham, Winchester, Lewes, Canterbury, Lichfield, Carlisle, and Warwick, to be also four-mile heats, and the same weights as at Ipswich. The like

weights to be carried for the Annual Plate at York, as also for the Newmarket October Plate, and the Plates at Ascot Heath, Newcastle, and Doncaster, but only a single heat as usual. The Chelmsford is to be confined to mares and two-mile heats, as formerly: three-year-olds to carry 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The regulation does not extend to Chester or Edinburgh.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1824.

Monday.—Sir J. Byng’s br. c. Edward, by Comus, out of Camilla, 9st. 7lb. agst the Duke of Portland’s b. f. by Phantom, out of Duenna, 8st. 4lb. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft.

Tuesday.—Mr. Powlett’s Eden,

8st. 5lb. agst Lord Dunwich's Dan-dizette, 8st. 3lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Friday.—Sir J. Byng's Morisco, 8st. 7lb. agst the Duke of Portland's Gabrielle, 8st. 11lb. A. F. 100 sovs. h. ft.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1824.

Monday.—Mr. Goddard's Wise-acre, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Ramsbottom's Cephalus, 8st. 4lb. A. F. 100, h. ft.

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1824.

Wednesday.—Sir J. Shelley's c. by Phantom, dam by Stride, grandam by Drone, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Prendergast's a. by the Cole Arabian, out of Jannette, 7st. 9lb. both then two years old, T. Y. C. 200 sovs.

HOUGHTON MEETING, 1824.

Tuesday.—Lord Verulam's f. by Selim, out of Tredrille, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Prendergast's c. by the Cole Arabian, out of Jannette, 8st. D. M. 100, h. ft.

On the last day of the **Craven Meeting, 1825**, will be run for, the Wellington Stakes of 200 sovs. each, for colts rising three years old, and the like Stakes for fillies. For the colt stakes there are seven, and for the fillies, six subscribers.

EPSOM RACES.

These races are now in a flourishing state, through the exertions and activity of the well-experienced present clerk of the course, Mr. George Wickes, well known by Sir Charles Bunbury in his days, and who stood very highly in his favour on the turf. The next year's sport (1824) will be—on the first day, a Silver Cup, value 60 sovs. with 20 added: six subscribers, or no race—the Magna Charta, of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added—the Ride Stakes of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added.—Third day, the Ritchinge Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for hunters: present subscriber, Mr. Rolls.—J. A. Sullivan, Esq. is appointed steward.

BETTINGS ON THE RIDDLESWORTH, DERBY, OAKS, AND ST. LEGER.

Tattersall's, Nov 17.

RIDDLESWORTH.

4 and 5 to 1 agst Reformer.
5 to 1 agst Lynnessa.

5 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
6 to 1 agst Prudence.
7 to 1 agst Quadrille.
10 to 1 agst Cressida.
10 to 1 agst Reserve.

DERBY.

6 to 1 agst Swiss.
8 to 1 agst Reformer.
13 to 1 agst Cydnus.
14 to 1 agst Reticule.
14 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
15 to 1 agst Cressida.
15 to 1 agst Agnes.
18 to 1 agst Corinne.
18 to 1 agst Interpreter.
20 to 1 agst Reserve.
25 to 1 agst Vesta.
25 to 1 agst Beas.
25 to 1 agst Blacklock.
30 to 1 agst c. by Comus.
40 to 1 agst Mony Musk.
50 to 1 agst Mr. Mytton.

OAKS.

5 to 1 agst Lynnessa.
6 to 1 agst Prudence.
8 to 1 agst Pope Joan.
11 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
13 to 1 agst Specie.

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst Altisidora.
12 to 1 agst Miller of Mansfield.
12 to 1 agst Swiss.
14 to 1 agst Reformer.
20 to 1 agst Diadem.
20 to 1 agst Mandane.
20 to 1 agst Canteen.
22 to 1 agst Streatham.
25 to 1 agst Confederate.
25 to 1 agst Rosanne.
30 to 1 agst Ruler Filly.
30 to 1 agst Ringlet.
30 to 1 agst Miss Cranfield.
30 to 1 agst Lisette.
30 to 1 agst Helenus.
30 to 1 agst Maid of Lorn.
30 to 1 agst Woodpecker Lass.
35 to 1 agst Alfred.
40 to 1 agst Even's dam.
40 to 1 agst Dolly.
40 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's Ebor f.
50 to 1 agst Caifacaratadadara.

The following case occurred at the Northern Meeting Races (Inverness), and is now before the Jockey Club, on a reference from the stewards and parties concerned:—A large stake was held out "for ponies not exceeding thirteen hands," and all the ponies entered for it stood under the standard, according to the only mode of mea-

surement known upon the turf—namely, by being placed (with plates, or without shoes) on a surface of five feet long by two and half wide. Before starting, however, the usual mode of measurement was objected to by some of the parties, and one of the ponies being above the height (something less than half an inch) in his ordinary standing position, the race was run under protest. It was won by the poney objected to, and the case has in consequence come before the Jockey Club. The point to be determined just is, whether poney races fall to be regulated by the rules applicable to all other races, where no other rules are laid down?

Lord Darlington has challenged the owner of *Emilius* to run Barefoot against him for 2000gs. which was not accepted.

Mr. Kirby has purchased of Lord Exeter, *Fanatic*, by *Soothsayer*, out of *Folly*, and *Portrait*, by *Comus*, out of *Miniature*; of Lord Foley, the filly, by *Blucher*, out of *Olivera*, two years old; and of Mr. Newton, *Minna*, by *Woful*, out of *Diana* (Sister to *Emily*), by *Stamford*.

HUNTING.

Lord Middleton having given up his fox-hounds, his valuable stud of hunters was sold by auction, at Leicester, on the 20th of November. A numerous assemblage of sporting gentlemen were attracted to the sale, and the horses were knocked down at good prices.

Prices of the Horses, &c. sold on Saturday, October 25, by Mr. Beardsworth, the property of the late Hon. C. H. Trevor:—

1. *Peveril*, a bay colt, 2 yrs old, by *Belim*, out of *Piscator's dam*, at 21l. to Mr. Jebb.
2. *Macready*, a chestnut gelding, 7 yrs old, at 136l. 10s. to Mr. Biahon.
3. *Hammer*, a bay gelding, rising 6 yrs old, at 105l. to Captain Hepburn.
4. *Bobby*, a chestnut gelding, 8 yrs old, at 120l. 15s. to Mr. Fawke.
5. *Lady Jane*, a bay mare, 7 yrs old, at 147l. to Mr. Jebb.
6. *Shropshire Lass*, a bay mare, 8 yrs old, at 105l. to Mr. Fawke.

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7. *Owen Glendower*, a chestnut gelding, 8 yrs old, at 99l. 15s. to Mr. Bailey.
8. *Lodoiska*, a black mare, rising 6 yrs old, at 76l. 15s. to Mr. Lovett.
9. *Woodman*, a chestnut colt, rising 5 yrs old, at 42l. to Mr. Wilkins.
10. A Brown Gelding, 8 yrs old, at 33l. 12s. to Mr. Matthews.
11. A Bay Colt, 3 yrs old, at 32l. 11s. to Mr. Badger.

The following is the result of the sale of Mr. Mytton's horses, at Mr. Beardsworth's Repository, Birmingham, on Saturday, November 15:—*Sir William*, a br. h. 147l.; *Libertine*, b. c. 63l.; *Clansman*, b. c. 52l. 10s.; *Anti-Radical*, br. g. 94l. 10s.; chestnut colt, by *Rubens*, 28l. 5s.; chestnut gelding, by *Alexander*, 40s. 7s.; *Sylvanus*, ch. g. 33l. 12s.; bay gelding (a buggy horse), 94l. 10s.; grey mare, by *Coriolanus*, 35l. 14s.; bay gelding (a capital hunter), 262l. 10s.; bay gelding (ditto), 178l. 10s.; chestnut gelding (ditto), 131l. 5s.; chestnut gelding, rising five yrs old, 304l. 10s.

The Duke of Beaufort's fox-hounds met at Saragrove, on Friday, November 14. They found immediately, and, after running in covert forty minutes, a fox went away in gallant style for Chipping Norton Common. Being headed, he turned short, and crossed the Burford road for Lidston village, where the hounds came to a check for a few minutes. They then hit it off, and crossed the Birmingham and London road, near Eustone, for Heythrop. He went over the park, ran gallantly through the coverts, disdaining all the earths, and then faced a fine open grass country, making his point for Sandford village. He then turned to the left, leaving Great Tew Park on the right, and endeavoured to reach the earths at Grove Ash, but in that attempt, being completely beaten, he could not succeed, and the gallant pack ran in to him in open ground, after a brilliant run of one hour and five minutes from the time he left the covert. The distance of ground over which the fox ran cannot be computed at less than twelve M

or thirteen miles. The field in the morning was numerous, but few heard the cry of whoo whoop.

One day last week Mr. Jenkins's harriers, of Wiveliscombe, ran a hare eight miles straight an end, and killed her within the hour. A gentleman present says it was equal to a fox-chase.—*Somersetshire, Nov. 7.*

The Bexhill harriers have had some good days' sport in the Pevensy Marshes.

Mr. Sandford's harriers, of Nynhead Court, Somersetshire, still maintain their excellence. Notwithstanding a part of their country is a difficult one, they seldom let a hare once found escape them.

On Tuesday, November 11, Mr. Thorpe's harriers had an exceeding good day, near Guestling, Sussex, the scent lying breast high all the day. The last hare proved a very stout one: after running her a long time, the hounds changed from scent to view, and ran in to her in the open.

Sir Tatton Sykes's fox-hounds met at Millington Spring, on Saturday, November 8. After drawing the cover without success, they went to Grimthorpe Wood and found immediately, when they had a smart burst of a quarter of an hour, and ran to ground in Givendale Warren. Before a minute had elapsed, a second fox was viewed crossing it, and in a short time began their laborious undertaking. His first point was to try the earths at Millington Spring, but being disappointed, made in a direct line for Mr. Dennison's plantations; afterwards bending his course towards Warter, was headed and turned in a direction for Highcliff Earths, and then straight for Huggate; but not daring to venture any further across the open Wold, made for Garraby plantation, over the valley for Bishop Wilton, but the hounds pressing him so very hard, he durst not attempt to gain the earths there, but took southward, past Blanch, across the high road for Pocklington: the hounds, then nearly in view, ran up and killed him in the centre of Millington village, well deserving him for their staunch pursuit, after running him for one hour and twenty minutes,

without the least check. From a large field that started, two only were noticed to be up at the death—the huntsman, on a mare by Whitelock, and Mr. Healey, on his brown horse Hardbargain, who were both carried in a most masterly style. It was the opinion of many of the experienced sportsmen to be one of the most brilliant runs, and the best fox that has been met with on the Yorkshire Wolds for a length of time past.

On Thursday, the 6th November, a vixen fox was turned down, near Portnal, in order to being hunted by the Chobham harriers, Surrey. She had given symptoms of being nothing but a good one, about a fortnight before, when this little pack had run in to and taken her alive, after a chase of fifteen computed miles. On being unbagged, she went off at score, and on rising the first hill, gave a glance at the surrounding country, which seemed to imply "Adieu." After a lapse of seven minutes, the hounds were drawn over the scent, which was instantly acknowledged, through the grounds of S. Thornton, Esq. and the boggy enclosures of Chobham and Windlesham. Here the scent got bad, and the line was kept with much difficulty; and now the cry was, "It is all up!" but, on making a knowing cast on the heath, after emerging from the vale, by most arduous perseverance on the part of the gentlemen of the Hunt, aided by the staunchness of the pack, it was at last hit off once more, among the bold and heathy steepes, known as Frimley Ridges. They now chattered on improvingly, until they entered the fir covers of Mr. Laurel, where (though not viewed) the fox had evidently waited; and here the run became fine indeed. They conveyed her over the canal at Frimley Wharf, to Purbright, by Mr. Halsey's, to Mitchet Ash, and from thence to near Farnham turnpike, where the fox was viewed swimming a sheet of water, and taken unhurt on reaching the shore. The last burst, computed at fourteen miles, was run without a check, in the space of one hour. There were only nine in, some of whom had eighteen miles to reach

home. Good judges pronounce this run may be equalled, but never excelled.

Trial of the Fox-hounds.—On Monday, October 26, Sir Jacob Astley's new pack of fox-hounds met at Swanston Wood, Norfolk, previous to the public days. They found in quick time a dog fox, which broke cover immediately with the hounds at his heels, and was run over a fine woody country, about eight miles, when they killed him in fine style.

The Halston harriers met at Thomas Lloyd, Esq.'s of Osbaston, on Monday, November 17, where a numerous field of sportsmen assembled. About twelve o'clock, a beautiful stag was turned out: the hounds were laid on, and run him, after a smart chase of an hour and a half, without a check. Mr. Mytton rode his favourite horse Baronet.

Carnarvon Hunt was celebrated this month, with its usual glee and hilarity. The polite attention of the Lady Patroness, Miss Warren; the Comptroller, Major Burrows; and his Deputy, W. Lloyd Caldecott, Esq. imparted the greatest sociality and cheerfulness. Excellent dinners, with highly-flavoured wines, were provided at Mr. Parry's Hotel. Balls and elegant private parties made the scene gay and festive. The officers for the ensuing year are—Comptroller, W. Lloyd Caldecott, Esq.; Lady Patroness, Miss A. Jones, Tycoch; Deputy Comptroller, Lord Newborough.

Anglesey Hunt has concluded with the spirit of similar meetings in "olden time." A grand procession was formed, which entered Beaumaris in the following order:—"The hounds, attended by the huntsman and whipper-in, blowing their horns, followed by twelve private carriages, containing a number of females of the chief families of Anglesey and Carnarvon. Upwards of forty gentlemen followed mounted. A most sumptuous banquet was prepared at the Bull's Head Inn, each gentleman introducing a lady. Amongst the company were, Lord Kirkwall; Sir R. Williams, Bart. and Lady, his

son and daughter; Sir J. Stanley, Bart. Lady and family; the Hon. W. Iroy and Lady; Sir D. Erskine, Bart. and Lady; T. Williams, Esq. of Craig-y-don, &c. &c. Miss Williams, of Friars, is nominated Lady Patroness for the next year; Thomas Williams, Esq. of Craig-y-don, Comptroller; and Sir David Erskine, Bart. Deputy Comptroller.

The annual dinner given to the farmers by the gentlemen of the H. H. took place this month, at the Swan Inn, Alresford, when nearly 120 gentlemen and farmers sat down to an excellent dinner, served up with great taste by Mrs. F. Hudson, consisting of all the choice viands and luxuries of the season. The chair was most ably filled by J. T. Villebois, Esq. and the evening was spent in the most perfect harmony and good humour. In consequence of there being but two horses entered this year for the H. H. Cup, there was no race.

Cheshire Fox-hounds.—On Friday, November 7, the Cheshire fox-hounds, under the superintendence of Sir Harry Mainwaring, met at Duddon Heath. The field displayed a rare assemblage of rank and fashion, mounted on horses in the highest condition, and of the most perfect symmetry. Amongst many other prime sportsmen were the Earl of Wilton, Lord Delamere, Lord Molyneux, Sir W. W. Wynn, Sir Richard Brooke, the Hon. Mr. Stanley, Messrs. Tomkinsons, Leycester, Egerton, Glegg, Massey, Hesketh, Ashley, Aspinall, Clarke, Shakespeare, Blackburne, Sudworth, Dixon, Orton, Oldershaw, Swetenham, &c. &c. After running through the plantations and covers of Dudden, without finding, the hounds proceeded to Wharton Goss, where, in a few minutes, these prime dogs spoke to their game, and the usual scene of vivacity ensued; but some anxious sportsmen pressing too much on the Goss, reynard declined making his exit, and was consequently worried in cover. The presence of those elegant horsewomen, the Countess of Wilton and Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, gave an additional interest to the day.

From Wharfedale the hounds proceeded to Stapleford Goss, in the road to which it was necessary to ford a wide brook much swelled by the heavy rains of the preceding night, the bridge being unsafe for horses. Here we admired the cool courage and steady seats of the noble ladies, nothing dismayed, while the water rushed against their horses up to the saddle girths; and delighted were we to see them reach the other side without accident. The ladies were escorted to some high ground opposite to the Stapleford cover, which commanded the surrounding country, and soon after the hounds were thrown in the keen eye of England's best sportsmen. Lord Delamere saw old Reynard stealing off. Tally-ho! The dogs were on him in a moment, and went away at best pace towards Stapleford Hall, near which he was headed, and altered his course across the country, in a circuitous direction, towards Huxley Goss, which, however, he did not take, but kept the open country towards Utkinton; and, after a brilliant run of an hour and five minutes, was run in to and killed in the fields behind Iddenshaw Hall; but owing to his backing in this early part of the chase, and the swollen state of the brooks, not above a dozen riders were in at the death, and some of the primest sportsmen and hardest riders were very much thrown out. Several horses got into a vile brook, and the riders, including a worthy Welsh Baronet, met with more water than their boots would hold.

On Monday, the 10th November, the Bergh Apton beagles had a deer turned off before them, in the above parish, which went through the following parishes, in prime style:—Alpington, Yelverton, Framingham, Holveston, Bramerton, and Kirby Bedon. In the latter parish she was taken, after a crack run of one hour and five minutes, and a distance of not less than ten or twelve miles, without a check, the huntsman's favourite (Charmer) always taking the lead; and all that was heard during the chase was (except the music of the dogs), *Hark to Charmer!*—

Charmer has it, go along! There were only five couple of dogs.

The Quorn hounds have had several severe runs during the last fortnight. Several noblemen and gentlemen have already arrived at Melton Mowbray, to enjoy the sports of the field, and many others are expected. The sport was never known so good at the commencement of the season.

The Somerset subscription fox-hounds commenced the season 17th October, when they threw off at Combe Sydenham, the seat of George Notley, Esq. The field was not detained long in the anticipation of sport, as a fox soon broke cover. He stood a chase of two hours and a quarter, and then became the well-earned spoil of this excellent pack. Shortly after a second fox was found, which took a country, and was run in to in gallant style, in one hour and half. Both proved to be old dog foxes.

A new pack of stag-hounds is set up in Hertford by Lord Glammis, and have had some good runs. They turned out a deer on Thursday, November 30, in the neighbourhood of St. Alban's, which afforded great sport; but we are sorry to hear the huntsman got a bad fall at the first leap he took. Lady Glammis was on the ground, in her poney phaeton. Her ladyship is one of the most beautiful women of the day.

We understand that Colonel Jolliffe's and the Surrey hounds have had a very good week's sport, this month, and scarcely missed a fox. On Saturday, November 22, the Union met with a singular circumstance. They ran a fox to ground, and, in digging the earth, three more were discovered, one of which was shook before the pack, and, after a Leicestershire basket of half an hour, was killed.

On Monday, November 3, Mr. Mercer's hounds, of Sallscombe, found a hare near Battle. After driving her twice through Battle Great Wood, she set off for Oer and Fairlight, back through Oer Woods, and they killed her at Westfield, after a very good run of two hours. It was a remark-

stily mild fine day, and at one time there were running three packs in hearing of each other—namely, Mr. Mr. Thorpe's, Mr. Standen's, and Mr. Mercer's, and each had a good day's sport. Mr. Standen's and Mr. Mercer's hounds were singing deep bass, and Mr. Thorpe's treble.

GAME.

The breed of pheasants in many parts of the western counties, this year, is very bad: in many manors, few young birds are to be found.

In many districts hares are so scarce, that there are barely sufficient for the year's hunting. It is generally remarked that the hares are very weak this year, owing to so wet a summer.

STOATS.

Where an old hare has young, she will beat off a stoat, if he dares approach her young ones. A correspondent says he has once or twice seen an old hare knock a stoat over with her feet several times following, and that he has also seen a stoat hunt a rabbit for half an hour at a time before he has caught it, and once knocked the stoat down whilst he was devouring the pole of the rabbit.

HINTS FOR THE KENNEL.

When a dog is stung by a viper, give him immediately half a pint of sweet oil, rub his body all over twice a day with sweet oil, and the day after he is stung, give him seven or eight grains of calomel.

To prevent hounds killing each other in kennel, which in the summer months frequently happens, from their being above their work, the feeder should have a bed-room over the kennel, and a large bell should be fixed by wires in each of the hounds' lodging-rooms: if they quarrel in the night, and the feeder rings the bell, they will instantly cease.

A correspondent remarks, that a greyhound dog and fox-hound bitch, or Newfoundland dog and fox-hound bitch, produce a good sort of harrier for taking outlying deer.

COURTING MATCH.

On Friday, the 14th November, the first public annual courting meeting took place, at the Manor of Cartington, Beds., belonging to W. H.

Whitbread, Esq. when the following match was run between Mr. Last's white dog, and a blue dog belonging to Charles Short, Esq. The dogs were slipped into an open field, called Harrowden Hill, when the hare, after a most gallant chase, in attempting to take a mouse upon a bank, fell down and instantly expired: the blue dog immediately ran in and laid on her, but so distressed, that he had not power to mouth her, while the white dog dropped short nearly thirty yards behind them. The course lasted in the whole about twelve minutes.

SPRING GUNS.

The following circumstance may be relied on as a fact:—On Saturday evening, November 22, shortly after the servants of Mr. Archer, of Barton Place, had charged and set the spring guns as usual, to protect the game in his plantations adjoining his house, one of the guns went off with a very loud explosion, but it being about five o'clock only in the afternoon, it was considered too early for poachers, and no particular notice was taken of it. About eleven o'clock at night a second was fired, and about half an hour afterwards a third, and the watchmen and servants were at first apprehensive a gang of poachers had entered the plantations, but hearing no noise of any description following the reports of the guns, they were soon satisfied that their conjectures were without foundation. On going round the next morning, they found that the first gun fired had killed a cock pheasant, evidently as flying up to perch, and that each of the others had killed a hare, all of which were found dead within a few yards of the muzzles of the guns.

BONAPARTE'S WHITE BARE

CHARGER.

So much talked of, and which has been inspected by several of the nobility and gentry, is now exhibiting at the Waterloo Rooms, No. 94, Pall Mall. The saddle, bridle, and boots, are the identical ones the late Emperor wore, which are very superb. The holsters and furniture are made by Mr. Young, of the Horse Bazaar, to the duplicate of these which accom-

panied the saddle, and most magnificently embroidered with gold. The person who exhibits the horse knew him when in battle, and can give a correct and interesting account of most of the late Emperor's movements, he having been in fifteen engagements himself. Several artists have taken his portrait.

MOLES.

In Sussex, moles are caught in traps of earthenware. It is a good invention, as it saves the molecatchers a deal of trouble in making the wooden traps formerly used.

ANTIQUITIES.

(*From a Correspondent.*)—Another convincing proof has lately presented itself to our attention, which can leave but little doubt, in the minds of true believers, of the existence of a world before the deluge. It is exemplified in the existence of a head and horns of a deer found in a marl pit fifteen feet below the surface of the earth, in the Isle of Man; and what more strongly convinces us of the possibility is, we have not been able to discover from any source that an animal of the deer species has ever existed or been found upon the island. The natural curiosity now spoken of, is in the possession of Mr. Death, residing in Aldgate, and which is considered and become a great curiosity in the sporting world, as well as to naturalists and zoographers, in consequence of its enormous size. The head and horns weigh nearly 100lbs.; the extent from tip to tip, ten feet; the length of each horn, upwards of six feet, and the body of the horn in some parts, from which five other horns branch out, thirteen inches wide; and the eye of the animal is protected by brow antlers. It is in a fine state of preservation, considering the extent of time it has been buried, and many of the teeth are preserved in the head, and, as well as parts of the horn, are as hard as iron.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. John Curtis has in the press the First Number of his "Illustrations of English Insects." We understand the intention of the author is to publish highly-finished figures of such species of insects (with the plants upon

which they are found) as constitute the British genera, with accurate representations of the parts on which the characters are founded, and descriptive letter-press to each plate, giving, as far as possible, the habits and economy of the subjects selected. The work will be published monthly, to commence the 1st January, 1884.

Pierce Egan (Author of "Life in London") is employed in getting up a new work, entitled, "The Life of an Actor," to be published in Eight monthly Numbers, embellished with 24 coloured plates; also enriched with numerous wood-cuts, illustrative of the vicissitudes of a theatrical life, designed and etched by Mr. Theodore Lane. No. 1. will be published shortly.

HORSE SWINDLING EXTRAORDINARY.

On Friday, November 21, the following singular piece of swindling was developed at the Mansion House, London:—A gentleman applied to the Lord Mayor for a search warrant for some very valuable race horses, which had been fraudulently obtained a short time ago from a man of fortune in Yorkshire. The applicant stated that the fraud had been committed by a gang of dashing London swindlers, who laid their plans with great ingenuity. The stud of horses having been advertised, a man of highly-respectable appearance drove from the metropolis down to Yorkshire in a curricle and pair, and looked at the stud. Then went down another character of the same description, and with the appearance of being a man of fortune. One of those gentlemen offered the sum demanded, 1800l. for the horses, one of which had been valued at 500l. and proposed his acceptances to the owner. The references were of the party of swindlers, and the bills were taken, and the race horses delivered. It was soon, however, ascertained that the bills were not worth a farthing; that the drawer and acceptor had been at the time of committing the fraud insolvent debtors, in the rules of the Bench, from which it was believed they had been lately released under the Act; and that the curricle and apparatus had been hired for the purpose of carrying on the system of plunder on which those swindlers (one of whom contracted debts to the enormous amount of 36,000l.) lived. The swindlers of course kept out of the way; but the horses were, it was believed, within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor—at least four of them

were known to be at livery in the city; and a search warrant was the only means the applicant could think of for recovering any part of so valuable a stud.—The Lord Mayor expressed his fear that a Magistrate could not interfere for the benefit of the loser of the horses, under such circumstances.—The City Solicitor recommended a prosecution for the conspiracy which had been certainly made between the parties to defraud the owner of the horses, but said the Lord Mayor could not assist in punishing the sharpers.—The Lord Mayor regretted that proper inquiries had not been made into the characters of the persons who went to make so large a purchase—an oversight which was indeed rather peculiar in a gentleman from Yorkshire.—The applicant said, his friend was a man of very large fortune, and was completely imposed upon by the off-hand and candid manners of the two swindlers, whom any body might mistake for gentlemen of honour and opulence. He then asked the Lord Mayor, whether he could seize the horses wherever he should see them?—The Lord Mayor advised him, if he saw the horses in the possession of either of the persons who had a hand in the bills, to seize them without ceremony; but said that if the horses had been purchased from them, and were in the possession of others, it would be very unsafe to take them away from that possession, and needless to dispute it.—The applicant said he should follow this advice to the letter, and thanked his Lordship, who wished that the swindlers were under his power. [We have not heard, however, that they yet are so].

GYMNASTICS.

At Farley, Oxon, on the 29th of October, the annual revel and distribution of prizes for gymnastic sports took place, and some of the best men exhibited in trials of strength. It is a charter, by which the inheritor of Farley estate holds it by tenure, on paying 10*l.* per annum to promote the sports, and in which the patrician, as well as the peasant, joins, and they finish the day in hospitable cheer. The

first prize, of forty shillings, was awarded to Harrison, a Somersetshire man, for his skill in breaking six heads at back-sword or single-stick playing; and Thorpe, a Berkshire man, received twenty shillings, as second best. The next award was forty shillings, to Robinson, from Wiltshire, as the best wrestler, at what is termed collar and elbow; and twenty shillings to Scot, from Oxfordshire. The boys next had their fun, in catching oranges with their mouths out of tubs of water, without the use of hands. The last entertainment was a race of a quarter of a mile, between damsels born in the hundred, for a chemise decorated with yellow ribbons. Miss Nelly Simpson won the prize, and Miss Nancy Jarratt received ten shillings, as second. The day closed with regaling the rustic peasantry with good old English fare.

BEAR HUNT EXTRAORDINARY.

On Friday, November 7, a man who travels round the country with a dancing bear took up his lodgings for the night at a house in the Saltisford, and the servant who accompanied him was put to sleep near the outhouse in which the bear was confined. Between nine and ten o'clock two other men arrived at the lodging house, and, unconscious of danger, entered the outhouse, when Bruin, on one of them approaching, saluted him with a most ardent embrace. The fellow reared out vehemently, and Bruin as vehemently hugged, till at length the keeper and his *locum tenens* being alarmed, rescued the man from the animal's grasp. Had not the bear been muzzled, the fellow must have fallen a victim to his voraciousness. During the parley, Bruin slipped out unperceived, and, tempted by the beauty of the night, walked up the Saltisford and down Oil-mill Lane, where he claimed acquaintance with an old woman, whom, after embracing her with more warmth than was agreeable, he threw down and broke her china mug. The old woman immediately alarmed the watchmen, to whom she piteously related the liberties which a man, at least six feet

high, and dressed in black clothes, had just taken with her. Bruin in the mean time had proceeded to the bottom of the lane, with all the gravity of a judge. On reaching the bottom of Smith-street, however, he began to shew the versatility of his talent, one minute waltzing on his hind legs, and then running on four. He ultimately took his post near the brook, where he very adroitly lightened every passenger of his load, who shortly put the Borough police in motion: the latter, however, soon getting scent of what sort of game was up, left the field to some newly-fledged Nimrods, who followed the chase till two o'clock in the morning. The bear climbed over the gate near the Navigation Inn, upwards of six feet high, with spikes at the top, and then led his pursuers over hedge and ditch, rivulet and river, till he reached Emscote bridge: here he paced the bank of the river till he got opposite the Rock-mill, where he crossed the stream. His pursuers then lost scent of him for a time, but on getting to the opposite bank they found him taking a nap in an osier bed, and a dog which disturbed him had nearly been drowned for his temerity. Bruin then crossed the river a second time, and, after a chase of four hours, in which he was by turns the pursuer and pursued, he was taken by his keepers near Emscote mill, but not before he had given one of his pursuers the *kug fraternal*.—*Warwick paper*.

CANINE FEAT EXTRAORDINARY.

On Wednesday, November 12, all the streets and avenues leading to the Westminster Pit, Duck-lane, were crowded by vehicles of every description, from the gentleman's carriage to the costermonger's cart, in consequence of previous notice being given that the celebrated dog "Billy" was again matched to perform the unprecedented feat of killing 100 large rats within the extraordinary short time of eight minutes and a half. At six o'clock, Minshull, the rat-catcher, arrived with the above quantity of rats, which were let loose into the pit in the usual manner. Soon after,

Charles Dew, the proprietor of Billy, made his appearance. He wore on his breast a silver star, which was, a short time since, presented to him by some gentlemen of the Jockey Club. The phenomenon Billy was adorned with a silver collar round his neck, and several bows of different-coloured ribbons at various parts of his body. The pit, at this time, was crowded to excess, and above 200 persons were in the vicinity of the door, all anxious to gain admittance, but without effect, the accommodation not being large enough. Precisely at eight o'clock Billy was let loose into the pit by his master, and the scene of blood began. Billy appeared in prime condition, which he evinced by actually seizing two or three rats at a time, and throwing them at a great distance from him lifeless. The animals collected in a body, which made it difficult for the dog to grasp them in his jaws. Some of the rats, in the act of jumping, were literally caught by the dog in his mouth, and from thence fell to the ground dead. Exactly at six minutes and twenty-five seconds after Billy entered the pit, to the inconceivable astonishment of every one present, there was not a single rat out of the hundred which was not extended on the ground lifeless. The dog appeared little or nothing injured: his head and jaws were covered with the blood of the slaughtered vermin. Billy was taken home by his master; the caresses of his backers were lavished upon him; and great bets were won and lost upon the occasion.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A singular swan was lately shot by a gentleman near Carlisle, which weighed nineteen pounds and a half. It measured across the wings eight feet six inches, and in height six feet one inch. It is of a remarkable colour, and is supposed to be the largest ever seen in Cumberland.

Harwich, Nov. 12.—A fine young male elk, an animal very rare in this country, has arrived at Harwich from Gottenburg, intended, it is said, as a present from Consul-General Wise, to his Majesty. Although not two years old, he stands full 16 hands

high, and will continue to increase in size for some years. He is remarkably tame, will carry a light weight, has been taught to draw a sledge with perfect steadiness, and is nearly equal in speed to the rein-deer.

A fine partridge, supposed to be closely pursued by a bird of prey, on Wednesday, the 12th November, flew against the front part of Mr. Philpot's house, in Castle-street, Canterbury, with such force as to fall into the street, and was unable again to use its wings.

Lewes, Nov. 3.—It would appear, from what follows, that the order of nature, as it regards the feathered race, has been a little altered:—A pair of rooks, in defiance of the late heavy gales of wind, built their nest in the topmost branches of a lofty elm, fronting Ringmer Park House, near this town, wherein the female bird is now performing the work of incubation on four eggs, and so closely, that she has not been seen to quit her nest even for food, that being regularly brought to her by the male bird; and on Saturday three weeks ago, Mr. G. Watts, bricklayer, of this town, discovered under the eaves of a house, a martin's nest full of living young ones, which had been hatched only a few days, and some little time after the mass of these birds had congregated, and taken their departure.

The following are the dimensions of a bear, killed in Hudson's Straits, by the crew of the discovery ships, *Hecla* and *Fury*, under the command of Captain Parry, R.N. 20th July, 1821:—Length of body, 8ft. 7½in. Length of hind leg, 4ft. 8½in. Circumference of the upper part, 8ft. 3in. Ditto lower, 1ft. 9in. Length of fore leg, 4ft. 9in. Circumference of lower part, 1ft. 11in. Circumference of body, 7ft. 11in. Length of head, 1ft. 6in. Circumference round the mouth, 9½in. Breadth of hind paw, 10½in. Length of ditto, 1ft. 1in. Breadth of fore paw, 10in. Length of ditto, 7½in. Length of middle hind claw, 2½in. Ditto fore ditto, 1½in. Length of tusk, 2½in. Round the head, 2ft. 1in. From nose

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to the eyes, 8½in. Eye to ear, 10in. Length of ear, 4½in. Breadth of jaw, between the tusks, 3in. Length of tail, 5in. Weight, 14cwt. 2qrs. 3lbs.—*Copied from Journal of the Hecla, at Deptford, 24th Oct. 1823.*

A dog belonging to the White Hart Inn, at Salisbury, daily takes its walk up and down the Canal, which surrounds the Close, in search of minnows; and the avidity with which he seizes on his prey is truly wonderful. When few or none are to be seen, he scratches up the gravel for a considerable extent, and then patiently takes his station until some unfortunate gudgeon appears in sight, when he pounces upon it with all the ferocity of a hawk secure of its prey.

THE FUGILISTIC RING.

The fight between *Josh Hudson* and *Ward*, for 200 guineas, took place Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1823, at Moulsey Hurst. A motley multitude was assembled on the occasion. The seconds were, Spring and Belasco for Ward, and Randall and Peter Crawley for Hudson. Average betting, 6 to 4 on Ward.

Round 1. After shaking hands, in the finest condition, an amateur observed truly, that Ward, when his arm was doubled up for first hit, was considerably the heaviest man. He was all bone and muscle. Hudson, on the contrary, who looked more like an Alderman after feasting, shewed neither bone nor muscle. Both *leary*, but Josh made the play by a left-handed hit, which told as slightly as the one returned upon him. A hasty exchange of hits without any harm. Fastness was the order, and Josh was thrown from a close.

2. Ward's neck was scarified by the ropes in the struggle for the fall. Josh made the play, and his adversary retreated into the corner, *à la Randall*. Josh followed up to make fight, but Ward evaded him, got away and made a rally, and got the head of Josh in the grasp of his left hand, and *waved* with the right. Josh was undermost in the fall from the close, and Ward smiled with confidence. Two to 1 on Ward.

3. A real fighting round, both hav-

N

ing the rust off them. Josh advanced up to his adversary's head, as a game buffer would at a bull, and a terrible hitting rally at the nob followed. Ward shewed himself the best at tactics, and hit and got away with surprising dexterity. In the grapple, Josh was again worsted and floored. The blow caused the fall, but it was not considered a knock down. The fight was considered half over, although Ward shewed first claret from the nose.

4. Josh made the play, and Ward, best upon his legs, tried to avoid him. When they met, the most manly courage was displayed, and the hitting was heavy. After rallying at each other's nob until the Chancery suit was doubtful, Josh had a turn, and Ward was thrown weak, with his feet between the lower ropes. The odds kept up at 2 to 1 on Ward.

5. Josh made play, and Ward turned to with equal gaiety. Heavy blows, and another rally, the Black Diamond having the best. Hudson was much distressed, but Ward neglected to take advantage of it. After a pause, Hudson, who was almost at a stand still, received a clean knock down blow.

6. Hudson made the play again most undauntedly, but Ward hit and got away, and had the best of fighting. Hudson ran in wild, and notwithstanding the word "Steady," from one of his seconds, he shewed as much beldness as a gallant tar would in boarding an enemy; but after exchanging blows in and out of rallies, Josh was floored.

7. Ward placed a good hit upon his adversary's throat, and broke his ground to all parts of the ring.—(An amateur sung out, "Don't break out of the ring!")—In a rally, it was equal fighting, but Josh threw his adversary.

8. Hudson went to work, Ward fighting and retreating, till he was against the ropes. Here the combatants closed, and the Black Diamond endeavoured to fib his adversary, until Josh, extricating himself from the gripe of his antagonist, found himself outside of the ring, when he put in a

blow across the ropes, which floored the Black Diamond.—Loud shouting in favour of Hudson.

9. Hudson followed Ward all over the ring, until the latter was in a situation that he was compelled to fight. A slaughtering rally took place, hit for hit, till both of the men went down.

10. A severe but short rally occurred, till the combatants separated from distress. Hudson was determined to put his opponent to the test, and the exchange of blows was truly severe, till they were compelled to make a pause. "To lick or be licked," says Josh, "here goes!" when hit for hit occurred till both of the men went down, amidst the most uproarious shouts of applause.

11. The effects of this round led to the decision of the battle. Josh put in a tremendous blow under Ward's left eye, which closed it up in an instant. Black Diamond was wild, and quite abroad from its severity. It was now blow for blow, till Ward was floored.

12. This was another severely-fought round. In a struggle at the corner of the ring, Ward was sent out of the ropes, and Hudson fell from weakness.

13. On setting-to, Hudson planted a nobber which sent Ward staggering. Some blows were exchanged, when, in closing, Josh fell on Ward with all his weight.

14. Ward did what he could to obtain a turn, and in closing at the ropes, endeavoured to fib his adversary; but Hudson pummelled Ward so severely behind his nob, that in a confused manner he let go his hold. A few blows were then exchanged, when the John Bull gave Ward a *coup de grace* that sent him down flat on his back.

15. When time was called, Spring brought his man to the scratch, but Ward was in so tottering a state, that Hudson merely pushed his opponent down, when the battle was at an end.

REMARKS.—Ward's most conspicuous fault in the above battle appeared to be in not fighting first,

and also evincing too great an anxiety to avoid the blows of his opponent.

Aaron the Jew beat *Leanne* afterwards.—Five to 4 on *Leanne*, who, however, had no chance.

Bishop Sharpe and Gipsy Cooper.—These men had fought before, and *Cooper* being the loser, it was determined to give him another chance. By eleven o'clock, on Tuesday, the 18th November, 1823, the chief members of the P. C. had assembled at Dartford. Before the ring could be formed, however, a Magistrate interfered, and the fight it was resolved should take place on Blackheath. At half-past one, 8000 persons had assembled on this spot, and the combatants entered the ring, *Josh Hudson* and *Sampson* for *Cooper*, and *Ward* and *Piggott* for *Sharpe*.

Round 1. On setting-to, there was much caution on both sides. A minute elapsed, in which considerable skill was displayed to obtain the hit; but no blow given. *Sharpe* tried to make play with his left hand, when the *Gipsy* rushed in, and planted an effective blow on *Sharpe's* right eye. *Sharpe* returned very smartly: a rally followed, when the *Gipsy* received two body blows, and at the close he was *grassed*.

2. Both cautious—the *Gipsy* trying his right-handed *rush* at his opponent's *pippin*. Give and take, and *Cooper* the advantage. He adopts the weaving system—rushes up to the body of *Sharpe*, his elbows like a weaver's shuttle—a struggle for the throw, and down they go. Both piping, *Cooper* worst for wear.

3. *Sharpe* received several body hits, which he did not relish; and *Cooper's mug* tasted meat that he could not digest. In this round *Sharpe* was the favourite.—Six to 4 was offered and taken at the end of this round.

4. Some good fighting. *Cooper* displayed great bravery; but in the close he got high-spiced *pepper*, and after a rally, in which he had the worst, he was thrown, and 7 to 4 was offered against him.

Fifth to last round, which occupied

just twenty minutes, were all in favour of the *Bishop*, when another interference of the Magistracy took place, and one of the seconds, who shewed opposition, was taken into custody, but afterwards liberated. *Cooper's* backers were not a little elated at the draw.

Had the above combat been decided, a fresh difficulty would have arisen, as the greater part of the stake of 900 sovereigns was miraculously conveyed from the pocket of the stake-holder, *nolens volens*, into that of some other, and it cannot be found. The conveyancers are known, and they have had notice to make a return of it.

Johnson and Crosley.—The battle for 100 sovereigns, between *Johnson*, the Black, and *Phil. Crosley*, the hero of Hampshire, took place on the 13th November, at Mattingly Park, six miles from Strathfieldsaye, in an enclosure of twenty-four feet, and it produced plenty of slaughter-work. In the twenty-fifth round, *Crosley* gave in, much punished.

King, the Andover Champion, and Gipsy Leigh.—One day this month a battle was fought at Sparingbottom, the place where *Neate* fell beneath the prowess of *Spring*. The match was between the champion of Andover, *King*, and the hero of the gipsy tribe, known in the prize ring, named *Leigh*. It was for 100l. a side. At one o'clock they set-to, and a manly fight of forty-five rounds ensued, which occupied one hour and thirty-one minutes, when the *Gipsy* gave up, dreadfully punished.

A subscription is on foot to purchase *Josh Hudson* a silver cup, value 100l. as a reward for his bravery.

Spring and Langan.—On Monday, the 1st of December, a further deposit of 150l. a side is to be made good over a sporting dinner at Belcher's. *Langan*, at present, is only known to the sporting world by name, which renders betting rather shy; but, in order to give an opportunity of viewing his person and tactics, the Irish champion, assisted by *Tom Reynolds*, intends taking a benefit at the Fives' Court. The odds are 2 to 1 and 7 to 4 in favour of *Spring*.

Spring's Silver Cup.—A piece of plate is about to be presented to Spring, at Hereford, on which is the following inscription :—

1823.

TO THOMAS WINTER,
Of Founhope, in the county of Hereford,
This Cup was presented
By his Countrymen of the Land of Cyder,
In token of their esteem for the manliness
and science

Which, in many severe Contests in the Pugilistic Ring,
Under the name of
SPRING,

Raised him to the proud distinction of
The CHAMPION OF ENGLAND

This inscription is surrounded by a handsome device of apples, &c. at the bottom of which is the representation of two game cocks at the close of a battle, one standing over the other. On the other side of the cup is a view of the P. R. with two pugilists in attitudes. Upon the top, or lid of the cup, is a cyder-barrel placed on a stand, the inside of which is gilt, and large enough to hold a gallon of "Nectar divine." It has also two elegantly-chased handles, and a fluted pedestal. It has a very handsome appearance.

TO THE READER.

It must be obvious to our Readers, from our recent Notices to various Correspondents, that we have frequently been under the necessity of suppressing the insertion of valuable and interesting matter, for want of the necessary space. This difficulty, unless some remedy be applied, is likely to increase on us rather than otherwise, having redoubled our exertions to obtain an additional quantity of original information, such as we pledge ourselves will be interesting to the Sporting World. To enable us to put our intentions into effect, we have resolved on increasing the number of our pages: for this we shall be under the necessity of raising the Sporting Magazine to Half-a-Crown, and we doubt not that when the next Number is seen, the alteration will be cheerfully acquiesced in.

A full description of a celebrated Hunt, by NIMROD—Remarks on the Sports of the Field on the Continent, by VAGUS—On the Diet of the Pointer—On the Nature of Game Preserves—Scraps from my Portfolio, No. II.—Winning Horses in 1823—will appear next Month.

We beg to inform our correspondent CURIOSITAS, that NIMROD has promised to comply with his wishes, as he proceeds in his Letters on Leicestershire.

OBSERVER is under consideration.

We wish "J", the gentleman to whom we were indebted for so good an account of the concluding day's sport with Lord Derby's hounds, last season, would favour us again with his correspondence, his last article having given so much pleasure to numerous readers.

Further communications from VIATOR will be very acceptable.

We cannot comply with the wish of SPECULATOR.

Two or three Racing Meetings remain to be given, to complete the Calendar of the present year.

The First Embellishment of our next Number will be a Portrait of the DARLEY ARABIAN, taken from the original picture in the possession of H. Darley, Esq. of Aldby Park, Yorkshire. For the convenience of such of our friends as collect portraits of celebrated horses, a few Proofs are taken, on India paper, of this great progenitor of our best racing blood: they may be had of the Publisher.

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HUNTING IN SURREY.

THE SURREY HOUNDS—MR. MEAGER'S and the SANDERSTEAD HARRIERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT has so happened, that, with the exception of three days with the late King's stag-hounds, and two or three with the Oakley, five years ago, I never hunted within forty miles of London in my life. Accident, however, bringing me into Surrey, in the beginning of the present month, I lost no opportunity of seeing the different packs of hounds which it contains; and shall offer your readers a short account of each in their turns.

I confess it excited no small degree of interest to satisfy myself how the system of fox-hunting was carried on within a dozen miles of the metropolis, where, in general, the country is so thickly inhabited; where there are so many gentlemen's plantations, and where, calculating by the points of the compass, it is not three to one that the chase do not lead into London. A few days' experience, however, dispelled all such apprehension, as there is a chain of woodlands through all that part called "the Hills," too inviting for a fox to

quit for a country of which he can have little knowledge, and where he would not be likely to be very well received.

The fixture for the Surrey subscription pack being most convenient for me on the day after my arrival in this country, I met them on the 10th of November, at Lock's Bottom, on the Tonbridge Wells road, about thirteen miles from town. Previous to seeing them, my mind was strongly prejudiced against these hounds, and every thing that related to their establishment. I was told there was not a good sportsman among the subscribers to them; that their men knew nothing about hunting; that being Lord Mayor's day, all London would be there; and, in short, I began to think, from all I heard, that nothing but my Lord Mayor's coach would be wanting to complete the raree show.

Whether this were a true or false representation of the facts, it was not in my power to determine, and nothing but experience could prove it. I knew nothing of the members of the Hunt, and as little of their men; but on my road to covert, I overtook the pack, with which, at first sight, I could perceive no fault. I had seen hounds looking brighter in their skins; but their condition, as to flesh, was pretty good, and they seemed of a size well adapted to a rough country. They appeared not remarkable for being what is called "sizeable," some of the bitches being small, but generally full of power, and shewing much good breeding. Their huntsman was absent from illness, having just recovered from a dangerous attack of typhus, so they were hunted by a brother of his, of rather plebeian appearance, with the

assistance of Freeman, their only whipper-in. They were mounted on strong useful horses, one of which was in remarkably good condition, and the hounds seemed handy and quiet.

Before I proceed, I must inform such of your readers as are at a distance, that these are the hounds which were kept for seven or eight years in very great style by Mr. Maberley, whose seat is within two miles of Croydon; and who, in the handsomest manner, made a present of them to the gentlemen who took to the country, at the same time affording them the use of his kennel; but, for reasons to which, of course, I am a stranger, he never hunts with them now—going out, when in Surrey, chiefly with Lord Derby and Mr. Jolliffe. Tom Hills, who hunts them, as well as Freeman, who whips in to him, also lived with Mr. Maberley, and know the country well, as, indeed, do several of the gentlemen who subscribe to them, having hunted it for many years. Tom Hills was brought up in Mr. Maberley's service, and proceeded by regular steps to the place he now holds; but Freeman spent some of his years in the service of Mr. Jolliffe as whipper-in, and, as I was very soon able to discern, knows his business well.

On the day I allude to (the 10th of November), we soon found our fox, and ran him, at a fair hunting pace, for six or seven miles over the country, when we came to rather a tedious check. It was a trying scent for hounds, being one of those greasy mornings after a slight hoar frost, when the ground invariably carries, and more particularly on ploughed land, over which we principally hunted. The hounds, however, stuck well to what

scent they had, than which nothing more can be expected; and jumping up from a hedge-row in which he had waited, our fox was ran in to, in view. We found another in Spring Park, a large covert of Mr. Maberley's, which we could make nothing of; but drawing on late in the day, we found a good old fox in Farleigh Park, and killed him at the end of an hour and half, at a very good pace. In the first of these runs, a gentleman got a very bad fall, at three-parts speed, in one of the flinty lanes, with which this country abounds, and had a narrow escape for his life. His horse, I understand, was miserably cut, and himself very seriously injured.

In one of my former letters on some hunting country, I mentioned the evils of a *licentious field*, and here I was prepared to witness them; but I was agreeably surprised to see every thing so quiet, particularly when we found our fox; for that is the time when mischief is too often done; and I have often thought it would be a great benefit to sport, if there was no such word as "tallyho" in the vocabulary of hunting. A fox is one of the shyest animals in nature, and particularly avoids the "garish eye of day;" and when he is saluted at every corner of a covert with a halloo of this description, it often prevents his going well away, if it does not cause him to be chopped by the pack. In this instance, however, he had very fair play, and after turning once in the covert, having been met accidentally by Freeman, he broke in good style, with a fair chance for his life, and the hounds also were allowed to settle well to the chase. I thought they tried hard to kill him, and I have no hesitation in saying, that in a better country, he could not

have lived so long as he did. Had they been able to have held on with him at one time, there would have been great distress in the field, from the circumstance of a very ugly stile, at the bottom of a steep foot-path in a small coppice, where only one could go at a time, and a steep hill to ascend on the other side,

As may naturally be supposed, the greater part of the subscribers to the Surrey hounds are gentlemen connected with trade in the metropolis, though some of them reside in the country. They are distinguished by green collars to their scarlet coats, and they meet three times a week, when weather permits. The principal manager of the concern, and whom I heard the servants address by the appellation of "master," is a gentleman by the name of HAIGH, who resides at Furze-down, near Streatham, and also was formerly in trade. He has been a sportsman, and report says a good one, for many years of his life; was an intimate friend of Mr. Maberley's; and appeared to do the honours of the field very much like a gentleman.

As may also be supposed to be the case, where hounds are kept by subscription from gentlemen not chiefly resident in the country, a good deal of "Ware wheat!" "Ware seeds!" and "Ware turnips!" is to be heard; so that, in this ploughed country, riding anything like straight to hounds is out of the question, independent of other circumstances. The fences on the hills are trifling, compared with other countries, and are such as are generally met with on light land. The hills are troublesome and distressing—some of the field not liking to go fast down them, and others not being able to go fast up

them. An old acquaintance of mine,* whom I recognised among the crowd, and whom I had seen, riding very well, when at Oxford, informed me that he found the better way to cross this country was to go a good slapping pace down the hills, when the impetus of his horse assisted him in getting up them. This, however, does not do for all nerves; but, perhaps, it is not generally known, that horses never fall when going straight down steep hills, from the circumstance of their haunches being so much under them. That very celebrated sportsman, Mr. Childe, of Kinlett, whose name is immortalised in the *Billesdon Coplow* poem, as "the first who introduced the present spirited manner of riding to hounds," proved this, when he hunted Shropshire. He was in the habit of riding down the Clee hills (the worst and roughest ground in England, being intersected with large pieces of iron stone) with a slack rein; and in answer to those who told him he would break his neck, he assured them that, from the position his horse went in, he could not fall.

The most disagreeable circumstance attending the Surrey hills is the flints, which, in most places, exceed in size and quantity those met with in any other countries. They cut both hounds and horses, the latter being frequently spoiled by them. It not unfrequently happens, that they divide the tendon of a horse's leg, so that on his rider dismounting him, he finds his toe turning upwards! He is, of course, ever after, useless. This accounts for no large prices being given for hunters in Surrey—about 200 guineas being the top of the tree. Were I to hunt constantly

in it, I should prefer stallions or mares, as they would be of some use after such an accident had happened to them.

Thorough-bred horses, and others with long yielding pasterns, are most liable to suffer from the flints; whereas short-jointed and strong-legged ones, with the hair suffered to grow on the fetlocks, are the most likely to escape. Tall horses also are not calculated for the Surrey hills, but they must be horses of power, and more than equal to the weight they carry, or they cannot get up the hills. They should also be strong in their loins, and clear-winded, with quick use of their hind legs, and with large lengthy shoulders. It is my opinion, that the less they are interfered with in their natural action when galloping, the less is the probability of their being cut. It is also my opinion that no horse that hunts the Surrey hills and is ridden hard, should have either hay or water after four o'clock the preceding evening, unless (which should not be the case) he have been with hounds two days before. A full stomach must be very much against him—causing the viscera to press against the diaphragm, by which means the lungs are impeded in their action, and dangerous consequences ensue. Doubtless to this cause is often to be attributed the number of horses that have died after hard runs in this country; and in one instance that I know of, the diaphragm, or what the butchers call the midriff, was completely ruptured. From this cause also, the air vessels of the lungs are injured. A double allowance of corn then, with two double handfuls of hay and straw chaff in each feed, should be the stint for a Surrey hunter on the evening before hunting; and if he

* Mr. Dyke, son of Sir Thomas Dyke.

is not content with this, he should be set on the muzzle for the night.

I cannot say that I saw many clever horses with the Surrey hounds; but they are for the most part much disfigured by their saddles and bridles, which are of all sorts and descriptions but the right. None but those who have paid attention to it, know how much a hunter by a covert's side is indebted to a good saddle and bridle for his appearance—no less so than is his rider to good boots and breeches. Martingales, running reins, and *rings on the reins, made of bone* (quite new to me), not omitting some painted fronts, are conspicuous among the horses which come out of London, as are also straight-cut coats and leather breeches amongst their riders. Of the use of a ring of *this nature*, I never could satisfy myself, and martingales are quite exploded. Tom Smith* was asked one day in Leicestershire, why he did not ride a certain horse of his in a martingale? "Oh," said he, "my left hand shall be my martingale." I, however, observed one gentleman in Surrey with two reins to his snaffle bridle—one passing through his martingale, and the other through a ring. Perhaps he may have been one of "the fancy," and was determined to be at "all in the ring." I saw nothing; however, in these gentlemen at all inclined to do mischief with hounds, but, on the contrary, they were very obedient to the old word of command—"Hold hard!"

Respecting the riders in the Surrey Hunt, of course my observations must be limited, as I have not had an opportunity of witnessing them; but perhaps I may be

allowed to say, that every man who hunts the Surrey hills *must be a hard rider*, as he is galloping all the day upon flints; but good riding is too often of little avail here. In countries like this, a fox generally runs so short, that he is for ever turning, so that, according to the old adage, it often happens that the first is last, and the last first. Knowledge of the country, and patience, are the best qualifications. In the vale, however, or what Charles Morton calls "in the dirt," a *man of business* is wanting, and then I understand that Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Entwisle, Mr. Driver, and Mr. Simson (who, I hear, has a capital mare), are generally nearest to the hounds. Mr. Dyke also, though not of "the Surrey," is, as I am told, generally in a good place.

In one of my letters on *Warwickshire*, I observed, that in all hunting countries there is a particular character to be found, which attracts the notice of strangers, and this is the case in Surrey. I allude to the "*veteran*" *Cochran*, who, having passed the grand climacteric, had this epithet applied to him in the columns of the *Sporting Magazine*, two winters ago, in an account of a run with Lord Derby's stag-hounds, wherein he had distinguished himself; but which epithet, by the want of proper punctuation, attached itself to Mr. Richard Tattersall, to the no small amusement of his friends and himself.

Mr. Cochran, however, is a very wonderful man. He is supposed to be upwards of seventy years of age, and though time has "silvered o'er his locks," he is still fresh and vigorous, possessing ex-

* I hope Mr. Smith will excuse the liberty I take with his name; but as there are so many Mr. Smiths in the world, and only one "*Tom Smith*," I trust he will pardon me.

traordinary nerve, for the many summers that have rolled over his head. He is in a large way of business in London, but of what nature I am ignorant, and has a house close to Croydon. What is also most extraordinary, he never hunted till he was fifty; but when on his favourite old King Bladud horse, which he has ridden seven seasons, I am told no man in Surrey can beat him, nor will any fence stop him. He sticks to the old costume of the cap, straight-cut coat, and the leathers, and looks like any thing but a quick one.

The stag-hounds are Mr. Cochran's favourite pack, as the following anecdote will shew:—In one of his rooms he has got the head of a deer stuffed, supposed to be in the act of looking over some park paling, which, for effect, is also introduced in the room. When old King Bladud has run his mortal race, his head in the opposite corner will complete the amusing scene.

"Hector is dead, and Iliad is no more!"

The form of this horse militates with the present fashion of the day, being tall, and high on his legs; but he has every appearance of being a hunter, and I believe is one of the most perfect timber leapers in England.

There is an anecdote or two of this veteran sportsman, which should not be lost to posterity. Getting a bad fall one day, he was laid out for dead on a hurdle, and a surgeon immediately sent for. "Where shall I find him?" said the doctor. "In such a field," said the messenger, "on a hurdle."

The doctor found the field, and the hurdle; but the "veteran," by the aid of a little cogniac from his side-pocket, had re-mounted his horse, and was gone to the hounds again.

Mr. Cochran, having a young lady for his wife, boasts of two new articles every year in his establishment—an almanack, and a child. As he is so fond of jumping, it should always be leap*-year with him; and for the sake of the breed, which should not be lost, *Venus* should be the star for the night, and the sun all the year round in *Gemini*.

There was another sample of the old costume in the field, who attracted my notice; and that was Mr. *Percival*, father to veterinary-surgeon Percival, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, who has lately published a very able series of lectures on the veterinary art, which afforded me much pleasure in the perusal. Though redolent of the theatre of dissection, they may be considered as the best specimen of the "*μεγίστον μανθίμα*" of the veterinary art, that has hitherto issued from the press, and must be of essential service to all students of the profession.

There is one member of the Surrey Hunt who deserves a place here, as a character which all true sportsmen must admire; and that is, Mr. *Hobson*. A *Jolliffe* is known by his *hat*; but in the winter, no man can tell Mr. Hobson by his *coat*; for, though he never turns it, he changes it as often as *Harlequin* in a pantomime; for he hunts with three packs of hounds, and wears "the livery" of each, never missing a

* This is a miserable attempt at wit, and only justifiable by what I am about to say. As I was returning from hunting a few days since, after a long and tiresome day, Mr. C. rode up to me, and addressed me in the following words:—"Sir," said he (pointing at some paling which appeared to be about five feet high), "if you will ride over those pales, I will follow you."—"Thank ye, Sir," replied I, "but I never play such young tricks."

day. This, however, is not the most extraordinary part of the story. His house is situated at Stamford Hill, five miles north of London, whither he never fails to return every night, after hunting, *over London-bridge*, though certain to be in Surrey again the next morning, if there is any hunting to be had. He is a very heavy man, and past the prime of life, but has the character of being an excellent sportsman, and one of long standing in this country, having, it is said, been at the first turning out of a deer before Lord Derby's hounds, twenty-seven years ago. His horses lie at Croydon; and, judging by one or two that I have seen, I may, perhaps, be allowed to say that, for once, "Hobson's choice" is a good one.

Mr. Hobson always comes in his carriage to Croydon, where he generally dines after the sport of the day, and then gets into it again, ready dressed for the drawing-room. Were it not for this economy of personal exertion, he could not go through the fatigue, as he never quits hounds till he either hears the *who-woop*, or till the last glimmering of hope has fled. This may be called an humble imitation of the method which the Earl of Darlington adopted, when he hunted his own hounds *six days in the week*. His Lordship had a change of clothes kept well aired at all the principal inns within his Hunt, to the nearest of which he always repaired after his sport was over; and putting himself into a chaise and four, ready dressed for the evening, a small field-piece at the lodge of his park announced his approach to the castle, and by the time he arrived, dinner (if ready) was upon the table.

There was a Captain Harvey also

out with these hounds, who must not be overlooked; but I understand he is chiefly a stag-hunter. He left one arm at Waterloo; but with the other, I am told, he makes a good fight over a country, and has got two very superior hunters.

A Mr. Dyer is also a conspicuous character in this Hunt. He has a good stud of horses, and gives the best prices of any man in it.

There was one other character out with these hounds which I must not pass over, as, perhaps, I may never see such another. His name is *Holt*. He appeared to have arrived at the age of man; but there was no appearance of "labour or sorrow." He looked still sound and heart-whole, and as if every muscle in his body were as tough as whipcord; and was, I hear, a very handsome fellow in his time. The moment a hound challenged on a scent, his old pulse quickened, his eye sparkled, and I was certain he had been a sportsman in his time; and I afterwards learned that he had formerly kept hounds. He now keeps a mad-house; and looks as if he had just broke loose from one himself. Reader, mark his dress, and I think you will agree with me! He had a light pepper and salt coat, over the collar of which hung his venerable tresses, which, in the language of the stable, wanted *trimming*. He wore white jean trowsers, which, with apparent difficulty, were pushed down into his boots, and these were gartered above his knees with brown leather straps and buckles. Fortunately for decency, he had breeches under them; for, as he went over, or through every thing, they were soon made an example of. All that we can say to this is, that there is no ac-

counting for tastes; but, as sportsmen, we must all admire that which brings a man a hunting at all, at an age when half the world are not even fit to talk about it. All wine, however, we are told, does not grow sour with age, neither does every man; and it was a pleasure to grow old at Lacedæmon.

I was out again twice with the Surrey hounds on the hills, which satisfied me that it was not a country for sport—if not the zero of all hunting countries. On one of the days I allude to, we hunted through an impenetrable fog, yet the hounds deserved their first fox, and had a very good run with the second. On the other day, we were in a country which bade defiance to sport; but in the intermediate time they had a run of two hours and a half, and killed their fox, and I understand it was altogether a most satisfactory thing. I was out two days with Mr. Jolliffe's hounds; but shall say nothing of them till another opportunity. The second day I missed a very good run with them (the first half hour, an errant burst, and then good hunting till they killed him), by a trick that was quite new to me, and which I hope I shall never experience again. When I got to covert, I found my horse was not there; and as it was on the high road, and I had written down the fixture, I thought nothing less than that he had dropped down dead on the road. It seems, however, that a gentleman from London told a man who kept one of the turnpike gates, to tell his servant, who was coming on a bay horse, to go back again. It so happened that my bay horse made his appearance first, and of course obeyed the order.

For some time after Mr. Ma-

berley presented the hounds to the Surrey, they had also the use of his kennel; but they have since built one on Worlingham Common, seven miles from Croydon, in a very good situation, being close to good exercising ground, and in the centre of the country, and which I rode over to see.

My chief inducement to go to the Surrey kennel, was to see the present year's entry of young hounds, consisting of seventeen couple, all their own blood; and I will do them the justice to say, that I never saw many better entries in my life. With the exception of one or two that will be too high for them, they are of the right size for the country, and with excellent legs and feet. There is one hound in the pack, called Crowner, which offends the eye; but so long as they have such hounds in their kennel as Matchless, Whimsey, Minor, Welter, Guider, Joker, and Juniper, and can breed such as Solomon and Sorcerer, they will have no reason to complain. There is also a very clever hound, called Rasper, a descendant of the Duke of Beaufort's celebrated Ragland.

The Surrey is a very young pack, not having, with two or three exceptions, any hounds in kennel of more than three years' hunting; and they adhere to the laudable plan of spaying their smaller bitches, as, by keeping them light, they can always run up with the pack. They feed with biscuit, instead of meal, giving as a reason, that the Scotch meal they buy in London makes their hounds heavy, by creating unnatural thirst; and that biscuit makes them more powerful against the hills. They give about fourteen guineas a ton for it; and that which they are now

eating, has been a voyage to Bengal.

In a former part of this letter, I observed that these hounds did not look bright in their skins, and when I got to their kennel, I accounted for it. The airing yard is not paved or bricked, so that they cannot be expected to be so; and it would cost an hundred pounds to remedy the defect, on account of its being so large. It would certainly be better for the hounds' feet, if it were done, even if the yard were curtailed one half, to lessen the expence. These hounds are much exposed to the air by day, lying under open sheds; in consequence of which, I am told, they never droop their sterns in bad weather. They have about forty-five couples of hunting hounds—none too many, I should imagine, for three days a week, in open seasons, over this flinty country.

The stables are behind the kennel; and the huntsman's house (a very comfortable one), hard by. The stables are double, which is all very well for quiet horses; and the stud consists of eight hunters, and two hacks. They are horses of good substance, and of a right stamp to carry servants to hounds. One that the huntsman rides is a roarer; but he says, now he knows how to ride him, it does not stop him. As far as I could judge of him in the stable, I was much pleased with the appearance of a crooked-legged horse, called Pigeon; and there were two other clever chesnut horses, looking very fit to go.

The huntsman to these hounds (as does Mr. Jolliffe's) uses the bugle horn, which is new to me in the field. There is something either military, coaching, or showman-like about it, which offends

my ear, and has more to do with—

"Now, gentlemen, the coach is ready," or, "Walk in gentlemen, and ladies and see the lions," than with getting hounds together, or making them fly to a scent; though, by the bye, Dr. Johnson calls a hunting horn, "a horn to cheer hounds," and no one can dispute such high authority, particularly as the Doctor was *once* in his life a hunting. There is only one whipper-in with this pack; but Surrey is a country, above all others, where Mungo has a bad chance of being here and there and every where at the same time.

I have no idea what the amount of the subscription to these hounds is; but I should imagine their expences are not great, though their stopping must be heavy, to do it well; and Tom told me their poultry bills were considerable. Here, however, there is generally some *foul* play, and many a good goose gets well stuffed with sage and onions, after a fox has killed her. Mischief, however, will occur in a country so full of foxes as Surrey.

Wishing to see these hounds in the vale, I met them on the 22d at Godstone; and here they fully answered my expectations. We were hallooed away to a fox, that had not waited to be found, but which we soon got upon terms with, and, after half an hour's very difficult hunting, we got up to him, and ran him twenty-five minutes without a check, and killed him. Just before they "set to" to run, these hounds made one of the finest natural casts that I ever witnessed in my life, and which I observed to some of the field at the time. Not finding their scent, they returned, without a word being said, to their line, where they immediately re-

covered their fox, and never stopped afterwards. The country we went over was very much enclosed; but never having been out of the same field with the hounds, I had a good opportunity of observing them, and thought they meant to kill him. They topped their fences, and flew to the head in such a manner, as convinced me that a fox must be a good one that could live long before them *with a scent*, and had it in this instance enabled us to have gone one turn faster than we did, the last quarter of an hour would have been faultless. I got a fall two fields before we killed him, at a brook, by the opposite bank giving way; and had not the next man to me (one of the Surrey) gone into it, his horse would have just landed upon mine.

In one of my letters, either on riding to hounds, or on Leicestershire, alluding to the accident I saw happen to Mr. Osbaldeston, I ventured to observe, that no man should ride at a fence—particularly a brook—till he sees the one who has gone before him, not only over it, but *away from it*; for a horse may fall after he has cleared his fence, as mine did in this instance, from the bank breaking under him. Two winters ago, with Mr. Mytton's hounds, I got three falls in one run, two of which were after my horse had cleared the fences I rode at; but (I am sorry to confess) was unable, from distress, to support himself on the other side, and of course I declined pressing him any further.

In this short, but sharp thing, Tom Hills rode very close to his hounds, and Freeman was always in his place. The latter rode Pigeon, and I could not help cracking a commandment, by wishing that he were in my stable. This

was the first day that Tom hunted them since his illness, and many thought that he looked lighter and better for the typhus. In consideration of his good conduct, and having some young cubs to provide for, a subscription was made to pay the doctor who cured him, confined, of course, to the gentlemen of the Hunt, and some of those who constantly attend it. Among the latter is a sporting pawnbroker, who, I am told, is well horsed; but all that could be got from him, when applied to for his sovereign, was, *a pledge* that he would take it into consideration.

On the day alluded to, there was a larger and better sort of field than I had previously seen with these hounds, and I observed a few going well. Among these were Mr. Entwistle, and Mr. Coles (on a clever brown horse, and looking like a workman), and one or two more whom I did not know. Mr. Haines, also, who keeps livery stables in Riding-house-lane, Portland-place, which I have frequently used, appeared in the front, on a quick little chesnut. Having an engagement that evening at a distance, I could not stay for their second fox, which I understand they killed after some slow good hunting, and had a very sharp burst with another, which jumped up before the hounds out of a hedge-row, as they were going home.

I understand that it is the intention of the members of the Surrey hounds in future not to advertise their fixtures, which by some is considered as not being a popular measure. Their reason for it is, that their being known in London, brings down a certain description of persons whom they do not wish to see, and who commit wanton damage to the country.

Fixtures, however, *will be known*. The Duke of Beaufort and Sir Thomas Mostyn do not advertise theirs, giving, it is said, as a reason, that they do not wish *all* the Oxford men to know; but no sooner is a fixture made, than they hear it as certain as they hear *great Tom*.

I now take my leave of the Surrey hounds, wishing them good sport, to which they would be well entitled, if they had a second whipper-in, and a better country.

THE SANDERSTEAD, AND MR. MEAGER'S HARRIERS.

"A wild fox, and a fine morning," and "the merry harriers," afterwards, have long been bumper toasts at Sportsman's Hall; and when "in the sparkling goblet laughs the wine," have helped to make many an old man young, and many a young man old. The first is a thesis for the *Epipœia*; and there is something particularly soothing to the spirits in the last. The sentiment is intimately associated with a good appetite for dinner, and a good digestion after it; and, as has been so elegantly observed of hare-hunting, "this pleasing pastime has the laudable end of preserving health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders." Partly with this impression, and partly to gratify my eye, I went to see two celebrated packs of harriers which have long been kept in the county of Surrey.

The first of these packs is known by the name of *The blue-mottled, or Sanderstead hounds*, and is the one which is advertised in the London papers as meeting three times a week at the kennel. These hounds are kept by subscription, but are the property of Mr. Samuel Cannons, who has kept and hunted them for

forty years. He is now descending into the vale of life; but is the picture of health—not appearing to have a care in the world—and has the reputation of being an excellent hare-hunter.

I was much pleased with the appearance of this pack, as preserving the real character of the harrier. They are strictly confined to colour, *the blue mottled*, or "ticked," as it is often called—a colour said to be characteristic of hunting a low scent. They appeared to be about seventeen inches high, "with ears that sweep away the morning dew," and very well matched in size. By an expression that fell from their huntsman, I should also think they were equally well matched in chase. "Your hounds run well together, I dare say, Mr. Cannon," said I, in the expectation of a good answer. "I endeavour to make them do so, Sir," was his reply: "I follow the advice of the old Earl of Egmont, and Sir John Gresham. I top 'em, and tail 'em. Some people will say—There is a clever hound for you—he *can fly*! but if all the rest can't fly, his wings had better be clipped, so I draft him as I would a slow one." I wanted nothing more to convince me that nature had not forgotten to put some brains into the old huntsman's head; for the perfection of *harriers* is, to run well together.

On the first day that I went out with these hounds, we ran a hare six miles an end. It was a very foggy day, and it so happened that only three of us were so fortunate as to get away, and in consequence of puss putting her head so straight, and the thickness of the fog, the rest of the field never came up at all. For want of old Sam, however, we did not kill her,

having changed for a fresh one, in a gentleman's plantation, but I do not recollect having ever seen harriers go so straight through a rough country before; so much so, that at one time I thought we had found a fox.

As every day affords a lesson to those who are disposed to learn, so this was no blank to me. I saw one more instance of the misery—I may add cruelty—of riding horses with hounds that are not in condition to go. A tradesman from London, on a clever horse, was with us; but so distressed was he with this bit of a gallop, that he never recovered his wind till he had got several miles on his road home, and shewed every symptom of being beat. I was amused at his rider telling me he could not think why he could not get him over a small stile in the run, as he would leap the top hole of the bar in the ride, at the stables where he stood. "Ah, Sir!" said I, "but there are no Surrey hills in that ride."

I was out one other day with the "blue mottles," when old Sam convinced me that he was something of the same kidney with the currier in the fable, who would have it there was "*nothing like leather*." We had an indifferent scent, and could not hunt our hare. "There was a good scent yesterday with Lord Derby," said I. "Oh!" replied Sam, "they have *always* a scent: take all the cur dogs in the town, and they will do well enough for a deer." Little, perhaps, did the old gentleman think that, when he "gave his tongue" so freely, his words would so soon be "on the file;" but the anecdote is amusing, and I leave the man who speaks his mind.

It often happens that large fields

of horsemen attend these hounds, and in general they have good sport. A boy to whip in to them would be a great improvement, as they are rather inclined to be slack. Their kennel is within three miles of Croydon.

There is another pack of harriers kept within a mile of this town, which an admirer of hare-hunting would ride a long way to see. They are kept at the sole expence of their owner, Mr. Meager, who has had them for twenty years, and turns them out in very good style. He hunts them himself, but is assisted by a whipper-in who knows his business well; but, if I may hazard a pun on the occasion, there is nothing *meagre* about them—hounds, horses, and *men*, appearing to be all well fed, and well up to the mark.

Mr. Meager is an excellent farmer, as well as an excellent sportsman, and is said to be the best judge of a sheep and a harrier anywhere in these parts—paying equal attention to the breeding of each. Although in possession of very considerable landed property, he classes himself with the yeomanry of the county. This was the man, however, whom a monarch envied, as enjoying life without being a slave to its formalities; and who is often happier than his more wealthy neighbour, who leaves nature behind him when he dismounts his horse, and has his part to act for the rest of the day. The former calls for his slippers and his dinner, as soon as he comes home, and if (which is rare) no one partakes of his hospitality for the evening, he can snore in his chair, whilst his daughter plays, "Those evening bells," or some other of Moore's Melodies, on her piano. He retires to rest at an early hour, and is

called by the crowing of the cock, fresh for the occupations of the coming day.

I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Meager's pack is perfect, and affords ample proof of the great pains he has bestowed upon it. There is no affectation of the fox-hound; but, like his sheep, his harriers are of pure blood, and exactly what they should be—full of power, fast enough to kill any hare, and in beautiful condition; and, I am told, are never known to tire with the best day's sport of the season.

Mr. Meager is very sanguine to shew sport, and from the nature of his fields (so near to London) now and then exerts the prerogative of *major domo*, with effect. He once or twice reminded me of the Captain of a frigate who tried to command his crew without the aid of swearing. "Put that light out!" said the Captain one night to his boatswain, but it was not done. "D—n your eyes, you —, douse the glim!" said he, and the light was out in a moment. Mr. Meager, however, was very polite to me in answering a few questions relating to his hounds, and mentioned one circumstance worthy of notice. He shewed me what he considered one of the best hounds in his pack, but from whom he could never breed any thing worth entering, even by his very best bitches; whereas from his own sister, he never bred a bad one.

A mere retailer of facts is said to be only fit to give evidence on a trial, therefore I must be allowed an anecdote or two as I proceed. Mr. Meager, I observed, is a great farmer, and having a good eye to business as well as to hounds, never loses an opportunity of transacting it to advantage. Being one day in the act of capping a favourite hound

to a very ticklish scent in a road, and anxious to recover his hare, a man stood by him who had some manure to sell, when the following interlude took place:—

"Yo-doit Nancy!"—"Have you sold that dung?"

"No Sir," said John.

"Yo-doit Nancy, good bitch!"—

"What do you ask a load?"

"Three shillings, Sir," said John.

"Yo-doit Nancy—have at her, good bitch!"—"I'll give you half-a-crown."

"I can't take it, Sir."

"Go and be d—d, then!"—

"Yo-doit Nancy, good bitch! She's got it, by G—d!—Hark to Nancy, hark!"

MR. MORTON'S STABLES.

There is one thing connected with Surrey hunting which must not pass unnoticed, for the sake of those who never heard of it before; and that is, the hunting stables at the Derby Arms, in Croydon, kept for years by that well-known and vermin old sportsman, CHARLES MORTON, and where, with great truth may be said, there is excellent entertainment for man and horse. The stables, all of which were built by Mr. C. Morton, contain forty-two stalls, and eight boxes, and in which some horses have stood for seven or eight seasons in succession. This is the only place, within my knowledge, where gentlemen can trust their horses all the year round without their own servants, and where they are got into excellent condition under Mr. Morton's own eye, as also under the care of a groom whom I knew when living with a very hard rider in Leicestershire, and who knows his business well. Here the gentlemen from London who hunt in this county, either keep their horses al-

together, or send them over-night, and themselves come down in the morning to breakfast, which is prepared for them in the most comfortable style in a room appropriated to the purpose, and which is so appropriate, that I shall devote a few lines to the description of it. This, however, I must defer to another opportunity.

NIMROD.

November 25, 1823.

REMARKS on the SPORTS of the
FIELD on the CONTINENT.

"Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole de-
light." SOMERVILLE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IT is a fact, Mr. Editor, that we are occasionally placed in situations of "*calm contemplation*" and "*poetic ease*," where we lose, in the most delightful reveries, or "waking dreams," almost a knowledge of our own existence; and at such moments, according to the nature of the place where we repose, our ideas and fancies fashion themselves. I myself enjoyed this blissful trance about six weeks ago, in the delightful and magnificent forest scenery of the Ardennes. The day was one of the finest, for the season of the year, I ever remembered. The hanging banks of forest trees and stunted copse were still pretty full in leaf, though exhibiting their chequered hues of every shade of colour. Nature, indeed, here shone out "all beauteous in decay." The sky was sombre, but serene; no dark lowering or portentous clouds intruded themselves on the modest grey tint that pervaded the horizon. The scenery around me brought strongly to my mind the past exploits of past days—"the deeds of days of other years."

I cast back my mind to the days of earlier youth, when, 'mid such scenes, I had, in company with the youth of my time, enjoyed the cheering "cry of the hounds." I gave way to imagination: I yielded up the reins to my fancy. The enlivening scene embodied itself, as it were, before me. I pictured, "*in my mind's eye*," that animating and inspiring crisis, when the fox is found!!! I saw groups of dashing sportsmen appearing on the summits of the chequered coppes. I thought I saw the jolly hounds, in their various mottled hues, dashing through the furze, and pushing before them their wily prey, until he reached the limits of his leafy abode, which was now no longer safe for him to tarry in. The triumphal shout that announces his "*Break*" rung now on my ear—the glorious crash on leaving the cover, resounded through the wood. The sound soon died away. 'Twas finished! I awoke from my dream, and exclaimed, with my favourite Somerville—"Hear and attend, whilst I those joys reveal:" "for the weak too strong"—"too costly for the poor!"

To descend from my Pegasus, Mr. Editor, which is too lame a jade to carry me any further, and indulge in a few remarks I have made on the sports of the field on the Continent—I shall begin by observing, that nothing is more striking on that head, than the expence of hunting on the Continent, when compared with the like diversion in old England. In the Low Countries, or Belgium, where I have been travelling lately, I have made it my object to converse with the amateurs of the *chasse*, which are a numerous body there. Packs of hounds are kept, but 'tis done by a number of

gentlemen, and gentlemen farmers, who each have a draft of dogs at their *chateau*, or farm; and when a *chasse* is determined on, they meet together at a fixed rendezvous, and club their united *chiens*, "*pour forcer le lièvre, le sanglier, ou le loup*." They have another term, which they call "*tracker*:" this is done by having out nearly fifty or sixty people, who "*drive*" the "*woods*;" and the "*Messieurs les chasseurs*" play "*pang, pang*," indiscriminately at every thing they see. The result of all inquiries relative to the expence of such an arrangement is, that they perform to their satisfaction here for *shillings*, what we *don't* do in England for *pounds*. How often have I seen, from the window of my hotel, ride into the yard, a shabby, vulgar-looking personage, mounted on a thick, stumpy, punch horse, and followed by a half-starved greyhound-looking cur; holsters at his saddle bow, and a large pipe of "*coom du mer*" hanging from his mouth; and, on inquiry at the "*garçon du table*" who this comer might be, been informed that he was the Baron de —; that he was a "*très fort chasseur, et très riche*," and that his *chateau* lay in the middle of some monstrous forest, ten leagues at least from any civilized place! On a nearer view of this "*mighty hunter*," I perceived he was habited in an old threadbare sort of shooting-jacket, with plated buttons, bearing on them impressions of all the different animals of the chase, and accoutrements of the field; on his head, an enormous casquet, or *foraging* cap; and old military overalls, and black rusty screw spurs, forming the under part of his costume. I have generally re-

marked, that the nobility and gentry go about accoutred in some cherished remains of their campaigns under their old favourite, Napoleon—with *this* difference, that *they*, like "*the mighty Nimrod*," now *make war on "beasts."*

As to the quantity of game in this part of the Continent, the accounts I have received have differed almost with every person I have conversed with. In Germany, we have often read of the enormous slaughters that have been committed there; but I can only say, I have made inquiries of several Germans whom I have met with in this country, and from their accounts I could gather nothing that could lead me to conclude that game existed in the quantity we have read of. The game in this country they divide into two classes: they have the "*gros*" and the "*petit gibier*." The *gros* includes the wild boar, the red deer (which are of a very large size), and the *chevreuil*, which is much the same as our roebuck of the Highlands of Scotland. In addition to these there is wolf, which does not come under the denomination of "*gibier*," no more than does *reynard* with us, as they are animals of prey.

The wild boar, or *sanglier*, is pursued with a sort of dog resembling the English mastiff; but he stands higher, he is *looser* made, and his head is enormous. There are commonly six or eight of them made use of; and though they are not possessed of the sterling courage and "*vermin*" game of our bull-dog or mastiff, yet they are, by their weight and strength (when their efforts are united), very formidable opponents. The grand difference between this breed of dogs and our real thoroughbred mastiff is, that, *singly* pitted

against a formidable antagonist, and once severely handled, they would "turn tail" immediately; whilst our mastiff, on the contrary, does not know fear, as we have a prominent instance of, in the attack made by one ("sua sponie") on the lioness which had broke from the caravan of wild beasts (I forget in what town), and which dog fell a victim immediately to his intrepidity.

To proceed to another part of my remarks on the *chasse* here, I have to mention, that the different proprietors of land, and who are amateurs of sport, are in a constant warfare with one another, and with the farmers. If, in the course of a chase, the dogs of one hunter pursue their game (in the open arable part of the country) on the lands of another, they are generally shot by the owner. This produces a law-suit of a double nature, being by the one for an assault on his dogs, and by the other, for a trespass on his grounds.

Greyhounds are everywhere proscribed: any body may shoot at one that pleases, as they are considered as an appendage entirely of a *braconnier*, or *poacher*. I am acquainted, however, with two or three Belgian gentlemen, whose studs and dogs are entirely *English*, and kept in very good order; and those gentlemen have greyhounds, or "*levriers*" (as they are called), and when they course, 'tis on ground which belongs to themselves and their friends; and in that case the poor *long-tails* run no risk of a "*coup du fusée*."

There are exceptions everywhere; and although here (generally speaking) the *chasseurs* appear to us to do "*the trick*" in a very uncouth and savage manner, still there are those who have, by dint of money,

and occasional drafts from old England of horses, dogs, and grooms, brought their *equipage* to a very superior pitch of excellence. The neighbourhood of Spa, Verviers, and Aix, teems with sporting young men, who are equally devoted to the delights of the *field* and the *course*; and whose "*turn out*" forms a strong contrast with the *aboriginal* retinue of a *Continental Nimrod*. Next year they are to have races at Brussels, Spa, and Aix la Chapelle, and good sport is expected.

In my walks through the different stables of those sportsmen at whom I have slightly hinted, I have found several thorough-bred mares and stallions. This shews, in a striking manner, the *liberality*, as well as *indifference*, of John Bull, to whether his neighbours profit by him or not; and the contrast is also very striking in favour of the last-mentioned *worthy* gentleman, to the discredit of the *Mounseers*, who, when they get an *English mare* into their country, set their *veto* to her leaving it again.

Ere I close this dull paper, Mr. Editor, I will give you a laughable anecdote regarding the value set on *pot-hunting* by the foreigners in general, in preference to the pursuit of those animals which are not *eatable* after they are taken. I was told by an Englishman, that, when living in the town of Stuttgart, he occasionally joined the chase of a neighbouring Baron, who kept a good pack of English fox-hounds and an English huntsman, and that they had very good runs now and then. One evening, on his return from a day's sport, he was met by a French resident of his acquaintance, who asked him what he had been hunting? My friend answered, "A fox! and we killed

him after a *charming run* of two hours and a quarter." "*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Monsieur: "he must be worth while to catch, when you take so much trouble. *Est il bon pour un preandau?*" My friend's risible faculties being much excited, he had nothing for it but to put spurs to his horse, and bade him *bon soir*—as I now do you, Mr. Editor, and remain, yours always,

VAGUS.

Brussels, November 10, 1823.

N. B. I hope to be able, on quitting this country, to give you a description of a boar-chase.

For the Sporting Magazine.

AMESBURY COURSING MEETING, 1823.

THIS Meeting was numerously attended, and the sport was finer than ever remembered. The hares ran very stout, and the dogs were very good. *Marquess* and *Blast*, the two last in for the Cup, are matched to run again, the course not being satisfactory to the parties. Mr. Mills is the owner of *Marquess*, and Mr. Biggs, of *Blast*.

FIRST DAY, NOVEMBER 18.

For the Puppy Cup.—Mr. Northey's blk. and w. d. Newcomb, beat Mr. S. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. Harold; Mr. Mills's blk. d. *Marquess*, beat Mr. Pettatt's blk. d. *Pantaloon*; Mr. Wyndham's fawn d. *Wrestler*, beat Mr. Jones Long's bl. d. *Lopez*; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. *Blast*, beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's bl. d. *Valentine*; Mr. Briscall's red b. *Branda*, beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. *Vapour*; Mr. Alex. Wyndham's blk. b. *Winifred*, beat Mr. Bayley's blk. d. *Bonassus*; Mr. Pettatt's w. b. *Poll*, beat Mr. Briscall's red d. *Burgundy*; Mr. Jones Long's yel. b. *Lerida*, beat Mr. Bayley's blk. and w. b. *Bounty*.

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Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Pettatt's blk. d. *Pillager*, beat Mr. Northey's fawn b. *Nankeen*; Mr. J. H. Vivian's red d. *Vig*, beat Mr. S. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. *Hawthorn*; Mr. Briscall's blk. and w. b. *Breeze*, beat Mr. Bayley's blk. and w. d. *Rubens*; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. *Brazil*, beat Sir H. Vivian's bl. and w. d. *Veto*.

Matches.—Mr. Pettatt's *Plunder*, beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's *Vampyre*; Mr. Northey's *Nathan*, beat Mr. Biggs's *Bertha*; Mr. Biggs's *Burleigh*, beat Mr. S. Heathcote's *Holbein*; Mr. Pettatt's *Pickle*, beat Mr. Mills's *Match*; Mr. Briscall's *Barsac*, beat Mr. Mills's *Major*; Mr. Briscall's *Belinda*, and Mr. Mills's *Myrtle*—undecided; Mr. Briscall's *Black Cap*, beat Sir H. Vivian's *Velox*; Sir H. Vivian's *Vanguard*, beat Mr. Northey's *Nisus*.

SECOND DAY, NOVEMBER 19.

First Ties for the Cup.—*Brenda* beat *Lerida*—*Blast* beat *Poll*—*Marquess* beat *Wrestler*—*Newcomb* beat *Winifred*.

First Ties for the Stonehenge Stakes.—*Pillager* beat *Brazil*; two hares—*Breeze* beat *Vig*.

Figheledean Stakes.—Mr. Pettatt's blk. b. *Pigeon*, beat Mr. Briscall's red and w. b. *Belinda*; Mr. S. Heathcote's blk. b. *Hoyden*, beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. *Vulcan*.

Tidworth Stakes.—Sir H. Vivian's *Vanguard*, beat Mr. S. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. *Hawthorn*; Mr. Jones Long's blk. d. *Lancer*, beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. *Wildfire*.

Matches.—Mr. J. H. Vivian's *Vaulter*, beat Mr. Bayley's *Bounty*; Mr. Biggs's *Bertram*, beat Mr. Northey's *Nectar*; Mr. Pettatt's *Prattle*, beat Mr. Jones Long's *Lute*; Mr. Jones Long's *Lemon*.

Q

tile, beat Mr. Northey's Needle ; Mr. Biggs's Burleigh, beat Mr. Northey's Negro ; Mr. Northey's Nisus, beat Mr. Jones Long's Loadstone ; Mr. Bayley's Rubens, and Mr. J. H. Vivian's Valiant—undecided ; Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vampyre, beat Mr. Bayley's Bonassus ; Mr. Pettatt's Peach, beat Lord Arundell's Alfred ; Lord Arundell's Arthur, beat Mr. Bayley's Bounty.

THIRD DAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Second Ties for the Cup.—Blast beat Newcomb—Marquess beat Branda.

Breeze beat Pillager, and won the *Stonehenge Stakes*.

Pigeon beat Mr. S. Heathcote's Hoyden, and won the *Figheledean Stakes*.

Vanguard beat Lancer, and won the *Tidworth Stakes*.

Matches.—Sir H. Vivian's Vite, beat Mr. Mills's Myrtle ; Mr. Jones Long's Lounger, beat Mr. Briscall's Black Cap ; Sir Hussey Vivian's Vapour, beat Mr. Pettatt's Pickle ; Mr. Pettatt's Plunder, beat Sir H. Vivian's Velopede ; Sir H. Vivian's Vulture, beat Mr. Mills's Major ; Mr. Mills's Mary, beat Sir H. Vivian's Volage ; Mr. Jones Long's Lax, beat Sir H. Vivian's Velox ; Mr. Pettatt's Pantaloon, beat Mr. Jones Long's Lopez ; Mr. Mills's Match, and Mr. Northey's Nathan—undecided ; Mr. Northey's Novice, beat Mr. Jones Long's Locust ; Mr. Jones Long's Loadstone, beat Mr. Northey's Nisus.

FOURTH DAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Mr. Biggs's *Blast*, beat Mr. Mills's Marquess, and won the *Cup*—Marquess, the *Guineas*.

Matches.—Sir H. Vivian's Volage, beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vampyre ; Sir H. Vivian's Velo-

cipede, beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vaulter ; Mr. J. H. Vivian's Valentine, beat Mr. Bayley's Ranter ; Sir H. Vivian's Vaunter, beat Mr. Northey's Newport ; Mr. Mills's Mary, beat Mr. Northey's Nimble ; Mr. Northey's Noodle, beat Mr. Mills's Major ; Mr. Northey's Nerissa, beat Mr. Biggs's Blue Bell ; Mr. Briscall's Bourdeaux, beat Mr. S. Heathcote's Hawthorn.

Post Matches.—Mr. Mills's Myrtle, beat Mr. Phelps's Swap ; Mr. Northey's Nectar, beat Mr. Phelps's Playful ; Mr. Northey's Negro, beat Mr. Phelps's Rocket ; Mr. Phelps's Pelter, beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vig ; Mr. Biggs's Brazil, beat Mr. Phelps's Plaster.

N. B. The next Meeting will be the 16th of February.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

LORD RIVERS.
LORD MAYNARD.
LORD ARUNDELL.
LORD LISLE.
SIR JOHN HAWKINS.
SIR HENRY LIPPINCOTT.
SIR HUSSEY VIVIAN.
MR. NORTHEY, M. P.
MR. WADHAM WYNDHAM, M. P.
MR. BAKER, M. P.
MR. WYNDHAM.
MR. S. HEATHCOTE.
MR. BIGGS.
MR. BRISCALL.
MR. JONES LONG.
MR. DYSON.
MR. MOFFATT MILLS.
MR. J. H. VIVIAN.
MR. CAPEL.
MR. PETTATT.
MR. ALEX. WYNDHAM.
MR. BUCK.
MR. BAYLEY.
MR. TYNTE, jun.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

MR. ASHTON SMITH, and
MR. DYKE POOR.

**ASHDOWN PARK COURSING
MEETING — MAGNUS TROIL
AND ARACHNE.**

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

HAVING been for many years in the habit of attending the several coursing meetings in this and the neighbouring counties, more particularly that at Ashdown Park, I was a little surprised, in reading the account of the last November Meeting in your Magazine, to observe a comment on the circumstance of Dr. Merrick's Magnus Troil having beaten Mr. Palmer's Arachne, "*the winner of the last February Cup.*"

This remark, I think, might as well have been spared, for the credit of Magnus Troil, who must have been a bad one indeed, had he not beaten her under existing circumstances. The bitch was at heat early in September, and would, had she been warded, have produced puppies at the very time of the coursing meeting; and I believe coursers of much less experience than myself are well aware, that, under those circumstances, a good sheep-dog will beat the best greyhound. I presume the fact of her having been at heat was not known to her owner, or I am sure she would not have made her appearance at the meeting.—I remain,

SIR, AN OLD COURSER.
Hungerford, December 5, 1823.

For the Sporting Magazine.

**DIALOGUE between a SPORTSMAN
and a GAMEKEEPER.**

*Scene, a Cover on the Outskirts of
a Manor.*

SPORTSMAN. His Lordship's property commences at this coppice, I presume?

Keeper. Ees.

Sport. Then I must go no farther this way?

Keeper. No one, gentle or simple, is allowed to pass this fence; so keep off, if you please.

Sport. I have had poor sport this morning.

Keeper. You have had shots enow, then: I have pretty good ears upon occasion.

Sport. His Lordship is not in the country, I understand?

Keeper. His Lordship is in his skin, I suppose: no dispreese.*

Sport. And have you the sole management and care of the game here?

Keeper. I have had the care of it, cold and hot, wet and dry, early and late, any how, twenty years come Candlemas.

Sport. (*Aside.*) And without taking a shilling above your wages, I suppose? Is there much game in this cover?

Keeper. That is as may be.—(*Aside.* He do look like a gentleman—he may be one of the right sort.)—Hares are pretty plenty; as to pheasants, my Lord never had so many in this, and the adjoining covers, ever since this was his manor.

Sport. I would give something even for a sight only of some of these birds. (*Advancing.*) There's no treason, I suppose, in getting over this hedge?

Keeper. The thorns, Sir, will find their way through your leggings: there's a stile just below you.

Sport. (*Gives the Keeper money.*) Well, suppose we couple up the dogs, and try to find a pheasant sitting.

Keeper. I don't see any harm in that, Sir: so this way, if you please,

* No offence, he means.

Sir, and I will lead your dogs. Turn to your left hand, Sir, down that slope, till you come to a patch of hazel cover taller than the rest: no less than ten pheasants did I there reckon on the perch, in the drizzling of the morning.

Sport. (Returning.) Well, there is a sight indeed!—(*Gives the Keeper more money.*)

Keeper. (Bowing.) In the lower part of the other coppices, your Honour, these birds are as plenty as here. Can your Honour be pleased to tell me the hour of the day?

Sport. (Taking out his watch.) Why, it is about twelve. Yes, as near mid-day as possible.

Keeper. Odsol! I ought to be miles hence—quite on the other side of the manor—by this time. I have told your Honour his Lordship's orders. His Lordship is very strict; and poor sarvants, your Honour, must do their duty, and take care of their places. Good morning, Sir: good morning, your Honour.

Sport. (Looking in the Keeper's face at parting.) Ah! what scar is that over your left eye? I did not notice it before.

Keeper. A scratch, a scratch, your Honour!

Sport. A scratch do you call it! Why it looks like a full-swoop cut of a sabre. What, have the poachers been mauling you?

Keeper. No, your Honour; only a cut in love and friendship, as a body may say, in a bout at "single stick," or "backsword," as you gentry calls it.

Sport. With whom, pray?

Keeper. Why, some of those "Somershire" gamesters, as "Wall," "Stone," and "Burns," your Honour. I played with all of them, at a grand match, not long since,

and I got so best about the head, notwithstanding I told you "*I had pretty good ears on occasion,*" that I can hear nothing at any distance; neither would the report of your gun reach my ears once in fifty firings, at a hundred paces from me; and so good morning, your Honour.

Sport. (Aside.) And so, ha! ha! Good morning, "*Keeper,*" and now I may say grace as soon as I please.

AMANUENSIS.

PISCATORY CHIT CHAT.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN concluding my last letter, I promised to return to the subject of punts, and their managers; but in so doing, it is really not my wish to do any injury to a class of men who are certainly very industrious, *in their way*; and it is very true, that, for the money they receive of the gullible cockney, they do all his dirty work—they save him the trouble of kneading clay, and bran, and graves, and what not, together into lumps, for the purpose of enticing the barbel and other finny folks to the hole where they have fixed their customer; and for the pretenders to the art—your true, lazy, clean-fingered fishermen—they will even bait the hook, and take off the fish, *when they get any*. You may now and then see these dandy anglers in their black kid gloves, white trowsers, and *all that sort of thing*; but to a keen sportsman it is a hateful sight, and he would feel half inclined to throw him in along with *the other lumps*, for ground bait.

But to return to the punt-proprietors, and their servants. As

great an objection to these men as any, arises from a certain talent they possess—hereditary, one would think—of *embellishing*, or drawing the long bow, or, as it suits my subject better, *throwing a long line*. They have even earned for their respective towns and villages, from this quality, a *name*. For instance: *romancing* Richmond; *twanging* Teddington; *deceiving* Ditton; *sharping* Shepperton; *lying* Laleham; *bragging* Brentford; *fibbing* Fulham; and so on. Not, indeed, that the townspeople in general of those places would perhaps immediately recognise them by such names; and it must therefore be understood, that these are the names given them by divers disappointed fishers, who doubtless have good reasons, in their own estimation, for so christening them. Indeed, this habit is very apt to extend itself to the publicans and innkeepers also, who are not unfrequently in Co. with the owners of the *punt fleet*; for if any traveller should ask if they have good fishing thereabouts, the reply is, invariably, "Oh, capital!" though their visitors frequently go away as *fishless* at night as they arrived there in the morning.

Your true *Jeremy Diddler* of a punter is a complete adept in the renowned science of humbugging: they can discover lots of fish in the deeps, and under the weeds, which no eye but theirs can see, and this, indeed, at periods of the year when it is notorious that the fish are not likely to be there; and as for pity and commiseration, they are full of them, as in duty bound, when an angler has bad sport. And with these qualities they possess another delightful one—that of consolation. Who can console a cockney so well as a *punter*? No one. And then,

too, he is the most *reasonable* man in the world. At all events, he is never without a *good* reason for *bad* sport: the water is either too high or too low, too thick or too fine; the stream too strong, or not strong enough; it is not the right time of tide; the wind is in *this* or *that* quarter, when the fish never bite (and this is curious, too—for the cold wind, which gives all the rest of the world an appetite, takes away that of the finny tribes entirely.) Thus, then, your punter is the most *reasonable* man alive, except in his charges, and his too frequent dissatisfaction. This last quality belongs more especially to the journeyman punters: your boiled beef is never so good, to their thinking, as some they have *corned* themselves, and they will not scruple to tell you so; your porter or ale, if brought from London, has got flat with shaking about in the stone bottle, and is not fit to hold a candle to that at the Bell, or the King's Head; your bread and cheese may be passable, but it is dried by the sun and winds; and thus they eat, and drink, and grumble, till the sun is civil enough to set, and relieve them from their *toil*, when, if you do not *stand tip*, besides your regular charge for the punt, &c. they will hardly condescend to hand your rods and baskets out for you, and look as black as the Bear, in Piccadilly; and if by great good luck you have had decent sport, they will (as if it was through their means) growl something, as you walk away, about seeing you *blest* another time, before they will put you in so good a place.

Another excellent joke of these men is, that of endeavouring to persuade the disappointed angler, in summer time, that the fish *then*

live upon nothing but weeds. That *some* fish, in *some* seasons, eat *some* sort of weeds, may be true; but when it suits them, they insist that they eat nothing else, and that you may as well offer them half-a-crown to bite, as a brandling, a gentle, or a bit of paste. Like a horse in spring, *green meat* is their favourite repast. But, although they will assert this thing, I never remember to have heard of their advising an angler to bait his hook with any of the various sorts of weeds to be found in the river.

So much for punters! I certainly neither admire them nor their flat-bottomed boats; and yet, as there is no rule without an exception (except, indeed, that of the U following the Q invariably), there are doubtless some amongst the fraternity who are many shades lighter than such as I have been speaking of.

I had intended to say something in this letter respecting the scarcity of fish in the river Thames, but I shall postpone it, as I have had some youthful recollections awakened by a letter in your last Number, signed, A SPORTING TRADESMAN, relative to the river Loddon—that *Simon Pure* of waters; though I have been more used to it on the direct road from London to Reading, at and about the village of Twyford, than at the spot he mentions, which (though he does not say so) must be on what is called the Forest road to Reading, and is, as he very properly says, the pleasantest road for an equestrian traveller. I think he is misinformed, as to its “passing through a considerable portion of the richest parts of Hampshire and Surrey;” but as to its “feeding some very valuable mills in its course,” I can bear ample testi-

mony. I have always been given to understand that the Loddon had its rise somewhere near Oakingham, or Wokingham, in Berkshire; and I never in my reading found it mentioned as one of the rivers of either Surrey or Hampshire: but this is not very material, any more than its emptying itself near Henley, which is on the opposite shore of the Thames, in Oxfordshire, and, as far as I remember, considerably lower down that stream than where the Loddon is disembogued, which I always thought to be near Sunning, and between that place and Wargrave. I do not recollect Shiplick by name; but as I never was at the spot where it enters the Thames, though I have fished down the Loddon till I have been pretty near it, still I do not mean to say there is no such place, but only that it cannot be very near Henley.

Some twenty years ago I had a particular friend at Hare Hatch, now no more, whom I frequently visited, and of course never without my rods, &c.; and scarcely a day passed over my head during these visits, without my trudging to the Loddon, which was about two miles distant. At Twyford, if I remember right, there are five bridges, over different branches (large and small) of this stream; some of them being very narrow, and principally contrived for the purpose of irrigating the osier grounds, of which there are several, the *old trade of basket-making* being the principal manufactory of Twyford. There was also, at the time I speak of, a valuable silk-mill, belonging to a Mr. Billings. About a mile and half above this place the water is exceedingly deep, and covered with water lilies, and has, I believe, fine carp in

it there, though I never could get hold of one of the sly rogues. This is near a mansion called, I think, Hurst Lodge; but I speak only from memory. Between this and the silk-mill, is a small paper-mill, in an outer shed of which I very well remember taking shelter once from a tremendous thunder-storm, amongst a quantity of woollen rags, from whence I was invited by the proprietor into the mill itself—"For," said he, "you will be covered with fleas, if you stand amongst those *London-gathered* rags!" I of course accepted his offer, and was amused with part of the process of paper-making, as well as sheltered from the storm.

Your correspondent has only mentioned jack and roach; but, of this river, Pope's lines may be quoted, which were written, indeed, as applying to the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest, excepting, indeed, the trout, for I am not aware of its being a tenant of the Loddon:—

"Our plenteous streams a various race supply:

The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;

The yellow carp, with scales bedropp'd with gold;

Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains."

But in this enumeration he has forgotten his namesake, the *pope*, as also the dace, the gudgeon, the bleak, that variety of the roach, the rudd, and the chub, the latter of which are taken of great size in the Loddon: I have caught very large ones in the back water of the paper-mill before mentioned, with paste, even as late as the month of March. Indeed, I do not know another river, within the same distance of London, that affords so much sport to a roving angler

(for punts are not *very common* on the Loddon) as this; especially in that part of it where the mills are situated—for there you have a greater force of stream, and a greater variety of depths, &c. &c.; and in the summer months a man may have excellent sport in fishing for *all sorts*, with that good general bait, a red worm—delighted, at the same time, as he wanders along the river's side, with some of the sweetest scenery in England. I will quote a few lines, in proof of my feelings on this subject, from a poetical epistle which I wrote from Hare Hatch, in the year 1807, to a particular friend in London: it is part of a description of my mode of spending a day:—

At nine we breakfast, and our time amuse
In conning over London's last day's news.
This over, if the day is warm and fine,
I mostly take my fishing-rod and line,
And to the *Twyford streamlet* bend my

way,

With charming views to cheer me as I stray.

Most sweet commixture here is ever found—
Hill, vale, wood, river, fill the glewing round:

There the white mansion on the hill is seen,

Half view'd, half hid, within a grove of green:

Here the hind's cottage, in the vale beneath,
Sends up its smoke in blue, fantastic wreath;

While o'er yon field of corn the farm-house stands,

A home of plenty, 'mid its plenteous lands.

There is one little drawback to the fishing here, I believe, which is, that some of the manorial gentlemen are not *over and above civil*, if an angler has not something like an introduction: at least, this applies to some parts of the Loddon.

By the bye, a word with respect to the custom of making drawings of certain large fish, to be hung up at the public-houses and inns used by anglers, as alluded to by A. SPORTING TRADESMAN, who mentions the drawing of a jack, weigh-

ing 28lbs. being hung up in the parlour. I do not mean to say that these things are impositions, or that the fish did not weigh the weights described, though there is frequently *some management* in weighing with steelyards; but I mean to say that they are a sort of decoy, intended to make good for the house, and seem to say to an inexperienced angler, "Come thou here, and do likewise:" for it must be remembered, that the takings of such remarkably large fish are something like what the visits of angels are said to be, "few, and far between;" as they are often brought down into waters where they are taken by floods, having escaped from canals and other protected waters.

Between the paper and silk-mills already spoken of, the *Ruscomb Lakes*, as they are imposingly called, enter the Loddon; but the supply of water is exceedingly small, except in times of heavy rain, as they are principally, if not entirely, fed by land drains, and in summer time present nothing but a chain of rather insignificant holes, but in which I have caught many good perch, roach, rudd, carp, and eels. There is one rather handsome spread of water opposite to the house of Sir Nathaniel Dukinfield, or at least what was his house at the time I visited that neighbourhood; but as he was then an old man, I presume he has before this time paid the universal debt, and been gathered to his fathers. Whether the house is still in the same family, I am not aware.

I am afraid my chit-chat will this time be tiresome to some of your readers; but they must really excuse me, for I have got upon a scent that I could follow over ano-

ther sheet or two of paper. But for this time I make my bow, and subscribe myself, yours, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

SEVERITY TO HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Have for a great many years remarked, that where hounds are wantonly and barbarously flogged in kennel, even into fits and out again, that in the course of a season they kill very few foxes, and that frequently, when they ought to be killing their fox, they give him up. I know one or two kennels, and I trust that there are many others in the kingdom, where young hounds are broke, year after year, without ever being struck in the kennel, and very rarely in the field.—I am, Sir, yours,

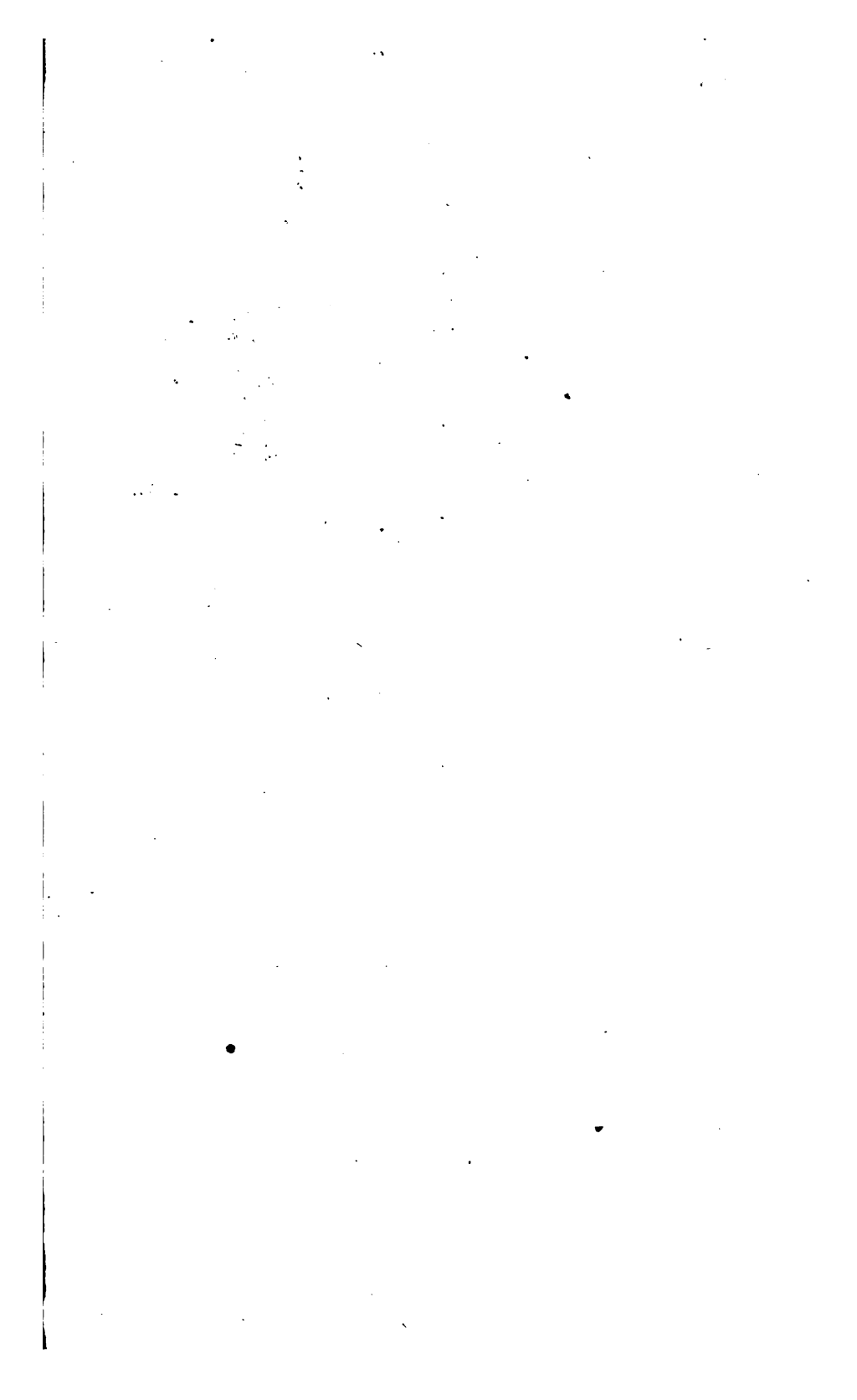
HUMANITAS.

P. S. When I hear of hounds having had for a fortnight or three weeks together many good runs, but no blood, the first question I always ask is, if they have not been flogged a good deal in kennel, and if they are not in general treated with severity?

THE DARLEY ARABIAN.

Engraved by WEBB, from a Copy of the original Painting by CHALON, R. A.

SHOULD the portrait of the Darley Arabian impart satisfaction to our readers, in a degree equal to the anxiety we have felt to obtain it, we should be greatly successful. Full twenty years have passed since we endeavoured to procure a copy of the figure of this illustrious progenitor of our winners, which had not been, during an interval of





THE DARLEY ARABIAN.

many years, before the sporting world. From the late Colonel Thornton we first received the information, that the portrait which we had in request was hanging immediately over one of the doors of the library at Buttercramb; and at length, through the intervention of some friends, and the politeness of the highly-respected owner of the picture, Mr. Darley, who permitted Mr. Chalon to take a copy of it, behold, gentle and sporting reader, a correct *fac simile* of the immortal DARLEY ARABIAN! We are not informed of the name of the artist who painted the original (which is 120 years old); nevertheless, we need entertain no doubt that, in all the essentials of form and figure, we have a sufficiently correct likeness of this renowned Arab. The truth is, he was a horse of good size and substance, and of a figure, in a sporting view, far more calculated for real use, as a turf stallion, than for show; although we have lately seen him represented in a different light—in all the gorgeous array and finery of the modern school—in a figure which would serve wonderfully and equally well for High-flyer. We proceed to a history of the Darley Arabian:—

Mr. Darley, a sporting gentleman, and proprietor of Buttercramb, within a short distance of the city of York, had a brother engaged in mercantile pursuits in the east, as it has been generally understood, at Aleppo, where he was a member of a hunting club. He there purchased the Arabian which was destined to do so much honour to his family name, from the neighbouring desert of Palmyra. According to the History and Delineation of the Horse, at the period in which Mr. Darley's horse was im-

ported, Arabs were, and had long been, out of repute in the English racing studs; but this gentleman, a private breeder, and on no very extensive or business scale, did not adopt the mode then in practice, of assigning another country origin to the horse, or changing him into a Barb or a Turk; yet no doubt the old stigma was thoroughly washed from the Arabian blood, and that Arab stallions became instantly the crack of the turf, so soon as the produce of this Arabian was known. The world always backs a winner, as it must have a crack of every sort, and is sometimes right.

This newly-adopted predilection for Arabian blood has continued in England as long as any foreign blood has been valued; and twenty years afterwards, when Lord Godolphin's horse was introduced into the stud, it was either accidentally or purposely thought proper to dub him an Arabian, notwithstanding he was known to have been imported from Barbary, and wore all the characteristics of form peculiar to the horse of that country. We have seen an early portrait of this horse, by an inferior artist. It bore, in degree, the prominent traits which so much distinguish it in Stubbs's copy of the original by a French artist, which was painted by Lord Townshend's order, when the horse was in the highest condition, and his crest at the utmost height. These were, the tapering of the extremity of the neck, the full and lofty crest, the swell of the fillets, and height of the hinder quarters.

The Darley Arabian had few mares beside those of his owner; and the following produce only of him has been recorded:—the DEVONSHIRE, or FLYING CHILDERS; BLEEDING, also afterwards named

YOUNG, or BARTLET'S CHILDERS; ALMANZOR, the speediest horse of his year; WHITELEGS, full Brother to Almanzor; DÆDALUS, the speediest of his year; CUPID, BRISK, SKIPJACK, MANICA, ALLEPO, BULLYROCK, WHISTLE-JACKET, DART—all good, and some of them capital plate horses; and WHIMSEY, a good plate mare. Some of these proved successful stallions. Bartlet's Childers and Whitelegs were never trained, although the latter was judged equally good as his brother, Almanzor, but he was early lamed. The two Childerses proved the successful stallions, through which the blood and fame of their sire were universally circulated. This blood has produced our largest and speediest racing stock, among which stand prominent, Childers, Blaze, Snip, Snap, Sampson, Eclipse, Goldfinder, and a multitude of others.

It is certainly matter of curious speculation, why miracles ceased on the death of the Godolphin Arabian. For it would indeed be a miracle now, were any foreign stallion, Arab, Barb, Turk, Syrian, Egyptian, or Persian, however well bred, or well chosen, to get from the best-bred English, or any mare, a racer equal to the best produce of the foreign horses of former days. Nor can it be alleged, that the capital racers of old were inferior to those of the present day, as Childers, Basto, the True Blues, Bloody Buttocks, Old Crab, Almanzor, Regulus, and others, remain on record in evidence. There is yet, in other respects, no proof that the foreign stock has degenerated; nor has their price. Shall we deem it, then, a mere fortuitous matter or fair risk—and, in truth, like producing like from an English racer, stands, in

degree, under the same predicament—that the importer of an Arab or Barb into England, for the stud, has yet a chance in that lottery to draw a capital prize? The confiding importers certainly seem to hope so much, or they would not be almost continually bringing over these horses, at such enormous expence. We once, within these few years, put up, at Tattersall's, for an absent friend, a large-sized Arab, so called, from India, which had cost the importer upwards of one thousand pounds, but for which we were unable to obtain fifty at the hammer! Nor was it possible to induce any breeder to send a mare to him. On this occasion, Sir Charles Bunbury observed, that turf breeders knew better what to do with their money, than to lay it out on the speculation of obtaining a racer, at the third or fourth generation. Another remarkable, and, with respect to imported horses, unfortunate, fact is, the ill success of such within the last thirty or forty years, compared with those which immediately succeeded the Godolphin Arabian; for many of those did really get a winning racer or two, and a few of them some tolerably good plate horses. The names of the chief of them hereafter follow:—The Compton Barb, or Sedley Arabian; one or two other Barbs—but the blood of the "Turcoman and Barb," it seems, was then, and has been ever since, unfashionable; the Cullen, Coomb, Gibson, Bell, Damascus, Northumberland, Vernon, Oxlade, Newcombe, and several other Arabians and foreign horses. This was styled the "new blood," and we recollect a son of the above, called Methodist, a good country plate horse.

The infinite superiority of the "old blood"—that is, of the Godolphin Arabian, his contemporaries and predecessors—cannot be better exemplified than in Lord Godolphin's, afterwards Scuth's Dismal, foaled in 1733, and bred entirely from foreign stock. He was got by the Godolphin Arabian, dam by the Alcock Arabian, granddam by the Curwen Bay Barb, out of a natural Barb mare. Dismal beat Blaze, Careless, Figg, and all the best horses of his day, at Newmarket, and won several King's Plates. He was also sire of a number of racers and brood mares. We should be happy to have the opportunity of felicitating some importer of the present day, on the acquisition of a racer like Dismal from the *new blood*.

We conclude this article, by inserting the following certificate of the accuracy of the copy taken by Mr. Chalon, which was most handsomely given to him by Mr. Darley:—

"THE DARLEY'S ARABIAN.

"An exact Copy (on a small scale) of the original Picture of the Darley's Arabian, now in the Possession of Henry Darley, Esq. of Aldby Park, near York."

"I have carefully examined and compared this little picture of the DARLEY'S ARABIAN (taken by Mr. Chalon, from the original picture now in my possession), and do pronounce it a faithful representation and true copy thereof, on a small scale.

"H. DARLEY,

"Aldby Park, near York."

"July 25, 1823."

ANALOGY BETWEEN CHIVALRY AND PUGILISM.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

CONCEIVING that there is a striking analogy between the

spirit of boxing, now so general in this country, and that of chivalry of olden times, I offer you the following observations:—

When improvements with respect to the state of society, and the administration of justice, gradually made progress in Europe, sentiments more liberal and generous began to animate the higher ranks of the people. They were inspired by the spirit of chivalry, which, though considered as a wild and extravagant institution, had, in its effect, a very serious influence in refining and rectifying their manners. The feudal state was one of perpetual war, plunder, and confusion, during which the weak and powerless were every moment exposed to insults and injuries. The powers of the sovereign were unable to prevent these wrongs; and the administration of justice was too feeble to redress them. There was scarcely any protection against violence and oppression, but what the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit which prompted gentlemen to take up arms in defence of the oppressed in foreign countries, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injuries at home. To check the insolence of power; to succour the distressed; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or avenge insults offered to women, orphans, or ecclesiastics, who could not fight for themselves; to redress wrongs, and to remove grievances—were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit: in short, valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, and honour, were the distinguished and characteristic qualities of chivalry. As in these early ages (as, indeed, unfortunately, is the case in the present age) religion mingled with

almost every institution and every passion of the day, and gave them an almost preternatural force, we cannot be surprised that great and romantic excesses were sometimes the consequence. Gentlemen were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than imposing; every Nobleman courted the honour; and finally it got to such a pitch, as to be considered superior to royalty, and kings were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion, were so blended together, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of the English nobility; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity came to be deemed an ornament, as well as a transcendent work of courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased, when it was deemed meritorious to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was considered to be the school of honour.

The best institutions, however, are subject to abuse. The admiration which these qualities excited, in addition to the high distinctions and prerogatives which were conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired many with a species of military fanaticism, which led them to the most extravagant enterprises. However hap-

pily these excesses have been ridiculed, we must allow them their full effect. They imprinted deeply in the minds of those who were infatuated, the principles of generosity and honour, in the private transactions of life; neither were their political effects less worthy of notice. We have every reason to believe that the humanity which accompanies the modern operation of war, the refinement of gallantry, and the *point of honour*—that sheet anchor to society, and the chief circumstance which distinguishes modern from ancient manners—may be, in great measure, ascribed to this whimsical institution. Hence, then, we may conclude, that as the influence of chivalry operated so powerfully on the higher ranks of the people, the present spirit of legitimate prize-fighting may not be without its effects on the lower.

CASTOR.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of the WINNING HORSES, &c. in ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and WALES, 1823.

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end, the number of prizes won.]

BY ALADDIN, SON OF ORLANDO.

4. **LIVER** Snape, Mr. Hughes's, a Silver Cup value 50l. at Oswestry—1.

4. Transilence, Mr. Ouseland's, a Handicap Stakes at Bromyard—1.

BY ALADDIN, SON OF GILES.

2. Chesnut Filly (Sister to Louison), Mr. Greville's, 100l. at Newmarket—1.

3. Premium, Duke of York's, the Hampton Court Stud Stakes of 1000gs. 100l. and 50l. at Newmarket—3.

BY ALONZO, SON OF PEGASUS.

5. Begtrotter, Mr. Platell's, the

Noel Stakes of 45gs. at Exton Park; 50l. at Buxton; and the Belvoir Stakes of 45gs. at Leicester—3.

6. Jerry, Mr. T. Broke's, 50l. at Lincoln—1.

6. Toteham Lass, Mr. Platell's, 50gs. at Stamford, and 60gs. at Lincoln—2.

BY AMBO, SON OF METHOR OR DIAMOND.

3. Cognovit, Sir W. Wynne's, the Sherwood Stakes of 85gs. at Nottingham—1.

BY ANTICIPATION, SON OF HAMBLETONIAN.

2. Presentiment, Mr. Goddard's, 50gs. at Stockbridge—1.

BY ARDROSSAN, SON OF JOHN BULL.

3. Bay Filly (dam by Black Sir Charles), Mr. Wyrill's, 50l. at Morpeth—1.

3. Clansman, Mr. J. Scott's, 50l. at Chester—1.

4. Little Driver, Mr. Wigfall's, 60gs. at Chesterfield, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Doncaster—2.

4. May Day, Lord Kilburne's, 150l. and the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 100gs. at Doncaster—2.

BY ARUN.

4. Haddon Lad, Mr. Sibray's, 47l. at Chesterfield—1.

BY ASHTON, SON OF WALNUT.

4. Flibbertigibbet, Mr. Russell's, twice 50l. at Bath—2.

BY ASMODEUS, SON OF EAGLE.

5. Pison, Mr. Sprigg's, 50l. at Exton Park—1.

BY BETTER.

7. North Briton (now Robin Adair), Mr. Bretherton's, 50gs. at Preston—1.

BY BEVERLEY, SON OF GOLUMPUS.

6. Don Juan, Lord Normanby's, 50gs. 100gs. and 25gs. at Stapleton Park, and 50gs. at Lambton Park—4.

BY BIGOT, SON OF SORCERER.

3. Landlord, Mr. Hutchinson's, 60l. at Manchester—1.

BY BLACKLOCK, SON OF WHITELOCK.

3. Chesnut Filly (dam by Buler), Mr. Houldsworth's, 150gs. at Chester, and 60gs. at Manchester—2.

3. Chesnut Filly (out of Altisidora), Mr. Watt's, 125gs. at York Spring Meeting—1.

BY BLUCHER, SON OF WAXY.

3. Bay Filly, Mr. Patrick's, the Foley Stakes of 40l. at Hereford—1.

3. Bella Donna, Mr. Brown's, 50l. at Lincoln—1.

3. Cephalus, Mr. Ramsbottom's, the Egham Stakes of 55l. at Egham—1.

4. The Smoker, Mr. Lushington's, 120gs. at Canterbury—1.

BY BOUNCE, SON OF TRAVELLER.

4. Creeping Jane, Mr. Fourniss's, a Silver Cup value 50gs. at Pontefract Spring Meeting—1.

BY BOURBON, SON OF SORCERER.

3. Bourdeaux, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 180gs. and the Colt Sapping Stakes of 150gs. at York Spring Meeting, and 200gs. at Doncaster—3.

3. Comte d'Artois, Mr. Riddell's, the Craven Stakes of 60gs. at Middleham; the XYZ Stakes of 122gs. and 50gs. at Newcastle—3.

4. Princess, Mr. Watson's, twice 50l. at Canterbury—2.

BY BRADBURY, SON OF DELPINI.

6. Chance, Mr. A. Thacker's, a Silver Cup value 20gs. and 30gs. in specie, at Meynell Hunt—1.

6. Speculation, Mr. Caldwell's, a Gold Cup value 70l. at York Craven Meeting; and Mr. Duncombe's, 25gs. and 50gs. at Stapleton Park—3.

BY BRAINWORM, SON OF BUZZARD.

a. Harlequin, Sir D. Moncrieff's,

300gs. and 100gs. at Caledonian Hunt and Aberdeen, and 100l. at Fife Hunt—3.

BY BUCEPHALUS, SON OF ALEXANDER.

a. Barbara, Mr. Trelawney's, 50l. at Bodmin, and 50l. at Tavistock—2.

BY BUSTARD, SON OF CASTREL.

2. Brown Colt (out of Petronilla), Mr. Mytton's, 40gs. at Oswestry, and 50l. at Holywell Hunt—2.

3. Falcon, Sir T. Stanley's, 120gs. at Chester; 250gs. at Preston; and 70l. at Holywell Hunt—3.

3. Ostrich, Mr. Mytton's, 75gs. at Knutsford, and 113l. at Warwick—2.

2. Pheasant, Major O. Gore's, 35l. at Worcester—1.

3. Plover, Mr. C. Day's, 71l. at Abingdon, and the Herefordshire Stakes of 65l. and 50l. at Hereford—3.

BY CAMILLUS, SON OF HAMBLETONIAN.

3. General Mina, Sir T. Stanley's, the Dee Stakes of 275gs. at Chester; the St. Leger Stakes of 225gs. at Manchester; 80gs. at Burton-upon-Trent; 250gs. at Knutsford; and the St. Leger Stakes of 120l. at Shrewsbury—5.

3. Minna, Mr. Haworth's, a Silver Cup value 60gs. with 35gs. in specie, at Newcastle—1.

BY CANOPUS, SON OF GOHANNA.

5. Centaur, Mr. Wyndham's, 50l. the King's Purse of 100gs. and the Jockey Club Purse of 50gs. at Newmarket; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Ascot Heath; 50l. at Newmarket; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Lewes; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Canterbury; 50gs. and 58l. 6s. 8d. at Newmarket—9.

BY CAPTAIN CANDID, SON OF CERBERUS.

2. Bay Colt, out of Folly,

Lord Exeter's, 25l. at Newmarket—1.

BY CARDINAL YORK, SON OF SIR PETER.

a. Cardinal, Captain Allan's, the Yeomanry Stakes of 40gs. at Durham—1.

BY CASTREL, SON OF BUZZARD.

2. Chesnut Colt (out of Dimity), Mr. Williamson's, 25l. at Newmarket—1.

6. Princess Royal, Sir T. Mostyn's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 100gs. in specie, at Chester; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Derby; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Knutsford; the Mostyn Stakes of 170l. and the Hawarden Castle Stakes of 30l. at Holywell—5.

BY CATTON, SON OF GOLUMPUS.

2. Diadem, Lord Scarbrough's, 300gs. at Doncaster—1.

4. Fair Charlotte, Lord Scarbrough's, 240gs. at Doncaster, and the King's Purse of 100gs. for mares, at Lincoln—2.

3. Panmure, Mr. Maule's, the Scotch St. Leger Stakes of 125gs. at Edinburgh; Sir A. Ramsay's, 125gs. at Montrose; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Aberdeen; and twice 50l. at Fife Hunt—5.

4. Regalia, Lord Scarbrough's, 250gs. and 100l. at Doncaster—2.

5. Sandbeck, Lord Fitzwilliam's, the Club Stakes of 100gs. at Doncaster—1.

3. Scarborough, Duke of Rutland's, the Craven Stakes of 160l. 80l. and 50l. at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Leicester; and the Houghton Otland Stakes of 150l. at Newmarket—5.

4. Swap, Duke of Richmond's, the Brighton Stakes of 80l. at Brighton; 100l. at Lewes; 170l. and 65l. at Southampton; and 100l. at Newmarket—5.

BY CERBERUS, SON OF GOHANNA.

5. Cataline, Mr. Houldsworth's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Nottingham, and 70l. at Pontefract—2.

4. Dupore, Mr. Watt's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 120gs. in specie, at York Spring Meeting; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Beverley; and two of the Great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. at York August Meeting—4.

BY CERVANTES, SON OF DON QUIXOTE.

4. Adventurer, Mr. Yates's, the Knutsford Stakes of 103l. at Knutsford, and 60gs. at Lichfield—2.

4. Leonella, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 45gs. and 60l. at Chesterfield, and 50gs. at Doncaster—3.

4. Miss Wentworth, Mr. Gibbeson's, 50l. at Beverley—1.

BY CHAMPION, SON OF SELIM.

3. Colchicum, Sir T. Mostyn's, 50l. at Nantwich; 70gs. at Newcastle-under-Lyme; the Chieftain Stakes of 275l. and the Taffy Stakes of 125l. at Hollywell Hunt—4.

BY CLEVELAND, SON OF OVERTON.

a. Single Peeper, Major Phillips's, 50l. at Hampton—1.

BY COLOSSUS, SON OF ALEXANDER.

5. Escape, Mr. Fellowes's, the Wiltshire Stakes of 80l. at Salisbury; and 70gs. and 50l. at Bridge-water—3.

BY COMUS, SON OF SORCERER.

3. Apparition, Lord Exeter's, 150gs. at Newmarket—1.

5. Bacchanal, Mr. Arnall's, 50l. at Ascot Heath; Mr. Glew's, 50l. at Guildford; and 60l. at Brighton—3.

4. Bacchante, Mr. Mills's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Lambton Park—2.

3. Balance, Mr. Ferguson's, 50l. at Northallerton—1.

2. Bay Filly, Sister to Sir Henry, Mr. Slater's, 50l. at Carlisle—1.

3. Bay Filly, Mr. Edwards's, 29l. 14s. at Lancaster—1.

3. Brown Colt, out of Rosanne, Mr. Peirse's, the Produce Stakes of 500gs. at York August Meeting—1.

3. Brown Colt, out of Wanton's dam, Sir P. Musgrave's, 50l. at Inglewood Hunt—1.

3. Brown Filly (Maid of Milan), Sir T. Stanley's, 200gs. at Chester—1.

3. Chesnut Colt, out of Gadabout, Sir J. Byng's, 51l. at Manchester, and 25l. at Lincoln—2.

3. Chesnut Colt (Blunderer), Lord Jersey's, the Albany Stakes of 100gs. at Ascot Heath, and 50l. at Guildford—2.

4. Condorus, Mr. Kay's, 34l. 14s. and 100l. at Kendal, and the Silver Cup value 60gs. at Richmond—3.

3. Confederate, Lord Milton's, the Stapleton Stakes of 250gs. at York August Meeting; 550gs. and 50gs. at Doncaster—3.

4. Corinthian, Mr. Lambton's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Newcastle; the Gold Cup value 100l. at York August Meeting; and 50gs. and 100l. at Stapleton Park—4.

2. Dolly, Mr. Gascoigne's, the Tyro Stakes of 60gs. at Newcastle—1.

3. Eden, Mr. J. Rogers's, 550gs. and 70l. at Newmarket—2.

3. Fearnought, Mr. Wilson's, 300gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket, and the Foal Stakes of 350gs. at Doncaster—3.

5. Fortuna, Mr. Lambton's, the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 180gs. one of the Great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. at York August Meeting; 83l. at Pontefract; the King's Purse of 100gs. for mares at Richmond; the Welter Stakes of 40gs. the Palatine Stakes of 100gs. and 50gs. at Lambton Park—7.

4. Grey Colt (Professor), Mr. Gascoigne's, 50l. at Catterick; and Mr. Ramsden's, 50gs. at Stapleton Park—2.

5. Grey Mare, out of Lisette, Mr. Hessletine's, 50l. at Inglewood Hunt—1.

3. Isabella, Mr. Gascoigne's, the Filly Sapling Stakes of 200gs. at York Spring Meeting—1.

3. Madoc, Sir T. Mostyn's, 35l. at Mostyn Hunt—1.

3. Princess, Mr. Salvin's, 80gs. at Middleham, and 140gs. at York Spring Meeting—2.

3. Reveller, Mr. Peirse's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 200gs. in specie, at Preston—1.

3. Sir Roger, Mr. Hutchinson's, 60l. at Morpeth—1.

4. Sir Henry, Mr. Hudson's, the Durham Stakes of 40l. 15s. and 50l. at Durham; the Chanter Stakes of 30gs. and 50l. at Newcastle; 70l. and 45gs. at Kendal; the King's Purse of 100gs. and twice 50l. at Carlisle; thrice 50l. at Kelso; and 20gs. at Lambton Park—13.

6. The Duke, Major O. Gore's, 50l. at Shrewsbury—1.

3. The Pirate, Lord Kelburne's, 250gs. at Edinburgh—1.

4. White Rose, Mr. Hudson's, twice 50l. at Kendal—2.

BY ORISPIN, SON OF WAXY.

4. Netherfield, Mr. C. Day's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50gs. in specie, at Oxford—1.

5. Scarpa, Mr. Thornhill's, 46l. at Bath; 62l. 12s. at Abingdon; and 50l. at Oxford—3.

BY CURRICOMBE, SON OF BUZZARD.

5. Broomstick, Mr. Morgan's, twice 50l. at Swansea, and a Stakes at Glamorganshire—3.

BY DECEIVER, SON OF BUZZARD.

5. Dairy-maid, Mr. Wyvill's, 50gs. at Lambton Park—1.

a. Tipple Cyder, Mr. Webb's,

the Worcestershire Stakes of 70l. at Stourbridge—1.

BY DICK ANDREWS, SON OF JOE ANDREWS.

a. Thurlby, Mr. Platell's, 50gs. at Warwick—1.

BY DITTO (WILLIAMSON'S), SON OF SIR PETER.

3. Bay Colt (Repeater), Mr. Udney's, 60l. at Newmarket; and Mr. Lushington's, 70gs. at Canterbury—2.

5. Charming Molly, Mr. C. Walker's, a Purse of Sovereigns at Tenbury—1.

3. Encore, Mr. Dundas's, 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket—2.

3. Hero, Mr. Beardsworth's, 50l. at Wenlock; 50l. at Burton-upon-Trent; and 50gs. at Lichfield—3.

5. Potemkin, Mrs. Foljambe's, the Macaroni Stakes of 80gs. at Nottingham—1.

a. Sir William, Mr. Iveson's, the City Bowl, with 30gs. in it, at Salisbury; and Mr. Hawkins's, 51l. 5s. at Wells—2.

BY DON COSSACK, SON OF HAP-
HAZARD.

4. Lampedo, Mr. Forster's, a Cup value 10gs. with 40gs. in specie, at Mostyn Hunt; and Lord Anson's, a Cup value 25l. with 40l. in specie, at Worcester November Meeting—2.

5. Prosody, Mr. D. Page's, a Gold Cup value 80l. and the Coubourg Stakes of 45l. at Hampton; thrice 50l. at Rochester and Chatham; 36l. at Goodwood; the Woburn Stakes of 80gs. and 50l. at Bedford; the Margate Purse of 50l. and the Ladies' Purse of 50l. at Isle of Thanet—10.

5. Surprise, Mr. Farquharson's, 50l. at Winchester—1.

BY DON JUAN, SON OF ORVILLE.

4. Leporello, Mr. Harrison's, 50l. 100gs. a Silver Cup, and 40gs. at Lambton Park—4.

BY DOUBTFUL, SON OF ORMOND.

4. Unfortunate, Mr. D. Falkner's, 50 at Oxford—1.

BY DRIVER.

0. Bay horse, Mr. Stewart's, 50l. at Malton—1.

BY EBOR, SON OF ORVILLE.

3. Bay Filly (out of Marigold's dam), Mr. Powlett's, 175gs. at Newcastle—1.

BY EGREMONT, SON OF GOHANNA.

4. Chesnut Colt, Mr. Mason's, the Lambton Hunt Stakes of 20gs. at Lambton Park—1.

BY ELECTION, SON OF GOHANNA.

4. Aaron, Mr. Greville's, 100l. and 50l. at Newmarket—2.

2. Don Carlos, Mr. Greville's, the Prendergast Stakes of 300gs. at Newmarket—1.

4. Electress, Mr. Greville's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

9. Leah, Mr. Williams's, 55l. at Worcester, and 50l. and 45l. at Hereford—3.

BY FILHO DA PUTA, SON OF HAPHAZARD.

3. Brown Colt (out of Venus de Medicis), Mr. Richardson's, the Champion Stakes of 140gs. and 70gs. at Lincoln—2.

3. Brown Colt (out of Glorvina), Mr. Fisher's, 60gs. at Derby—1.

3. Brown Filly (out of Mrs. Clarke), Mr. Hawthorn's, 100l. at Dumfries—1.

2. Farnsfield, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60gs. at Nottingham, and 80gs. at Derby—2.

2. Fille de Joie, Colonel Yates's, 50l. at Lichfield; 50gs. at Walsall; and 50gs. at Stafford—3.

3. Palatine, Mr. Houldsworth's, the Palatine Stakes of 300gs. at Chester; 60l. at Manchester; 140gs. at Pontefract; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 80gs. in specie, at Lincoln—4.

3. Sherwood, Mr. Houldsworth's, the Gascoigne Stakes of 270gs. and 200gs. at Doncaster—2.

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3. The Agent, Mr. Houldsworth's, 130l. at Chester, and 60l. at Nottingham—2.

2. The Miller of Mansfield, Mr. Houldsworth's, 200gs. at York August Meeting—1.

3. Whittington, Mr. Mytton's, 75gs. at Chester; 50l. at Shrewsbury; 50gs. at Walsall; and 60gs. at Stafford—4.

BY FIRELOCK, SON OF BENINGBROUGH.

6. Dick, Mr. Petre's, 50l. at the Pontefract Spring Meeting—1.

BY FITZ-JAMES, SON OF DELPINI.

5. Coxcomb, Mr. Painter's, 71l. at Nantwich, and 55l. at Tenbury—2.

4. Ynysmaengwyn, Mr. Massey's, 50l. at Walsall; 60l. at Stourbridge; and 68l. 18s. at Stafford—3.

BY FIFTY-TEAZLE, SON OF SIR PETER.

3. Chesnut Colt (dam by Hyacinthus), Mr. Bell's, 50l. at Beverley, and 50l. at Rotherham—2.

BY FRIEND NED, SON OF CAMILLUS.

4. Sir Edward, Mr. Rogers's, 60gs. at Chester; twice 50l. at Bridgenorth; 40l. at Wenlock; 70gs. at Newcastle-under-Lyne; the Gold Cup value 100l. and 50l. at Oswestry; and 50l. at Wrexham—8.

BY FROLIC, SON OF HEDLEY.

4. Wanton, Mr. Wyndham's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

BY FYLDENER, SON OF SIR PETER.

4. Angelica, Mr. West's, the Worcestershire Stakes of 90l. at Worcester; the Gloucestershire Stakes of 635gs. and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 160gs. in specie, at Cheltenham—3.

4. Gas, Lord Harley's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 80gs. in specie, at Hereford—1.

5. Pastorella, Mr. Nayler's, the Bristol Stakes of 92l. at Bath—1.

3. Triumph, Mr. Nayler's, the S

Abingdon Stakes of 115gs. and 95gs. at Abingdon; 62½gs. at Worcester; and the Leamington Stakes of 80l. at Warwick—4.

BY GOLUMPUS, SON OF GOHANNA.

6. Savernake, Lord Ailesbury's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Burderop—1.

9. Jenny Horner, Mr. Lambton's, twice 50gs. and the Milbank Stakes of 55gs. at Lambton Park—3.

BY GOVERNOR, SON OF TRUMPATOR.

7. Cornett, Lord Normanby's, twice 100gs. at Stapleton Park, and 24gs. at Lambton Park—3.

6. Governor, Mr. W. McGrant's, 50gs. at Inverness—1.

BY GRIMALDI, SON OF DELFINI.

5. Undine, Mr. Pryse's, the Dyrham Stakes of 51l. 5s. at Bath—1.

BY HAMBLETONIAN, SON OF KING FERGUS.

a. Mercury, Mr. Bretherton's, the Hunters' Stakes of 15gs. at Middleham, and 40gs. at Lancaster—2.

BY HAPHAZARD, SON OF SIR PETER.

3. Birmingham, Mr. Beardsworth's, 50l. at Tenbury, and 50l. at Burton-upon-Trent—2.

3. Chesnut-roan Colt (out of Rivulet), Major Wilson's, 50l. at Newmarket; 70l. and 60l. at Huntingdon; and 50gs. at Northampton—4.

6. Cuyp, Major O. Gore's, 60gs. at Chester, and the Bibury Stakes of 130gs. at Bibury—2.

3. Eoina, Sir A. Ramsay's, 50gs. at Montrose, and 90gs. at Caledonian Hunt—2.

4. Figaro, Mr. T. O. Powlett's, the Oatland Stakes of 375l. at Newmarket; a Subscription Purse of 225gs. at York August Meeting; the Doncaster Stakes of 250gs. and Mr. A. Farquharson's, the Gold Cup at Doncaster; and 100l. and 46l. at Kelso—6.

6. Mirandola, Mr. Udny's, 100l. at Newmarket; 100gs. at Ascot Heath; and 100l. at Newmarket—3.

5. Spinetta, Mr. Farquharson's, 50l. at Salisbury—1.

7. Tarragon, Sir T. Stanley's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 40l. in specie, at Lichfield—1.

6. The Main, Mr. Painter's, 45l. at Nantwich; 45l. at Tenbury; and 93l. 10s. at Ludlow—3.

7. Victorine, Mr. C. Day's, 50gs. at Glamorganshire, and 50l. at Monmouth—2.

BY HEDLEY, SON OF GOHANNA.

5. Atlas, Mr. Sadler's, the Somersetshire Stakes of 505gs. at Bath, and the Cup Stakes of 130gs. at Abingdon—2.

5. Luss, Mr. Molony's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newmarket; 50l. at Warwick; and 52l. 1s. at Glamorganshire—3.

5. Monk, Lord G. Lennox's, 50l. at Lewes—1.

4. Mystic, Mr. Batson's, twice 50l. at Newmarket—2.

BY HIPPOMENES.

a. Bay Gelding (dam by Old Quibbler), Mr. Gibson's, 50gs. at Anson Hunt—1.

BY HENDERSKELF, SON OF HAMBLETONIAN.

3. Hengist, Mr. Howard's, 60l. at Nottingham—1.

BY IDLE BOY, SON OF HEDLEY.

5. Chesnut Mare, Lord Huntley's, 50gs. at Inverness—1.

BY JUNIPER, SON OF WHISKEY.

3. Black Filly (out of Spotless), Major Wilson's, 50l. at Beccles; 50l. at Yarmouth; and 50l. at Swaffham—3.

3. Brown Colt (dam by Oscar), Major Wilson's, the King's Purse of 100gs. and 70l. at Ipswich—2.

5. Brown Horse (dam by Oscar), Major Wilson's, 50l. and 20l. at Newmarket, and 60gs. at Bedford—3.

BY KNOWSLEY, SON OF SIR PETER.

5. Charles, Mr. Lorraine's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Lambton Park; and Mr. T. Hudson's, 55gs. at Inglewood Hunt—3.

BY LANGTON, SON OF PRECIPITATE.

6. Langtonian, Colonel Latour's, the Hampshire Stakes of 170gs. and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Winchester; 50l. and a Handicap Stakes at Blandford; the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Weymouth; and the Hackwood Stakes of 61l. 10s. at Basingstoke—6.

BY LEOPOLD, SON OF CAMILLUS.

3. Crab, Mr. Jaques's, the Produce Stakes of 237gs. at Catterick, and the Old Stakes of 40gs. at Durham—2.

4. Lorenzo, Mr. Lambton's, the Knavesmire Stakes of 150gs. and 45l. at York August Meeting; 50l. at Pontefract; and the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 100gs. at Stapleton Park—4.

3. Manuel, Mr. Lambton's, 50l. at Richmond—1.

BY LEWES, SON OF GOHANNA.

7. Swindon, Mr. C. Day's, 45gs. at Mostyn Hunt; 110gs. at Abingdon; and Lord George Lennox's, the Cocked Hat Stakes of 48l. at Goodwood—3.

BY LUTWICHE, SON OF DELPINI.

a. Brown Mare, Mr. Walmsley's, 45l. at Wenloch—1.

BY MACBETH, SON OF SORCERER.

4. Macduff, Mr. G. Fox's, 200gs. and 250l. at Newmarket—2.

4. Marauder, Mr. Reed's, 50l. at Durham; and Lord Derby's, 50l. at Oswestry—2.

6. Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Lambton's, 100gs. 50gs. 25gs. 100gs. 50gs. and a Silver Cup with 6gs. in specie, at Stapleton Park, and 100gs. at Lambton Park—7.

BY MAC ORVILLE, SON OF ORVILLE.

3. Prince Le Boo, Mr. Mills's, 50l. at Morpeth—1.

BY MARMION, SON OF WHISKEY.

6. Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Wright's, 50l. at Buxton—1.

BY MEMORANDUM, SON OF REMEMBRANCE.

4. Recorder, Mr. Smith's, 50l. at Carlisle—1.

BY MILITIAMAN, SON OF TITYRUS.

4. Trooper, Mr. Benbow's, 70l. at Stourbridge—1.

BY MILO, SON OF SIR PETER.

3. Brown Colt, Mr. Hutton's, 50l. at Ludlow—1.

3. Brown Filly (out of Madryna), Mr. Seel's, 50gs. at Chester, and 50gs. at Preston—2.

BY MOUNTAINEER, SON OF MAGIC.

5. Silverheels, Mr. Gibbeson's, the Macaroni Stakes of 40gs. at Lincoln—1.

BY MOWBRAY, SON OF PANDOLPHO.

4. Bay Colt (dam by Dick Andrews), Duke of Leeds's, 50l. at York August Meeting—1.

BY MULEY, SON OF ORVILLE.

5. Friar Bacon, Sir J. Byng's, 100l. at Newmarket—1.

5. Huntress, Mr. Warne's, 45l. at Beccles, and 40gs. at Yarmouth—2.

3. Mercandotti, Sir T. Mostyn's, the Cobourg Stakes of 175l. at Holywell Hunt—1.

3. Neil Gow, Mr. Farquharson's, 200l. at Caledonian Hunt—1.

BY NEPTUNE.

Bay Horse (dam by Hambletonian), Mr. Buckle's, 50gs. at Pontefract—1.

BY NORTON, SON OF HYACINTHUS.

6. Scrambler, Mr. Massey's, the Ranksborough Stakes of 50l. at Exton Park—1.

BY NORTON.

5. Scrambler, Mr. Massey's, the Melton Handicap Stakes at Croxton Park—1.

BY OCTAVIAN, SON OF STRIPLING.

4. Bay Colt (Brother to Antonio), Mr. Chifney's, 50gs. at Ips-

wich; Mr. Whiteside's, 70l. at Chelmsford; the Sussex Stakes of 60l. and the Waterloo Stakes of 70l. at Goodwood; and the Wellington Stakes of 165l. 10s. at Basingstoke—5.

5. Jonathan, Mr. Ferguson's, the Craven Stakes of 70gs. at Catterick—1.

3. North Star, Mr. Ferguson's, the Old Stakes of 60gs. at Catterick, and 50l. at Northallerton—2.

a. Pecunia, Mr. Stewart's, 50l. at York Craven Meeting; 56gs. at Beverley; Mr. Lambton's, 100gs. at Stapleton Park; and the Second Class of the Normanby Stakes of 50gs. at Lambton Park—4.

3. Sir Anthony, Mr. Ferguson's, twice 50l. at Lancaster—2.

BY OCTAVIUS, SON OF ORVILLE.

5. Little Mab, Mr. A. Berkeley's, the Purbrook Stakes at Goodwood—1.

6. Robin Hood, Mr. Wyndham's, 100l. at Newmarket—1.

4. Sharper, Mr. West's, 40l. at Cheltenham, and 65l. 15s. and 70l. at Worcester—3.

5. Sir Huldibrand, Mr. Percy's, 45l. at Egham—1.

3. St. Leger, Mr. Duncombe's, twice 25gs. at Lambton Park—2.

BY ORVILLE, SON OF BENINGBROUGH.

5. Amiable, Mr. Houldsworth's, 90l. at Chester, and the Wilton Stakes of 113l. at Manchester—2.

3. Bay Filly (dam by Walton), Mr. Doddington's, 50gs. at Northampton—1.

3. Brown Colt (Bizarre), Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 50l. and the Audley End Stakes of 220l. at Newmarket—2.

3. Emilius, Mr. Udny's, the Colt Riddlesworth Stakes of 2400gs. the Dinner Stakes of 1500gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket; the Derby Stakes of 1725gs. at Epsom; 500gs. at Ascot Heath; the Grand Duke

Michael Stakes of 1200gs. and 1000gs. at Newmarket—7.

3. Etiquette, Lord Grosvenor's, the Halkin Stakes of 500l. at Holywell Hunt—1.

5. Flaxtonian, Mr. J. Leaf's, the Welham Stakes (in dispute) of 63gs. at Malton—1.

3. Ganymede, Mr. Hunter's, the Second Class of the Oatland Stakes of 180gs. at Newmarket—1.

4. Gulliver, Mr. Chariton's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

4. Lytham, Mr. Clifton's, 125l. and 100l. at Manchester, and 60l. at Knutsford—3.

3. Mina, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 60l. at Newmarket—1.

4. Posthuma, Duke of Grafton's, 100l. at Newmarket—1.

5. Tressilian, Mr. Hunter's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

BY OSSIAN, SON OF BENINGBROUGH.

8. Whynot, Lord Normanby's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 120gs. in specie, at Lambton Park—1.

BY PARTISAN, SON OF WALTON.

3. Active, Sir G. Pigott's, 50gs. at Bridgenorth; 60gs. at Ludlow; 70gs. at Derby; 50l. at Knutsford; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 20gs. in specie, at Shrewsbury; and 40gs. at Walsall—6.

3. Bay Colt, out of Trimbush, Major Wilson's, 50l. and 100gs. at Newmarket—2.

3. Bay Filly (Sister to Magnus Troil), Mr. Forth's, 50l. at Hampton—1.

3. Brenda, Mr. Field's, 50gs. at The Hoo—1.

3. Gabrielle, Duke of Portland's, 100l. 140gs. 100l. and 50l. at Newmarket—4.

3. Grey Filly (out of Jest), Mr. Walker's, 65l. and 30gs. at Winchester—2.

2. Miss Jigg, Mr. Forth's, the Woodcot Stakes of 225l. at Epsom—1.

BY PAYNATOR, SON OF TRUMPATOR.

12. Dr. Syntax, Mr. Riddell's, the Gosforth Stakes of 140gs. at Newcastle; the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Pontefract; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Richmond—3.

15. Marksman, Mr. Brown's, 50l. at Lewes; the Vine Stakes of 56l. 10s. at Basingstoke; and the Visitor's Purse at the Isle of Thanet—3.

BY PERICLES, SON OF EVANDER.

6. Athenian, Lord Exeter's, 40l. and 100l. at Newmarket—2.

4. Harriet, Mr. Williamson's, 30l. at Newmarket—1.

3. Ultimas, Mr. Platell's, 50l. at Stamford—1.

BY PHANTOM, SON OF WALTON.

4. Ascot, Mr. Northey's, 50l. at Canterbury—1.

3. Bay Filly (out of Miranda), Mr. Pearce's, 50l. at Woolwich—1.

3. Cardinal Puff, Lord Warwick's, 250gs. at Newmarket; the Guy Stakes of 500gs. 110gs. and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 90gs. in specie, at Warwick—4.

3. Mum, Mr. Mellish's, 50l. at Brighton—1.

4. Sprite, Mr. Northey's, the Durdain Stakes of 40l. at Epsom, and the Wokingham Stakes of 55gs. at Ascot Heath—2.

2. Virgilius, General Grosvenor's, 100gs. at Stamford—1.

BY PIONEER, SON OF WHISKEY.

3. Bay Filly (out of Reserve), Mr. Rush's, 650gs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Bay Filly (out of Ridicule), Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 100l. at Newmarket—1.

3. Bay Filly (out of Discord), Mr. Rush's, 60l. and 50l. at Chelmsford; 80l. and 60l. at Huntingdon; and 50l. at Swaffham—5.

3. Brown Colt (Vedette), Mr. Wyndham's, 250gs. 100l. and 50l. at Newmarket—3.

3. Brown Filly, Mr. West's, 50l. at Bridgewater—1.

BY PRESIDENT, SON OF SANCHE.

5. Deputy, Mr. Lockley's, 70gs. at Cheltenham, and 100l. at Worcester—2.

BY PRIME MINISTER, SON OF SANCHE.

4. Meeta, Mr. Farquharson's, the Oatland Stakes of 85gs. and 50gs. at Aberdeen, and 50l. and 120gs. at Inverness—4.

5. Minister, Mr. Woollett's, 50l. at Canterbury—1.

4. Negociator, Sir D. Moncrieffe's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Edinburgh; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Montrose; 100l. the Convivial Stakes of 400gs. the Welter Stakes of 120gs. and the Macaroni Stakes of 70gs. at the Caledonian Hunt; the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Fife Hunt; the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Perth; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Kelso—9.

4. Orator, Mr. Kirby's, the Craven Stakes of 50gs. at Malton; the Constitution Stakes of 110gs. at York Spring Meeting; 45gs. at Beverley; 60l. at Rotherham; and 85gs. at Doncaster—5.

3. Prosody, Lord Queensberry's, 100l. at Newcastle, and 100l. and 50gs. at Doncaster—3.

5. Tom Paine, Mr. D. Rowla's, the Craven Stakes of 65l. and 50l. at York Craven Meeting; the Second Class of the Welbeck Stakes of 50gs. at Stapleton Park; the Broomfield Stakes of 126gs. at Northallerton; and 70gs. at Inglewood Hunt—5.

BY POPINJAY, SON OF BUZZARD.

5. Knickerbocker, Mr. T. C. Higgins's, 80l. at Bedford—1.

BY POULTON, SON OF SIR PETER.

3. Caroline, Mr. Jones's, 50gs. at Bath, and 300gs. at Cheltenham—2.

4. Champion, Mr. Farquharson's, 62l. 12s. at Weymouth, and 75gs. at Warwick—2.

3. Jesse, Mr. Hill's, 100gs. at Glamorganshire—1.

5. Valentine, Mr. Bradley's, 35l. at Swansea; Mr. Davies's, 50gs. 50l. and 50gs. at Glamorganshire; and 95l. at Worcester November Meeting—5.

BY QUIZ, SON OF BUZZARD.

3. Chesnut Colt, Mr. Fellowes's, 47gs. and 50l. at Exeter—2.

7. Euphrates, Mr. Mytton's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Chester; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, at Worcester—2.

3. Phasis, Lord Stradbroke's, 50l. at Bedford—1.

BY QUIZZER, SON OF QUIZ.

3. Grey Colt (out of Gipsy), Mr. Fielde's, the County Stakes of 40gs. at The Hoo—1.

BY RAINBOW, SON OF WALTON.

4. Biondetta, Lord Palmerston's, the Chawton Stakes of 50gs. at Winchester, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Salisbury—2.

BY ROBIN ADAIR, SON OF GO-HANNA.

3. Grey Robin, Mr. Dundas's, 125gs. at Bibury, and 50l. at Southampton—2.

BY RUBENS, SON OF BUZZARD.

4. Bay Filly (Venom), Lord Verulam's, 60l. at Newmarket—1.

3. Bay Filly (Helena), Mr. Hunter's, 50l. and 100l. at Newmarket—2.

7. Chef d'Euvre, Mr. Dundas's, 50l. and the Welter Stakes of 20l. at Bibury—2.

5. Chew Bacon, Mr. Fielde's, 25gs. at The Hoo—1.

7. Doctor Eady, Mr. Pryse's, 50gs. at Burderop, and 50l. at Monmouth—2.

4. Hampden, Duke of Grafton's, 100l. 300l. 200l. the King's Purse

of 100gs. 200l. 53l. 6s. 8d. and 200l. at Newmarket—7.

4. Holbein, Lord Exeter's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 50gs. in specie, and 50l. at Stamford; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Warwick; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Lichfield; and thrice 50l. at Newmarket—7.

5. Lawrence, Major Wilson's, 50l. at Beccles, and 50l. at Yarmouth—2.

4. Pastille, Duke of Grafton's, the Post Stakes of 275l. at Newmarket—1.

5. Peter Lely, Mr. Clifton's, 70l. and 50l. at Chester; 70l. at Preston; and the Peover Stakes of 120gs. at Knutsford—4.

2. Sir Gray, Mr. Tomes's, 225gs. at Burton-upon-Trent, and 120gs. at Warwick—2.

6. Vanloo, Mr. Braithwaite's, 100l. at Brighton—1.

3. Veil, Duke of Grafton's, the King's Purse of 100gs. (for mares) at Cheltenham—1.

4. Whizgig, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

3. Wiseacre, Mr. Goddard's, the Coronation Stakes of 40gs. at Stockbridge; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Salisbury; 50l. at Blandford; and the Savernake Forest Stakes of 30gs. and 50gs. at Burderop—5.

8. Wouvermans, Mr. White-side's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 10l. in specie, and 50l. at Epson; 50l. at Ascot Heath; and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Guildford—4.

BY SCUD, SON OF BENINGBROUGH.

6. Lounger, Mr. Warne's, 40gs. and 45gs. at Swaffham—2.

2. Specie, Mr. Thornhill's, 300gs. at Newmarket—1.

BY SELIM, SON OF BUZZARD.

3. Achmet, Major O. Gore's, 45gs. at Oswestry—1.

3. Bay Filly, Mr. Crockford's, 80l. at Newmarket—1.

5. Brown Horse (out of Palma), Mr. Crockford's, 50l. and 40l. at Newmarket—2.

3. Logic, Duke of Grafton's, twice 40l. 50l. and 70l. at Newmarket—4.

3. Marcellus, Lord Darlington's, 50l. at Newmarket; the Swinley Stakes of 50gs. and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 20gs. in specie, at Ascot Heath; and the Trial Stakes of 60l. at Newmarket—4.

3. Morea, Mr. Platell's, 50l. at Stamford—1.

3. Nicolo, Mr. Rogers's, the 2000gs. Stakes of 2100gs. and the Newmarket Stakes of 625gs. at Newmarket—2.

4. Rossini, Mr. Beardsworth's, 40gs. at Chester; 40l. at Buxton; and 60gs. at Derby—3.

2. Scold, Mr. Molony's, 30l. at Newmarket—1.

3. Scratch, Mr. Rogers's, 50l. 100l. 40l. and 100l. at Newmarket—4.

7. Sultan, Mr. Crockford's, 500l. twice 250l. 100l. and the Whip, at Newmarket—5.

BY SHUTTLECOCK, SON OF SCHE-
DONI.

8. Habberley, Mr. Mytton's, the Billesdon Coplow Stakes, and a Handicap Stakes, at Croxton Park; and the Bosworth Stakes of 225gs. at Anson Hunt—3.

7. Spot, Lord Anson's, 70l. at Anson Hunt—1.

BY SIR CHARLES, SON OF SORCERER.
a. Random, Mr. Alderson's, the Gold Cup value 50gs. at Pontefract Spring Meeting—1.

BY SIR OLIVER, SON OF SIR PETER.

3. Bay Colt (Brother to Tarquin), Lord Anson's, 50l. at Walsall, and 40l. at Stourbridge—2.

3. Bay Filly, Mr. Deveraux's, 50l. at Bromyard, and 75l. at Worcester November Meeting—2.

5. Doge of Venice, Sir T. Stanley's, the Grosvenor Stakes of 40gs. at Chester; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 110gs. in specie, at Manchester; and 50l. at Shrewsbury—3.

BY SIR PAUL, SON OF SIR PETER.

7. Parchment, Mr. Hill's, the Powel Stakes of 76l. 5s. at Isle of Thanet—1.

BY SMOLENSKO, SON OF SORCERER.

5. Albany, Lord Kelburne's, 50l. at Aberdeen—1.

3. Augustin, Mr. Fleming's, 45l. 15s. at Basingstoke, and the Magna Charta Stakes of 55l. at Egham—2.

7. Banker, Mr. Mytton's, 60l. at Buxton—1.

3. Bertram, Mr. J. Dilly's, the Winkfield Stakes of 400gs. and 50gs. at Ascot Heath; the Kelston Stakes of 200gs. at Bath; and the St. Leger Stakes of 70gs. at Winchester—4.

3. Codicil, Mr. Shard's, 40gs. and 50l. at Blandford, and 50l. and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Bodmin—4.

2. Hannah, Mr. Scaife's, 70l. at Rotherham—1.

2. Izenoff, Mr. Petre's, 100gs. at Pontefract—1.

2. Margravine, Mr. Lambton's, 50l. at York Spring Meeting—1.

4. Picton, Mr. Benson's, 40l. at Shrewsbury; 50l. at Oswestry; and 50l. at Wrexham—3.

5. Pluto, Mr. Loftus's, 50l. at Rotherham, and 50l. at Doncaster—2.

5. Rein Deer, Mr. Heathcote's, 50l. at Ascot Heath; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Nottingham; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, and 50l. at Northampton—4.

3. Volomer, Mr. West's, the St. Leger Stakes of 50gs. at Cheltenham—1.

BY SOOTHSAYER, SON OF SORCERER.

3. Chesnut Colt (out of Tippiy-witchet), Major Wilson's, 100gs. at Newmarket—1.

2. Chesnut Filly (out of Quadrille), Duke of Rutland's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

2. Chesnut Filly (out of Tippiy-witchet), Major Wilson's, 100gs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Fanatic, Lord Exeter's, 100gs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Fortune-teller, Mr. Coleman's, the Denbies Stakes of 40l. at Epsom; and Mr. Wright's, 45l. at Feversham—2.

2. Helenus, Mr. C. Day's, 250gs. at Ascot Heath; 45gs. at Cheltenham; and 45gs. at Abingdon—3.

3. Joseph, Duke of Portland's, 400gs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Melampus, Mr. Day's, 134l. at Bath, and 50l. at Glamorgan-shire—2.

3. Mendax, Mr. Yates's, 50l. at Warwick; and 40l. and the Halston Stakes of 75l. at Shrewsbury—3.

3. Squib, Mr. Yates's, 400gs. at Preston—1.

3. Talisman, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs. at Newmarket—1.

BY SORCERER, SON OF TRUMPATOR.

4. The Stag, Lord Stradbroke's, 100l. and 30gs. at Newmarket—2.

BY SPORTSMAN.

5. Maid of the Mill, Mr. Jopp's, a Silver Cup value 30gs. with 12gs. in specie, at Carlisle—1.

BY STAMFORD, SON OF SIR PETER.

3. Benevento, Mr. R. Pettit's, 45l. at Huntingdon—1.

3. Caledonian, Lord Kelburne's, 100gs. at Irvine—1.

5. Champion, Lord Tweedale's, the Irvine Stakes of 85gs. and 50l. at Irvine; the King's Purse of 100gs. at Edinburgh; 100gs. the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, and 50gs. at Caledonian Hunt—6.

7. Chance, Lord Kelburne's, 100gs. at Irvine—1.

9. Eglinton, Lord Kennedy's, 150gs. at Irvine—1.

6. Lancer, Mr. Kennedy's, a Gold Cup at Ayr—1.

4. Newbyth, Mr. Baird's, 60gs. at Kelso—1.

4. The Pirate, Mr. Baird's, 50gs. at Edinburgh, and the King's Purse of 100gs. 60gs. and 50gs. at Caledonian Hunt—4.

BY SWINLEY.

6. Grey Gelding (Grimace), Mr. Biggs's, the Langston Stakes of 55gs. at Blandford; Colonel Tynte's, 50l. at Bridgewater; and Mr. King's, a Sweepstakes at Tavistock—3.

BY THE FLYER, SON OF VANDYKE JUNIOR.

3. Adroit, Lord Grosvenor's, 250gs. at Newmarket, and the St. Leger Stakes of 60gs. at Warwick—2.

BY THUNDERBOLT, SON OF SORCERER.

5. Adolphus, Mr. Thornhill's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

3. Alarm, Lord Grosvenor's, 325gs. at Knutsford, and 175gs. at Holywell Hunt—2.

4. Belmont, Sir W. Wynne's, 50gs. at Newcastle-under-Lyne, and the Cup Stakes of 130gs. and 90gs. at Burton-upon-Trent—3.

3. Hymetus, Lord Grosvenor's, 325gs. at Chester; the Weaver Stakes of 30gs. at Nantwich; 50gs. at Newcastle-under-Lyne; 70l. at Lichfield; and 80gs. at Stafford—5.

4. Midsummer, Duke of Grafton's, 500gs. at Newmarket—1.

5. Monarch, Captain Peel's, the Witherley Stakes of 60l. at Anson Hunt—1.

a. Truth, Mr. Applethwaite's, the Atherstone Stakes of 45 sovs. at Anson Hunt—1.

BY TRAMP, SON OF DICK ANDREWS.

3. Barefoot, Mr. Watt's, the St.

Leger Stakes of 125gs. at York Spring Meeting, 240gs. at York August Meeting, 110gs. at Pontefract, the St. Leger Stakes of 2075gs. at Doncaster; and Ld. Darlington's, 50l. at Newmarket—5.

4. Bay Burton, Mr. Ramsbottom's, the Oatland Stakes of 320gs. at Ascot Heath—1.

4. Bay Colt (Sir Tatton), Major Bower's, 50l. at Malton—1.

2. Bay Colt (dam by Beningbrough), Mr. Petre's, 50gs. at York August Meeting—1.

4. Muta, Mr. Watt's, 350gs. at York August Meeting, and 600gs. at Doncaster—2.

BY USQUEBAUGH, SON OF YOUNG WHISKEY.

4. Brilliant, Mr. Nayler's, 40l. at Epsom—1.

BY VANDYKE JUNIOR, SON OF WALTON.

5. Massa Jenkin, Captain Price's, the Cocked Hat Stakes of 48l. at Hampton—1.

BY VISCOUNT, SON OF STAMFORD.

3. Ben Ledi, Sir W. Maxwell's, 60gs. at Catterick, and 100l. at Newcastle—2.

3. Brilliante, Sir W. Maxwell's, 70gs. at Newcastle, and 220gs. at Doncaster—2.

6. Fair Ellen, Sir J. H. Maxwell's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Carlisle; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. and 50gs. at Dumfries—3.

5. Jock the Laird's Brother, Lord Kelburne's, 200l. at Kelso—1.

3. La Grizette, Mr. Alexander's, 75gs. at Irvine, and 75gs. and 50l. at Ayr—3.

BY WALTON, SON OF SIR PETER.

4. Angler, Sir W. Milner's, 50l. at Malton; 140gs. at York Spring Meeting; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. and 50l. at Northallerton—4.

2. Bay Colt (out of Orange Boven), Mr. Baird's, 75gs. at Kelso—1.

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2. Bay Filly (dam by Governor), Mr. Jaques's, the Trial Stakes of 40gs. at Durham—1.

3. Brown Colt (Marshal Blucher), Mr. J. Smith's, 50l. at Newcastle; Sir A. Ramsay's, 50gs. at Montrose; and 50l. at Inverness—3.

4. Grey Filly (Sister to Arbutus), Mr. Peirse's, 70l. at Richmond—1.

3. Lady Fulford, Mr. Ellis's, the Barton Stakes of 100gs. at Malton, and 51l. 10s. at Nottingham—2.

7. Liberty, Mr. Pearce's, 60l. at Egham—1.

2. Rebecca, Sir W. Wynne's, 60l. at Shrewsbury—1.

4. Shuffler, Mr. Benson's, 70l. at Preston—1.

BY WANDERER, SON OF GOHANNA.

3. Elfrid, Mr. Wyndham's, the Windsor Forest Stakes of 175gs. at Ascot Heath; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, at Brighton; the Ladies' Purse of 90l. at Lewes; the old Goodwood Club Stakes of 115l. and 55l. at Goodwood; and the First Class of the Oatland Stakes of 180gs. at Newmarket—6.

3. Evergreen, Mr. Friend's, 50l. at Winchester; 50gs. at Salisbury; and 50l. at Weymouth—3.

BY WATERLOO, SON OF WALTON.

3. Brown or Black Filly (out of Goodisson's Rose), Mr. W. West's, 50l. at Stockbridge; 56l. 10s. at Winchester; 60l. at Weymouth; 50l. and 40l. 5s. at Wells; 50gs. at Burderop; and 120gs. and 50l. at Monmouth—8.

BY WAXY, SON OF POT80's.

8. Inferior, Mr. Braithwaite's, the Clarence Stakes of 45l. at Hampton; and Mr. T. Jones's, 50l. at Egham—2.

BY WEAVER, SON OF SHUTTLE.

5. Mallard, Mr. Weaver's, 50l. (in dispute) at Ludlow—1.

T

6. Mary, Mr. Thomas's, 45l. at Bromyard—1.

BY WHALEBONE, SON OF WAXY.

3. Bay Filly (Spermaceti), Mr. Wyndham's, the Filly Riddlesworth Stakes of 1600gs. at Newmarket; 450gs. at Ascot Heath; and 81l. 10s. at Newmarket—3.

3. Dandizette, Duke of Richmond's, 45l. at Lewes; the Goodwood Stakes of 40l. and 50l. at Goodwood; the Southampton Stakes of 100l. 70l. and 90l. at Southampton; and twice 100l. at Newmarket—8.

3. Miss Julia, Mr. Braithwaite's, 30l. at Newmarket—1.

4. Moses, Duke of York's, the Claret Stakes of 1000gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket—2.

5. Norna, Mr. Fielde's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 20l. in specie, at The Hoo—1.

4. Peter Fin, Mr. Jones's, 50l. at Epsom—1.

3. Pinwire, Mr. Wyndham's, 400gs. at Newmarket—1.

6. Tom Tough, Mr. Coleman's, a Handicap Stakes at Woolwich—1.

3. Vaurien, Lord Verulam's, the Maiden Stakes of 40gs. at The Hoo; the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Chelmsford; the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Yarmouth; and the St. Leger Stakes of 250gs. at Newmarket—4.

3. Worthy, Mr. Howard's, 45l. at Feversham—1.

BY WHISKER, SON OF WAXY.

3. Abron, Mr. Watt's, the Shorts of 150gs. at York Spring Meeting; 100gs. at Beverley; and 200gs. at York August Meeting—3.

2. Reformer, Mr. Wilson's, the July Stakes of 960gs. at Newmarket—1.

2. Ringlet, Mr. Jaques's, the Yearling Stakes of 100gs. at Catterick; the Yearling Stakes of 40gs. at Middleham; 40gs. at

Richmond; and 60gs. at Northalerton—4.

3. Ringlet, Sir M. W. Ridley's, the Bolton Stakes of 165gs. at Middleham—1.

3. Stratherne, Sir D. Moncrieffe's, 225gs. at Irvine; 50gs. at Montrose; 300l. and the St. Leger Stakes of 283l. 15s. at Caledonian Hunt; 40gs. at Fife Hunt; and 50l. at Perth—6.

2. Swiss, Colonel Cradock's, 190gs. at York Spring Meeting, and the Champagne Stakes of 625gs. at Doncaster—2.

BY WHITE ROSE, SON OF BENINGBROUGH.

5. Moas Rose, Mr. King's, 50k at Exeter—1.

BY WHITWORTH, SON OF AGONISTES.

7. Sir Thomas, Mr. Johnston's, 100gs. at Kelso Spring Meeting—1.

BY WINDLE, SON OF BENINGBROUGH.

a. Hopeful, Mr. Duncombe's, 50gs. at Stapleton Park; and Mr. White's, 100l. at Doncaster—2.

BY WOFUL, SON OF WAXY.

5. Augusta, Lord Exeter's, 300gs. and 200l. at Newmarket—2.

4. Baron Bowes, Mr. W. Peirse's, 50l. at Middleham; Sir D. Moncrieffe's, twice 50gs. at Edinburgh; and Mr. Dowbiggin's, 50gs. at Perth—4.

3. Cinder, Duke of Grafton's, the Didlington Stakes of 450gs. and twice 200l. at Newmarket—3.

3. Jane Shore, Duke of York's, twice 50l. 100l. and 50l. at Newmarket—4.

4. Momentous, Mr. Bridge's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Winchester—1.

4. Pilgarlick, Lord Queensberry's, 100gs. at Newcastle—1.

4. Pity-me, Mr. Riddell's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newcastle, and the King's Purse of

100gs. at York August Meeting—2.

4. Wanton, Mr. Ferguson's, a Silver Cup value 50gs. with 20gs. in specie, at Durham; 51l. 10s. and 70l. at Lancaster; 70l. at Preston; and the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Kendall—5.

3. Zinc, Duke of Grafton's, the 1000gs. Stakes of 550gs. at Newmarket; the Oaks Stakes of 1275gs. at Epsom; and 88l. 6s. 8d. at Newmarket—3.

BY X Y Z, SON OF HAPHAZARD.
5. Gondola, Sir A. Don's, 50l. at Caledonian Hunt—1.

3. Zerbino, Sir A. Don's, 225gs. at Newcastle; and 50l. at Kelso—2.

BY YOUNG GOHANNA, SON OF GOHANNA.

5. Gift, Mr. Brown's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham—1.

BY YOUNG SIR PETER, SON OF SIR PETER.

a. Bay Gelding, Mr. Whitehead's, 50l. at Leicester—1.

BY YOUNG SORCERER, SON OF SORCERER.

5. Black Horse, Mr. J. Lewis's, 51l. at Shrewsbury—1.

4. Collina, Mr. Hopkinson's, a Gold Cup with 210gs. in specie, and the First Class of the Welbeck Stakes of 55gs. at Stapleton Park; 70gs. at Northallerton; and 50gs. and the First Class of the Normanby Stakes of 55gs. at Lambton Park—5.

BY ZODIAC, SON OF ST. GEORGE.

5. Fencer, Mr. Benson's, the Bicton Stakes of 60l. at Shrewsbury—1.

BY ADROSSAN OR WHITWORTH.

4. Verona, Mr. Lambton's, 50l. at York August Meeting, and 50l. at Pontefract—2.

BY BLUCHER OR WATERLOO.

3. Rinaldo, Mr. Farrall's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham—1.

BY CARDINAL YORK OR LANGTON.

5. Ledstone, Mr. Maule's, 50l. at Montrose; the Trial Stakes of 60gs. at Caledonian Hunt; and 50l. at Perth—3.

5. Packman, Mr. Armstrong's, 50l. at Beverley—1.

BY CRISPIN OR BLUCHER.

2. Bay Filly (out of Lady Sophia), Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50l. at Newmarket—1.

BY FILHO DA PUTA OR HETMAN.

3. Aleto, Mr. Houldsworth's, 100gs. at Manchester; the Chatsworth Stakes of 50l. at Buxton; and 50l. at Nottingham—3.

BY SORCERER OR W.'S DITTO.

3. Pincushion, Duke of Richmond's, 50l. at Newmarket; and Mr. G. J. Milles's, 75l. and 50l. at Canterbury—3.

BY SORCERER OR ZODIAC.

2. Tarandus, Mr. Udney's, thrice 100l. at Newmarket—2.

WINNING HORSES, &c. WHOSE AGES ARE AT PRESENT UNKNOWN.

0. Alpha, Mr. Russell's, 50gs. at Lambton Park—1.

a. Amy, Lieutenant Pearson's, the Waterloo Stakes of 45l. at Woolwich—1.

0. Amy, Mr. Mills's, 25gs. at Stapleton Park—1.

0. Bagatelle, Mr. Duncombe's, 25gs. and 100gs. at Stapleton Park—2.

6. Balloon, Mr. Griffin's, the Berkshire Cavalry Stakes (in dispute) at Abingdon—1.

5. Black Mare, Mr. Priddle's, the Yeomanry Cup at Southampton—1.

5. Black Prince, Mr. Underhill's, the Cocked Hat Stakes of 45gs. at Shrewsbury—1.

0. Bolam, Mr. Milbank's, 20gs. at Stapleton Park—1.

0. Brown Horse, Mr. Forster's,

the Farmers' Purse at Croxton Park—1.

0. Brown Gelding, Mr. Hooper's, a Silver Cup at Southampton—1.

0. Caliph, Lord Kennedy's, 50gs. at Irvine—1.

0. Cardinal, Mr. Trelawny's, 50l. at Bodmin, and the Endsleigh Stakes of 50gs. at Tavistock—2.

0. Chambermaid, Mr. Buchanan's, 50l. at Pontefract Spring Meeting—1.

4. Chance, Mr. Coleman's, 45l. at Feversham—1.

a. Chesnut Gelding, Mr. T. Jones's, 50l. at Egham—1.

a. Chesnut Horse, Mr. Walker's, the Meynell Hunt Stakes of 45gs. at Meynell Hunt—1.

5. Clapham, Mr. Wood's, the Cavalry Cup value 50gs. at Knutsford—1.

7. Edgcott, Sir H. Peyton's, 80gs. at Mostyn Hunt—1.

0. Eglantine, Mr. Day's, a Stakes at Bodmin—1.

0. George the Fourth, Mr. Rigg's, 50l. at Fife Hunt—1.

5. Haidee, Mr. T. Walton's, the Harrold Yeomanry Cup of 20l. with 20l. added, at Bedford—1.

0. Isabella, Mr. J. Bailey's, a Handicap Stakes at Tavistock—1.

0. Ivanhoe, Mr. Lambton's, 50gs. at Stapleton Park—1.

0. Jane, Mr. Flintham's, 50l. at Exton Park—1.

5. Jovial, Mr. Owen's, the Cocked Hat Stakes of 46l. 15s. at Oswestry—1.

6. Juliana, Mr. Heap's, 50l. at Leicester—1.

3. Little Driver, Mr. Smith's, 45l. at Stourbridge—1.

a. Luck's All, Mr. Hughes's, a Silver Cup value 50l. at Wrexham—1.

a. Meteorina, Mr. Williams's, 55gs. at Swansea—1.

6. Misery, Mr. Hill's, 55l. 15s. at Isle of Thanet—1.

0. Mostyn, Lord Huntingfield's, 100l. at Newmarket—1.

0. Mrs. Sug's, Mr. R. B. Williams's, 25l. at Holywell Hunt—1.

5. Nimrod, Mr. Bayley's, 50l. at Bath—1.

0. Opposition, Mr. Carnegie's, 150gs. at Montrose—1.

6. Pat, Mr. A. Braithwaite's, 45l. at Rochester and Chatham—1.

a. Playful, Mr. Howard's, 45l. at Rochester and Chatham—1.

0. Polecat, Mr. Tombs's, 25l. at Swansea—1.

5. Poster, Mr. Leigh's, 50l. at Oswestry—1.

6. Quentin Durward, Captain Wylde's, 37l. and 33l. at Woolwich—2.

5. Quietus, Mr. Tench's, the Cavalry Stakes at Ludlow—1.

0. Robin Gray, Captain Baird's, 25gs. at Ayr—1.

a. Shamrock, Mr. Ryegate's, 45l. at Rochester and Chatham—1.

a. Shaw, Mr. Judd's, a Cup at Stockbridge—1.

0. Shepherdess, Mr. Frazer's, 50l. at Inverness—1.

5. Stickler, Mr. Margerum's, a Silver Cup with 28gs. in specie, at Wells—1.

5. Tenbury Lass, Mr. J. Walker's, the Cavalry Stakes of 34gs. at Hereford—1.

a. Theodolite, Mr. Margetson's, the Yeomanry Cup at Inglewood Hunt—1.

0. Volunteer, Mr. Coke's, a Stakes at Croxton Park—1.

0. Usquebaugh, Mr. Carnegie's, 20gs. at Montrose—1.

0. Wellington, Mr. Stanton's, a Hunters' Stakes at Northampton—1.

5. Woodcock, Mr. Sumner's, the Yeomanry Purse of 50gs. at Leicester—1.

0. Woodman, Mr. Cay's, 45gs. at Yarmouth—1.

a. Woodpecker, Mr. Brown's,

the Cavalry Stakes of 45l. and the Broomhill Stakes of 45l. at Rotherham—2.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

(Continued from page 334, Vol. XI.)

Marcus.]——I have dogs, my Lord, Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,

And climb the highest promontory top.

Titus.] And I have a horse will follow where the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE way to heaven was once so easy, that, if I recollect right, Juvenal makes Atlas complain that his shoulders ached with the load of gods he had to carry; and if this were the case now, he who could beat every man in Leicestershire for a season, would in time have a snug birth amongst them. There was, however, says Cicero, rather too close a resemblance between gods and men in those days to please him, and we will not dispute this point. Nevertheless, we may venture to assert, that, amongst us sportsmen, "the laurels that Cæsar won" would be weeds, compared with those which we should wreath around his brow.

In what way the sons of Adam were to have passed their lives, had not Paradise been too good for them, I leave others to decide; but to me a covert's side, in a good country, is an Elysium. Solomon satiated himself with women, wine, and palaces; fine horses, gold, and silver; good eating, drinking, and music, and then grumbled at them all; but he never tried fox-hunting, or I think he would have been in better humour. It is

among the scenes of nature that generous emotions are excited, and, like the veteran Cochran, or the great John Warde, if we live amongst them, we shall enjoy them to the last, and leave to others to indulge in softness and effeminacy, which not only deprive them of all fence against discord or age, but leave them with shattered nerves and exhausted senses, and a pampered appetite for what they cannot enjoy. Of such men as these, we may justly exclaim—"Non his juvenis orta parentibus!" It is not from such sires, that the race of English gentlemen is to be propagated.

In fair play, however, there is one reason why King Solomon could not have tried fox-hunting, and that is, the company he must have mixed with when riding to hounds; for certainly the best performer we have ever heard of, has been one with whom this royal Israelite could not, with propriety, have entered the field, after having preached so much against him; and that is, *the devil*! Reader, be not surprised or alarmed! but ask a Meltonian how such an one, who has been distinguishing himself with hounds, gets on, and it is ten to one that he answers, "Oh, he rides like the devil!" Now as this simile is really become proverbial, it is only fair to conclude, that the devil has been a very good performer in his time. As to the colour he rode in, it may be difficult at this moment to determine, but we have the best authority for believing he was never so black as he is painted. In his own country, we should imagine he rode in red.

Though Solomon may never have tried it, hunting has been a favourite sport with Kings since the days of the princely Cyrus.

Our second Henry—acknowledged to be one of our greatest Kings—was such a determined sportsman, that I shall give a little sketch of him in that character, in the words of one of his historians.

“He neglected his hands,” says this pleasing writer, “never wearing gloves but in hawking. His clothes were short, calculated for expedition; his boots plain, and his bonnet unadorned. His feet and legs were generally in a bruised and livid state, from the repeated blows of his horses, yet he never sat down unless when unavoidable. His chief amusements were those of the field, which he pursued with immoderate ardour. He was on horseback before the sun was up—often fatigued the most robust sportsman in the chase; and returning sometimes late, sat down to a frugal meal, which was soon dispatched, and he was again on his feet till an early hour called him to his couch. Thus, by exercise and abstemiousness, he opposed a disposition to corpulency, which indulgence would soon have rendered troublesome and unwieldy. His hawks were brought from Norway, and some from Wales; but he was particularly curious in his hounds, that they should be fleet, well-tongued, and consonous. His vices were the vices of the man, and his virtues were the virtues of a Prince. He wished to make his people happy, by easing their burthens; and mitigated the severity of the forest laws, in the eye of his ruling passion. Notwithstanding this,” adds his biographer (but perhaps his subjects were unreasonable!), “he was little loved, and died unregretted.”

The character I have now transcribed is the character of a man,

as well as that of a Prince; and we might find some parallels to it in modern days. In one of my other letters on this subject, I mentioned the opinion of a sporting Baronet in Northamptonshire, that it was the moral duty of every man to take care of his health, for the sake of riding to hounds—an opinion in which I heartily concur; and as to the bruised and livid state of his Majesty's legs, we might also find a comparison here; for it is said of Frederick Berkely, that at the end of one season in Leicestershire, his body was “black and blue,” as it is termed, from the bangs and blows he had encountered in riding to hounds. These, however, are the men to breed from: “for who,” says a very old writer on hunting, “is so likely to gain a rampart, or mount an entrenchment, as he whose long practice hath been, scaling the fortifications of meadows and inclosures? Who so proper to manage his horse with address and intrepidity, in time of action, as he whose trade and occupation are leaping over five-bar gates, hedges, and stone walls? Habit and experience qualify the fox-hunter for the sap, or for the storm, to unkennel, or to pursue: long custom hath made him acquainted with all sorts of ground, with hills and vallies, morasses and deserts, streights and precipices; hath enabled him to excel in march or forage, in ambush or surprise, in attack or retreat. How common was it for champions like these to give terror to a squadron, or to make lanes among legions of Frenchmen! With what health and vigour did they then return home to the arms of their consorts! What hopeful, rosy, jolly branches were seen round their tables!

What martial heroes, inheritors of their virtues and their valour, did they leave to their country!"

As the gallant sportsman to whom I have now ventured to allude has just entered into the holy state of wedlock, some part of the above extract rather aptly applies. And as he has selected a daughter of the late Duke of Richmond for his wife, I may be allowed to observe, in the language of Nimrod, that *the cross must be a good one*.

Says the author of *Rasselas*—"Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age!" Nothing can be more true than this, and I once saw it exemplified. An old lady of my acquaintance was taking an airing one day in her carriage, and, as the song says, "the hounds came by in view." "You were in luck, Madam," said I to her in the evening. "Yes," she replied, "I saw you all *daring Providence*." I could not help being struck with the remark, but ventured to tell her Ladyship, that I was in hopes that "a Providence sat up aloft" to keep watch for the life of a sportsman, as well as for that of poor Jack. When a man, however, is in the act of riding to hounds, and determined to be with them, being hurt by a fall is only a secondary consideration—the first being, whether he may not lose his horse; for, as Tom Smith says, exclusive of being done for the day, there is nothing so *low* as to be running after one's horse, crying out—"Catch my horse! Pray catch my horse!"

When we come to reflect, however, it is astonishing how few persons out of the number that ride over a country, are hurt by falls.

A good story is told on this subject of a hard-riding whipper-in, who had had a great many falls in his time, but was never hurt in any of them. One unlucky day, however, his horse fell with him, and, rolling him as a cook would a pie-crust, nearly flattened all the prominences of his body. Getting up, and limping after him, he was heard muttering to himself—Well, *now I be hurt!* There is a picture at Mr. Corbet's, of Sundorn, of the famous *Tom Moody*, when whipper-in to Mr. Childe. He is represented in the act of falling over some high park-palings, and at the same time giving a view-halloo to a fox that was sinking before his hounds. This, most of your readers are aware, is the man who, when he was run to ground himself, was carried to the churchyard by six earth-stoppers, who, by his request, gave three "rattling view-halloos" over his grave.

If I were asked who it was that had shewn the greatest contempt for the consequence of a bad fall, that ever came under my observation, I should have no hesitation in saying, it was a gentleman by the name of Stanhope, who was on a visit to Sir Bellingham Graham, when he hunted the Atherstone country. On the Friday, his horse fell with him, and hurt his shoulder, but nothing was broken or displaced. The consequence was, he came out on the following Monday with his arm in a sling. We found a fox in the finest part of Sir Bellingham's Leicestershire country, and killed him in fifteen minutes, during which Mr. Stanhope was in a very good place. Having had the pleasure of meeting him, a few evenings before, at Sir Bellingham's, I asked him if he did not find it very awkward

to ride with only one hand, when he assured me he found little difficulty, with the horse he was then riding, as he was so very temperate, and had never given him a fall. "That is dangerous to boast of," said I to him; and here the conversation ended. We found another fox, and had a fine run of an hour and ten minutes with him, and killed him. About the middle of it, we came to a brook, which we all got well over, with the exception of Stanhope, who, unfortunately pitching on a turn in the bank, and disdaining to look, did not clear it, and his horse threw him with great violence on the opposite side. I saw him lying on the ground, apparently as dead as if he had been shot at Waterloo; but also observing a particular friend of his, as well as the huntsman, with him, and being aware, that I could render him no farther assistance, I did not pull up my horse; but I understood it was upwards of five minutes before he shewed any signs of returning animation.

On getting back to Sir Bellingham's house—having been blooded at Bosworth—all necessary measures were taken, and the doctor would feign have persuaded Mr. Stanhope that some ribs were broken. He had a short husky cough, and two or three other directing symptoms, which seldom mislead a skilful apothecary; but he resisted all such insinuations, and assured him he should be well in a few days; and the Quorn hounds coming within reach on the following Thursday, he went to meet them, still having his arm in a sling.

In the course of this day's sport, some of the party, among whom was Mr. Stanhope, got into a cor-

ner of a field, and were *pounded*. What is not very usual in this country, one of the hardest riders in England had dismounted his horse, and was trying to pull down the top bar of a flight of rails, which did not otherwise appear practicable. "Let me try," said Mr. Stanhope: "I am on a good one." The sequel was, he rode at it, and got a tremendous fall. On seeing him lying on the ground, Sir Bellingham rode up to him, and said, "Now I'll tell you what, Stanhope, you are a good one, but by G-d you shall ride no more to-day! Go to Leicester and put yourself into your carriage, and get to town as quick as you can, and get cured!" He took his friend's advice; and when he arrived there, Mr. Heaviside found out that he had two ribs broken, and his breast-bone beaten in!! This, we may also say, is not a bad sort of a man to breed from.

Use is said to be next to nature; and no doubt there is a great deal in being used to tumbling, or Grimaldi would have broken every bone in his body long ago. Mr. Mytton assured me he had upwards of an hundred falls in one season; and when I was last at his house, he had a gig in his coach-house which had been over three five-barred gates. The history of his escapes out of carriages would make a most entertaining volume, and it is only astonishing that he is alive to relate them. A turnpike-gate will scarcely stop him *on the road*; and over a country, the man should have a patent for the fence that will pound him—particularly after a French breakfast.

The most difficult part of riding to hounds is, "facing a brook;" but before I proceed to say any

thing on that subject generally, I shall mention one which the gallant rider I have just been speaking of leaped, *in cool blood*, on his return from hunting with his own hounds in Shropshire. It measured a little more than seven yards in the clear; but the space covered in the leap was nine yards and a quarter, from one hind footstep to the other. Being at his house at the time, I saw it measured the next morning, in the presence of several other sporting men. This extraordinary leap (as I observed before, without the presence of hounds) was taken by that extraordinary horse *Baronet*, whose name must be familiar to your readers, from his exploits having been so often recorded in print. Some years since, Mytton backed him to clear nine yards over hurdles placed at some distance from each other; but he performed the task so often with him before the appointed time, that he refused it then, and lost his master's money.

Baronet is a mean-looking horse, with only one eye; but Nature has made amends for that, by giving him more than one life, or he would have never survived the last seven years which he has been in Mr. Mytton's possession. He may be said to be as stout as steel; and if there was rank among brutes, *this* *Baronet* should have been raised to the peerage.

Mr. Mytton has, no doubt, put the powers of the horse to the test, as much as any man in England, or in any other country; and it is a common answer to the question whether such a fence is practicable, that "it would do for Mytton." In Lord Bradford's Park, when he hunted the Shiffnal country, he cleared one of his Lordship's deer-

hurdles, upwards of six feet high; and, what is more surprising, he covered the space of eight yards in length at the same time. This was accomplished on a horse called "*The Hero*," which he purchased of me for 500 guineas, and was the same that leaped the gate with him in Mr. Jellico's grounds in Shropshire, the height of which was seven feet. I have possessed better brook-jumpers than "*The Hero*," as he would always make a trifling stop at them; but he was the *highest* leaper I ever was master of in my life.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Mytton forgets the good advice of the hard-riding Northamptonshire *Baronet*, and is getting out of form to ride, and not so keen about hunting as he has hitherto been. In the language of the stable, he throws up flesh so fast, that he will be soon too heavy; and, in the language of the Bible, he has "married a wife, and cannot come."

In my experience of riding to hounds, I have observed, that nothing tends so much to make a field select, as a good rasping brook. In the first place, many horses will not face it, and in the next, many men will not ride at it; and to be *good at water*, is one of the first and most essential qualifications in each. Even a *brookling*, with soft banks, and horses a little abroad, often creates no small confusion among those who are not mounted on hunters.* A fall at a brook is, generally, an awkward one, both to the rider and to his horse. The latter is very liable to strain himself; and the former, if not hurt, is sure to be spoiled for the day, exclusive of affording some amusement to his friends. When the famous Dick Knight hunted Northamptonshire,

* All hunters are horses, but all horses are not hunters.

he rode over a wide and deep brook at the same time that a reverend gentleman was floating down it, having been landed in the middle of it. "The gentleman swims like a cork," said Dick, without ever thinking of assisting him. This tumbling into deep brooks, however, is no joking matter; for when a man comes to fall backwards with his horse into deep water, and, as it often happens, gets under him, and remains there till his horse recover his legs, he may be said to be anywhere but *in clover*, and many narrow escapes, to my knowledge, have been encountered.

Several wagers have been made about leaping brooks in cool blood. One was between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Maher, some years since, in Leicestershire, for 100 guineas. It was, that each did not ride over a brook that measured six yards in the clear, *without disturbing the water*. They both cleared it handsomely, but a bit of dirt being thrown back into it by Lord Alvanley's horse, after he had landed, it was of course decided against his Lordship.

Among the accidents that happen from brook-jumping, over-reaching horses is the most common. To guard against this, the inside edge of the hinder shoes should be bevilled down with the blacksmith's hammer, so as to make it quite harmless, as recommended in one of my former letters, as the best preventive of over-reaching.

A horse cannot be called a hunter, unless he is a good brook-jumper; but to be a very good one is a rare qualification. It is not that almost every horse has not the power of extending himself over six or seven yards of water; but a great many of them appear to have a more natural dislike to it

than to any other species of fence; and to get over a wide brook, requires as much resolution in a horse, as in his rider; and in no part of riding to hounds, does a man distinguish himself more. When I was in the habit of making young horses into hunters, I found the best effect from the following plan of education:—I used to pitch upon rather a soft meadow, through which ran a small rivulet, or "brookling," as it is termed, with shelving banks on each side, so that there was no possibility of getting a fall, by a young one putting his feet into it, at taking off. I then accustomed him to go three-parts speed at it—taking it in his stroke, which he generally appeared to do with increased confidence, every time he was ridden at it. I never rode him over it more than three times in one day, taking care that he did not see it till he came close to it. I have frequently seen six or seven yards, from side to side, cleared in this way, without apparent difficulty. The advantage of this method is, that it gives confidence to a young one, as, from the nature of the ground, a mistake cannot happen; and I have no doubt but that many horses are prevented from ever being good brook-jumpers, by getting into brooks before they know how to get over them. I had a very satisfactory proof of the efficacy of this plan three years ago, with a thorough-bred horse which I bought, just out of training; and who, when I first had him, stopped and snorted, even at a deep cart rut. After a few of these lessons, he would leap a very fair brook—merely the result of confidence in himself.

There is something poetically plaintive in the sight of the weep-

ing willow; and I confess, that when not on a brilliant brook-jumper, I have now and then heaved a sigh when these trees have presented themselves to my view. "D—n those willow-trees!" said I once to Sir Henry Peyton, in the middle of a good run in Oxfordshire, as I saw them bending over a still and deep brook, in a deep and muddy country, and the hounds just hitting off the scent on the other side. "Go along!" said Sir Henry: "never stop to look at it!" We got well over it, and he bought the horse I rode, and had him many years afterwards.

Amongst other countries, I hunted one season in Ireland; and there I found out the reason of the horses of that country being such good drain-leapers, as they are called, which is to be attributed solely to their education. If an Irishman has got a clever young horse, which he means to make a hunter, he puts a fellow more than half drunk on his back, with a pair of sharp spurs, and a *cutting whip* (Anglice—a handwhip), and he gallops him at all sorts of fences, regardless whether he goes into them, or over them—though with the help of the instruments just mentioned, and a good "Horrough! by Jasus, the devil a balk you're going to make now!" the latter is generally accomplished.* In our own country, however, I am sorry to say, a little punishment is wanting, to persuade most horses to extend themselves over large brooks; and "the persuaders," as they are termed, as well as a stroke or two of the whip down the shoulders, are of the greatest use. It should

here be observed, that though the spurs should be applied when in the act of charging a brook, the rider's knees should be straightened before he comes to the bank, or, in case of a refusal, a ducking must be the consequence.

Most people know what a number of brooks there are in the Quorn and Belvoir countries; and most sportsmen have heard what a rare hand Tom Smith is at getting over them. The Styx itself would scarcely stop him, when a fox is sinking. This is to be attributed to his resolute way of riding to hounds, by which his horses know it is in vain to refuse whatever he may put them at. What I have now said, was strongly exemplified when he hunted the Quorn hounds. He was galloping at three-parts speed down one of those large fields in the Harborough country, in the act of bringing his hounds to a scent, and was looking back to see if they were coming. In the middle of this field, and exactly in the course in which his horse was going, was a pond of water, into which he leaped, thinking it useless to refuse, and of course not knowing that he were not intended to do so. This horse would, no doubt, have jumped into the Thames, or the Severn.

Milton (not Milton the horse-dealer) gives reason to brutes; and undoubtedly some hunters that have been ridden many seasons in enclosed countries, and are of docile tempers, nearly bear him out in his hypothesis—for it is wonderful with what care and caution many of them avoid danger, and at the same time ease them-

* A short time since, I wrote a little dialogue in the *Sporting Magazine*, as supposed to have taken place between an Irish gentleman, and an Irish farmer who had a horse to sell, and which was nearly *verbatim* what I had heard, when in that country.

selves of labour in a run, by taking every advantage of picking their ground. A horse of this description can scarcely be made to go on the top of a deep-ploughed land, as he knows he shall tread much more firmly in the furrow; and he will make many attempts to get on head-lands, and other sound ground. I once saw a particular instance of sagacity in a hunter of my own, which I shall never forget: I was riding him at a small fence in Northamptonshire, having my eye intent on the hounds, and did not see a row of live stakes, the remains of another fence which had been cut up, as is common in that country, and on which he would have alighted; but he stopped short, and refused it. Whether this was or was not reason, I leave others to determine; but it was something "*sui generis*," which saved me a good horse, and I am satisfied. As for the story in your last Number, of the horses in Italy knowing an Englishman by the smell, I conceive that to be intended for the *junior* branches of your readers, who expect to be amused with some nursery tales at this season of the year.

Having mentioned what I have found to be the best method of getting horses *over* brooks, I now come to point out the best way of getting them *out of them*, when they are so unfortunate as to get in; and which is always a troublesome, and often a difficult, task. When a horse of my own was pulled out of the river Cherwell, which I mentioned in one of my letters on Oxfordshire, the cheek of the snaffle bit was forced through his under jaw, so that he could only eat bruised corn for the rest of the season. This was for want of better manage-

ment. Two seasons back I got a horse into a brook in Staffordshire, the bottom of which was so bad, that he was unable to keep on his feet. His head was the only part above water, and one more struggle would have drowned him. By the direction, however, of some old sportsmen who were present, a quantity of stirrup-leathers were buckled together, one of which was secured around his neck, and he was pulled out by his head, and thus his life was preserved.

In leaping a wide brook, a horse must spring a certain height, or the joint weight of himself and his rider, would bring him too soon to the ground. The momentum, however, has a good deal to do with it; for which reason, a man should always ride at a brook at a quick pace, holding his horse fast by the head, sticking the needles well into his sides, and never letting him see it till he comes to it.

Standing leapers—that is, horses which will only leap standing—are now almost exploded, and are very unfit for brook-jumping. It must, indeed, require no small degree of nerve to ride one of this description over a good deep brook, with hollow banks. Some years since Mr. Robert Canning bought a very magnificent horse, called Parnassus, from the present Earl of Stamford, who, though he leaped a fence or two flying, on the day he bought him, would always stand at them afterwards;—probably to be accounted for, by his not liking seventeen stone on his back; and also, perhaps, the result of a little of that reasoning faculty which the poet I alluded to, has allowed to these noble animals. It was astonishing, however, what brooks Mr. Canning could get this horse over;

but the world is not peopled with such riders as him, and standing jumpers are, generally speaking, bad articles for fox-hunters.

When we look at the riders of the present century, and contrast them with what they are represented to have been in some part of the last, we cannot fail to be amused with the change. In one of the earliest volumes of the *Sporting Magazine* are some directions for riding to hounds, in which we are told to *ride on the line of them, and if we don't like the fence, to dismount*. Were a man to obey these instructions in Leicestershire, he would be in no small danger of his life, for he would be ridden over to a certainty. There is no time for peeping and craning; but to leap first, and look afterwards, is the order of the day. NIMROD.

EPITAPH ON SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY'S CHARGER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

AN old sportsman, and a subscriber to your monthly Magazine, requests that you will insert in your first production after its receipt the annexed epitaph of a favourite horse, and you'll oblige a constant reader.

J. WATSON.

Malta, October 22, 1823.

N.B. This horse is buried in the garden under the south-west battery at the Marsa, near Floriant, island of Malta.

ALAS, POOR GENERAL!

"Thy toils, and broils, and scenes of war
are o'er:

Alas, thou sleep'st to wake no more!"

HERE lies the celebrated charger of
the late Lieutenant-General Sir RALPH

ABERCROMBY, who was killed at the memorable battle of Alexandria, 21st March, 1801, where this noble animal received on that glorious day seven musket balls and two sabre cuts, when he afterwards became the property of John Watson, of Malta, who placed this stone over his remains, in token of his rare services, peculiar qualities, high spirit, and good temper.

This esteemed horse departed this life of miseries September 12th, 1823,
Aged 36 years.

"Sua cuique voluptus."

IMPROPER DISPOSAL OF GAME.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Am sorry to hear it said that some gentlemen swap their game with their fishmonger for fish. If they have more game than they can consume, let them send it to their friends, neighbours, and tenants, and the different people whose lands they sport over. I don't mean a hare and a pheasant once a year to a farmer, but a good basket every now and then, so that the farmer may have an opportunity of making a present to his friends also. This is the way to keep up a good stock of game, and to keep the persons who breed and feed it in good humour; and no more, by the bye, than what they are justly entitled to expect. I have heard of people who, in coursing, have killed seventeen, eighteen, and twenty hares a day, and yet were never known to give one away; and, what is the more extraordinary, that they have not had an inch of land belonging to them, and that these hares went for cods' heads and oysters. I have certainly never seen the packages go off for London, and therefore I hope the tale is untrue.

I like also to see fair play in coursing, such as, when a set of greyhounds are tired, they should go home—not, if an unfortunate hare is found sitting, for orders to be given that an *omnium gatherum* be mustered, consisting of all the tired dogs, and, lest she should beat them, for the finder to be told to put her out sharp, or, in other words, to hit her a crack over the back with a stick, prior to starting; or, if the *omnium gatherum* be not considered up to a hare, to send the finder home for a gun to shoot her.—Yours,

FAIRPLAY.

P.S. As you have at different times so ably exposed the various impositions practised in the charge of carriage of game, should any regulation take place, wherein the carriage of a small basket travelling 100 miles does not amount to more than the value of the game, I hope some of your constant readers, and who have preserves, and are liberal-minded gentlemen, and who do not swap their game for fish, will bear in mind, that the first fortnight or three weeks after Christmas you always devote to the entertainment of your friends..

 NEWMARKET COURSING MEETING, 1823.

TUESDAY, NOV. 25.

FIRST Chevely Field—For the Cup.—Mr. Wright's blk. p. Wowski, beat Lord Rivers's blk. d. Romulus; Mr. Palmer's blk. b. Puss, beat Mr. Mure's w. d. Fiddler; Mr. Wilkinson's blk. p. Clara, beat Mr. Gooch's blk. d. Guido; Mr. Scott's blk. and w. d. Inkle, beat Lord Maynard's blk. d. Killigrew; Lord Dunwich's br.

b. Eel, beat Marquis of Huntly's blk. d. Velocipede; Mr. Rust's y. b. Belinda, beat Mr. Syer's r. d. Merlin; Mr. Redhead's blk. b. Lady, beat Admiral Wilson's fawn d. Uxbridge; Mr. Hoskin's r. d. Horatio, beat Mr. Gent's blk. d. Stopper.

Matches.—Mr. Hoskin's Herdsman, beat Lord Dunwich's Mum; Mr. Syer's Miss, beat Mr. Denn's Dewdrop; Admiral Wilson's Underweigh, beat Mr. Scott's Intruder; Mr. Mure's Fly, beat Mr. Wright's Whiskey; Lord Rivers's Rubicon, beat Mr. Hoskin's High-flyer; Mr. Redhead's Lottery, beat Mr. Hoskin's Hannibal; Mr. Wilkinson's Cesta, beat Mr. Wright's Wasp; Mr. Denn's Doe, against Mr. Rust's Baby—undecided; Mr. Rust's Blossom, beat Mr. Denn's Daphne; Mr. Mure's Flint, beat Admiral Wilson's Upstart; Mr. Syer's Martha, beat Mr. Redhead's Lass; Lord Rivers's Ruffneck, beat Lord Maynard's Khan; Mr. Scott's Io, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Calliope.

Second Class.—Lord Dunwich's Medlar, beat Mr. Hoskin's He-cuba; Lord Rivers's Roxana, beat Lord Maynard's Kerseymere; Mr. Rust's Betsy, beat Lord Maynard's Kiss; Lord Rivers's Rust, beat Lord Maynard's Kingfisher; Mr. Hoskin's Highlander, beat Lord Maynard's Kell.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26.

Chippenham Field—For the Cup.—Horatio beat Lady—Belinda beat Inkle—Eel beat Wowski—Clara beat Puss.

Matches.—Lord Dunwich's Egbert, beat Lord Rivers's Racer; Mr. Syer's Matchem, beat Mr. Scott's Indus; Lord Rivers's Rosamond, beat Lord Maynard's Kelly; Mr. Wright's Wellington;

beat Mr. Scott's Isaac; Lord Rivers's Rushmore, beat Lord Maynard's Kressy; Mr. Denn's Dinah; beat Mr. Mure's Foster; Mr. Gooch's Gelert, agst Mr. Wilkinson's Cogniac—no course; Mr. Denn's Dandy, beat Mr. Gooch's Gannet; Admiral Wilson's Unity, agst Mr. Rust's Bonus—undecided; Lord Dunwich's Moorcock, beat Mr. Palmer's Pelter; Mr. Wilkinson's Clipper, beat Mr. Wright's Woodlark; Mr. Rust's Blossom, beat Lord Maynard's blk. b. p.; Mr. Hoskin's Hoyden, beat Mr. Gooch's Gondola; Admiral Wilson's Una, agst Mr. Mure's Fane—no course; Mr. Syer's Medler, beat Mr. Gent's Sall; Admiral Wilson's Ulysses, beat Mr. Syer's March.

Second Class.—Lord Dunwich's Equator, beat Mr. Mure's Farmer; Admiral Wilson's Undaunted, beat Lord Rivers's Ringouzle; Lord Rivers's Riddle, beat Mr. Gooch's Goblet; Lord Rivers's Rubens, beat Mr. Gooch's Gerrard; Mr. Rust's Beatrice, beat Mr. Denn's Dairymaid.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

Bottisham Field.—For the Cup. —Clara beat Eel—Horatio beat Belinda.

Matches.—Admiral Wilson's Upstart, beat Lord Dunwich's Medlar; Admiral Wilson's Uxbridge, beat Mr. Gooch's Guido; Mr. Wright's Woodhead, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Calliope; Mr. Scott's Io, agst Mr. Hoskin's Herdsman—no course; Mr. Syer's Martha, beat Mr. Rust's Baby; Lord Rivers's Robin Hood, beat Mr. Wright's Witchcraft; Mr. Denn's Daphne, beat Mr. Syer's Miss; Mr. Redhead's Lemman, beat Mr. Gooch's Gambol; Mr. Rust's Betsy, beat Mr. Denn's Dewdrop;

Admiral Wilson's Underweigh, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cogniac; Lord Dunwich's Merit, beat Lord Rivers's Rattle; Mr. Gooch's Garrick, beat Mr. Redhead's Lapwing; Mr. Gent's Stopper, beat Mr. Hoskin's Horace.

Second Class.—Lord Rivers's Redrose, beat Mr. Hoskin's Heiress; Mr. Gooch's Gannet, beat Mr. Hoskin's Highlander; Lord Dunwich's Mitre, agst Mr. Usborne's Quiz—off; Mr. Gooch's Gelert, beat Mr. Denn's Doe; Mr. Wilkinson's Cobbea, beat Mr. Usborne's Quaker; Lord Dunwich's Mum, beat Lord Rivers's Romulus.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

Second Chippenham Field.—For the Cup.—Mr. Hoskin's Horatio, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Clara, and won the Cup.

Matches.—Mr. Hoskin's Hamlet, beat Mr. De Bergh's Tom; Mr. Hoskin's Hoyden, beat Mr. Barker's Ogre; Mr. Denn's Dandy, beat Mr. Rust's Baby; Mr. Syer's Martha, beat Mr. Redhead's Lively; Lord Rivers's Ronald, beat Mr. Rust's Belinda; Lord Rivers's Rantipole, agst Mr. Rust's Blossom—undecided; Mr. De Bergh's Logic, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cesta; Admiral Wilson's Una, beat Mr. Redhead's Leveret; Admiral Wilson's Uxbridge, beat Lord Dunwich's Equator; Mr. Redhead's Lottery, beat Mr. Barker's Oscar; Lord Dunwich's E Medlar, rec. ft. from Mr. Syer's Match'em; Mr. Barker's Omelet, agst Mr. Wright's Wasp—undecided; Lord Rivers's Rubens, beat Mr. Wright's Wellington.

Second Class.—Lord Rivers's Royal, beat Mr. Palmer's Peter; Mr. Hoskin's Hannibal, agst Admiral Wilson's Usquebaugh—off.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

RACING.

GRAND Handicap at Doncaster, 1824.—The sporting world are all anxiety as to what horses will accept for the new handicap at Doncaster St. Leger Course, to be run for on the Saturday before the next meeting, for 500 sovs. each, h. ft. as advertised in the *York Herald*, and to close on New-year's Day. At present four of the best horses in England are named; and it appears that Tinker and Barefoot give 3lb. to Emilius and Sherwood—the weights being 8st. 9lb. for the two first, and 8st. 6lb. for the two last. This is supposed to be a challenge from the north, and is expected to be a most sporting race. Sherwood is talked of as likely to be a favourite.

NEWMARKET OATLANDS.

The Jockey Club met this month, and handicapped the horses for the OATLAND STAKES at Newmarket of next year:—

	st. lb.
Hampden, 4 yrs	9 4
Pastille, 4 yrs	8 11
Whigg, 4 yrs	8 9
Magnus, 4 yrs	8 8
Holborn, 4 yrs	8 6
Bertram, 4 yrs	8 2
Swivel, 4 yrs	8 1
Bizarre, 3 yrs	7 13
Compte d'Artois, 3 yrs	7 10
Cinder, 3 yrs	7 10
Premum, 3 yrs	7 10
Ganymede, 3 yrs	7 8
Juniper c. by Oscar, 3 yrs	7 6
Vidette, 3 yrs	7 4
Spotless filly, 3 yrs	7 3
Pinwire, 3 yrs	7 3
Cardinal Puff, 3 yrs	7 2
Isabella, 3 yrs	7 1
Sunshine, 3 yrs	7 0
Cephalus, 3 yrs	7 0
Reserve filly, 3 yrs	7 0
Scud c. out of Rump's dam, 3 yrs	7 0

In the above nomination our readers will observe that Hampden gives any other four-year-old 7lbs. which justifies the remark made upon this celebrated horse, in our last Number, by our valuable correspondent OBSERVATOR.

We understand that Colonel UNNAV's Derby colt for next year, is

training on quite to the satisfaction of her owner. It appears by the list of winning horses, that the amount of Emilius's winnings last year was eight thousand two hundred guineas!!

HUNTING.

Although there has been no stop to hunting as yet, it has not been generally considered good scenting weather.

We hear that the Duke of BEAUFORT's and Sir THOMAS MOSTYN's hounds have had a particularly good season's sport up to the present time.

We are informed that Sir BELLINGHAM GRAHAM and Lord ANSON are giving great satisfaction in Staffordshire, and are attended by very numerous fields. Sir Bellingham hunts his own hounds, and is whipped in to by the same whippers-in that were in that country when Mr. Hornayold had it. They are particularly well mounted.

The UNION fox-hounds, Essex, the property of Messrs. Nunn, had one of the severest runs this month, that has been known in the eastern part of the county for many years. These hounds met on Tuesday, the 9th December, at Gifford's Hall, in their Suffolk country; but not finding at Mark Wood, they drew on to Mr. Cook's Gorse, at Polsted, where a fox had been seen in the morning: every one present was now on the tip-toe of expectation, when, to their great surprise and mortification, they found the covert beset with traps and guns, which neither the persuasions of Mr. Nunn, nor the presence of a numerous field of sportsmen, could induce the owner to remove. Thus disappointed, the huntsman trotted away to Langham Lodge Wood, in Essex, a distance of eight or nine miles. It was nearly half-past one o'clock, when Tartar's well-known tongue infused joy into every countenance. Reynard had taken the hint, and was gone nearly ten minutes before the hounds, leaving the gallant

pack to hold on upon a hunting scent, in a direct line for Colchester. Passing the High Woods, through Mile End, he crossed the Ipswich and Harwich turnpike roads, and disdaining the large coverts in that neighbourhood, he turned through Grimstead, Elmsted, Wivenhoe, Alsford, to Thorington, where reynard, ten miles from home, making a-head for the first time, seemed inclined to regain the coverts he had so boldly left; and now, going up wind, the hounds set-to at the best pace, through Frating, Bentley, Great Bromley, and Little Bromley. Here passing within one field of the kennel, Waggoner would fain have stopped at his well-known crib; but, urged on by his gallant rider, he reluctantly passed the stable door, the hounds running hard for their fox through Lawford, Ardley, Dedham, and again crossing the Ipswich turnpike road to Langham Lodge Wood. Reynard was viewed a short distance before the hounds, completely beaten; but, game to the last, he had just strength to reach the covert in which he had been found three hours before, and thus saved his life, as it was thought prudent to stop the hounds, at half-past four o'clock, after a run of three hours and some few minutes, over twenty-eight or thirty miles of enclosed country, through fourteen parishes, and without scarcely a single check.—The same hounds met on Tuesday, the 16th December, at Raydon, in Suffolk, but not finding a fox, they drew on to Hintlesham, where they found immediately, and, after a run of two hours and thirty minutes, he was killed in fine style, the hounds running him in view a considerable distance before he was pulled down. These hounds are now in the highest perfection.

The QUORNDON hounds have had some of the severest runs this month that the oldest sportsman can ever remember; particularly Thursday and Friday, the 11th and 12th—the former day from Walton Thorns, and the latter day from Cream Gorse. The horses each day were completely *done*, and distress was strongly pictured in

every countenance. There is scarcely a stall to be had at Melton, and many of the neighbouring villages have the stables full of the finest horses.

On Tuesday December 2, the SCARBOROUGH and Mr. HARRISON's harriers met at Snainton, and afforded a most excellent day's sport, during which Mr. J. Harrison and Mr. Thornton distinguished themselves in riding. A large party of gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner and wines, which were provided at the inn, and the hilarity of the evening was kept up to a late hour. Sir G. Cayley, Bart. was in the chair, supported by R. Lythe, Esq. as Vice.

The buck-hounds of the Hon. E. G. LITTLETON, M.P. for Staffordshire, met on Monday, the 8th inst. at Bushbury Hill, the residence of — Phillips, Esq. when a number of gentlemen were regaled at his hospitable table, with an elegant and substantial cold collation and wines. A little before twelve o'clock a very fine deer, which had been sent down from Teddesley, was turned out amidst a numerous field of sportsmen and an immense concourse of spectators on foot. The noble animal, after viewing the scene around him, bounded over the hedge and made for the covers at Old Fallings, when he laid down, and was passed by the hounds, which were a short time at fault, re-entered the cover, ran him from his place of secrecy, and pursued him back to Bushbury, over the enclosures to the Stafford road, which he crossed, and made in a direct line for Autherly. Here being closely pressed, he turned to the right, and, skirting Pendeford, returned to the high road, pressed through Oxley and Gorsbrook, and then entering the enclosures on the left, made across the country to Essington Sneyd, where he was taken alive, after a fine run of nearly three hours.

Mr. MEYNELL's hounds had a most gallant run on the 6th inst. with a fox found in the covers of Radbourne. He took the direction of Burnaston, Etwell, crossed the turnpike road for High Fields and the Ash, then crossed the Sutton road, making his point for

Hilton Common, where the hounds came to a check for a few minutes; then hit him off, crossed again the Sutton road for Radbourne: he ran past the covers there, and again faced the open country, taking a similar direction, but extending his line some miles further, making his point for Foston: he there turned to right about, and again made his play for Radbourne, where he was killed after a most severe chase of three hours from the time he left the cover. The distance of ground he ran over cannot be computed at less than twenty-five miles, and for the last ten miles the hounds ran at him at a most uncommon pace. Out of a field of sixty sportsmen, not more than twelve, including the huntsman and whipper-in, were up at the death; and, considering the heavy state of the ground, the brooks and fences, it was no disgrace to those who were so unfortunate as to be left behind.

On Wednesday, December 3, the CHESHIRE hounds came near Chester, Waverton village being appointed as the place of meeting. Sir M. H. Mainwaring was absent, owing, we understood, to the death of a near relation. The morning was very favourable, although the preceding night had been occasionally stormy. Exactly at the time appointed, the hounds, attended by their knowing huntsman, Mr. Read, and two whippers-in, proceeded to Saughton Gorse. We have seldom witnessed a larger field of sportsmen than presented themselves at this time. The barouche and four of Earl Grosvenor, attended by two out-riders, drove up to the cover-side. In it was recognized Lady Delamere, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, Lady Brooke, and a Lady whom we did not recollect having previously had the honour of seeing, but whom we understood to be a relative of the Countess Grosvenor: on the barouche-box sat Mrs. Tomkinson, heedless of the flying shower. The field of amateurs was too extensive for us to embrace the whole, but we recognized Messrs. Sudworth, Hesket, Massey, Bagnall, Ashley, Bromfield, Nicolls, Shakespear, Johnson, Dixon, Campbell, Currie, Bras-

sey, Collier, Clemeson, Baldwin, Orton, Hamilton, and many others whose quick transit scarce gave us time to recognise. In about ten minutes after throwing into cover, a favourite hound gave tongue, and the knowing ones were convinced all was right, and soon after a very fine fox broke cover in the direction of Saughton, but, instead of making for the village, he ran for Rowton: near Rowton Hall he faced the keen wind, and bent away back for Saughton, in a circuitous direction, to near the cover again, but boldly kept the open country, and went at a killing pace over the meadows, by Hatton Heath, and Calvely Hall, crossed the brooks to Aldersey, and thence in a direct line to Cowley, and gallantly took the high ground to Barnhill, from thence to Bolesworth, Hanthill, Borwardale, and Peckforton, on the high rocks and almost impenetrable fastnesses of which reynard ultimately escaped, after affording a brilliant run of nearly an hour and a half, over a very difficult country, which caused many a gallant knight to sob out, "Hold, enough!"

On Monday, December 8, Sir JACOB ASTLEY'S fox-hounds met at Wighton. At a quarter before eleven they were thrown into an osier car towards Walsingham-street. In a moment an old hound spoke to his game; and no sooner had the whole pack sworn to it, than the view halloo was given by one of the whips. Upon hearing tally-ho, reynard went off up wind at the best pace, and on rising the hill, gave one glance at the field, who were on the wrong side of the river. Bidding them adieu, he made the best of his way apparently for Houghton; but, upon being closely pressed by the hounds, altered his scheme, and ran down wind for the Wighton Thorns. Here he evidently had halted, to take advantage of what few moments were to spare; but the hounds, attended by one whip, being close at his bush, he again pushed forward, over Wells Heath, for Holkham Park, upon entering which the whole field came up, having been thrown out by the river. The hounds soon pressed him through the belt

into the grove, from which he was viewed, evidently very much beaten; and, in endeavouring to gain the Obelisk Wood, the whole pack ran in to him and unbuttoned his jacket, after a very sharp burst of four-and-twenty minutes. To witness reynard's last endeavours appeared Mr. Coke (accompanied by his old huntsman, Jones), who received the due thanks of the whole field for the handsome manner in which he had come forward to assist Sir Jacob in establishing his fox-hounds in Norfolk.

On Thursday, December 11, Sir JACOB ASTLEY's hounds threw off at Hempsall Wood, which was drawn without finding. They then proceeded to Shottisham Wood, out of which they presently unkenneled a fine fox, which, however, well knew his ground, and stole away for Brooke Wood, without shewing any sport. Here reynard was again found, but so loth to leave, that it was not till after nearly an hour's beating about that he would break cover. At length he started, and gave the field a pretty good run as far as Woodton Springs, where he completely foiled the hunters. The day was by this time far spent, and further pursuit was given up. The weather was remarkably fine, and the field presented a most brilliant sight, not less than three hundred horsemen being present; among whom were Sir Jacob Astley, Bart., Richard H. Gurney, Esq. M.P., E. Wodehouse, Esq. M.P., P. Hammond, Esq., H. N. Burroughes, Esq., R. Pratt, jun. Esq. &c. &c.

Brighton, Dec. 9. — A brilliant field, including upwards of eighty sportsmen, attended our subscription pack of harriers yesterday, which threw off, as usual on the Monday, at Patcham, at half-past ten in the morning. Nearly three tedious hours were passed before a hare could be started, but which at length was effected, near Stanmer. Puss was sturdy and fleet: she flew over Hollingbury Hill to Withdean, and thence skimmed the surface of the Henfield road to Streeter's Mill, and measured Coldstone Bottom to Blatchington and Angleton, the dogs often running

with their object in view. After a burst of about eight miles, in twenty-eight minutes, the pack ran in to her in the centre of a deep pond near the latter place.

Extraordinary Run. — The crack pack of harriers belonging to John Barling, Esq. of Nouds, Linsted, Kent, had a most extraordinary run on Friday, the 5th instant. They found on Rushet's Farm, when the hare took a half circular direction, with various doublings, keeping the hounds in lead for nearly one hour, and was at last killed at Baptchild, near Sittingbourne, a distance of five miles in a direct line; though the actual run was computed as one of the hardest day's sport ever remembered by the most experienced Nimrod of the county.

LLANRWST HUNT was celebrated on the 19th, 20th, and 21st November. A numerous party of gentlemen assembled at the Eagles Inn, in order to meet the comptroller, Geo. Griffith, Esq. of Garn. At ten o'clock on the mornings of Thursday and Friday, the Comptroller, and a large party of gentlemen, admirably equipped for the chase, proceeded to Belmont, the residence of the Rev. J. Nunney, to whose generosity they are indebted for the hounds. The ball of Thursday went off with the greatest spirit; and on Friday, the ordinary was graced by the presence of the Lady Patroness, Miss Price, of Bodnod, and a numerous party of ladies. The Town Hall was tastefully hung with festoons of laurel and other evergreens, by the kindness of Mr. Kennedy, agent to Lord Gwydir. The Rev. J. Nanney, of Belmont, is comptroller for the ensuing year; and Miss Margaret Hughes, of Denbigh, the lady patroness.

Sir Charles Morgan, with his usual liberality, lately presented two fine deer to the members of the BRECON Hunt, before whose excellent pack of harriers one of these, a doe, was turned off on Monday, December 15. In addition to a good field of horsemen, much beauty and fashion were attracted to the spot, and the fineness of the weather acting in conjunction,

it formed altogether a most interesting scene. The deer, however, did not afford all the sport that was hoped for, or, indeed, expected, as it was taken, completely exhausted, after a very short run. The sportsmen afterwards dined together, at the Old Lion Inn, Brecon, where there was a ball in the evening.

Recollection, in Answer to an Inquiry relative to the Fox-hunt in Leicestershire, in the time of the late Mr. Meynell.—When the Duke of York was on a visit to Althorpe, it was proposed that Earl Spencer's hounds should throw off at Gumley, but as the agreement then stood that Mr. Meynell was to hunt from those coverts, and Earl Spencer to them, the parties for that day met there, and hunted together, and it was probably about that time that the Duke of Orleans had a very dangerous fall, and was taken up by some of the farmers, one of whom is still living. The Earl of Carlisle then occupied Langton Hall; and the Quorndon Hunt, as it was termed, from Mr. Meynell residing there, was at the height of its glory, being attended not only by most of the principal Noblemen and Gentlemen that were fox-hunters, but likewise by the Duchesses of Devonshire, and many other ladies of the first distinction. The late Duke de Biron, formerly Duke de Lauzun, was for a short time to have had the use of Gumley Hall, from his intimacy with Mr. Meynell, the owner of that mansion; and it will be recollected, perhaps, that within these few years part of the Duke's effects have been sold by auction, at Stoney Stanton, on the death of Mr. Franks, who for more than twenty years was steward to the Duke, at Montrouge, near Paris. The late Mr. Meynell was not merely a fox-hunter, but one of the most accomplished gentlemen in England, in the drawing-room: he was the intimate friend and companion of the late Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury; and as party at that time ran very high, though all sorts of newspapers were received, no politics, by agreement, were admitted, as the subject of discussion. The par-

ties in general, in the summer, frequented the horse races just established in Whittlebury Forest, and partook of the festivities at the Duke of Grafton's seat there, called Wakefield Lodge. Marshal Biron was uncle to the Duke of Lauzun; and Prince Talleyrand, when Bishop of Autun, was the Duke's preceptor: they were all well acquainted with England. Should any part of this hasty recollection be erroneous, there still remains some celebrated sportsman of the old school, who can readily supply a clearer account.—*Leicester Jour.*

On 'Tuesday, the 9th instant, the SOMERSETSHIRE Subscription fox-hounds met at St. Audries, at ten o'clock. The hounds soon found in Dunniford Brake. Reynard made for the cliffs over the Bristol Channel. Having been turned by a man on the beach, who observed him descending the cliffs, reynard turned for St. Audries, through the Deer Park, and then took gallantly over the Quantock hills, from point to point, to Overstowey. Thence he went to Heally Green, over Radnidche Common, Hawkridge Hill, over Blacksell Earth, and away to Windown, through Mr. Mayo's plantations, down to Kingston, back to Westwood, where the whole field were done up, excepting Mr. Reed (the huntsman), Mr. Woodland, and Mr. Nicholls. Thence they pursued to Hestercombe, Barlinch, and Coombe. At this latter place the huntsman alighted, to cast the hounds round the farm-house, and gave his horse in charge to a person to hold. On his return, the horse and man to whom he had entrusted it were both missing, and, as no time was to be lost, Reed pursued on foot across the Bridgewater turnpike road to Hedgeborough, leaving Newton to the left, across the road from Taunton to Boroughbridge, thence to Creech Heathfield, to Langoller Heathfield, and Challiton. Here Reed, after the recorded example of the celebrated Dick Knight, of the Pytchly Hunt, mounted behind a boy on a cart-horse, with nothing but a blind halter on him, and made the best of his way to Creech. When

Reed came up on foot with the hounds at Langoller, Mr. Nicholls obligingly gave up his horse to him, reynard being then so far ahead, and the scent bad, Mr. Woodland and Mr. Nicholls, thinking the chase over, had made up their minds to desist from further pursuit; but Reed, with the fine spirit which has always distinguished him, declared that he would not give up his fox while there was a hound would mark his way; and observed that he had one point more to make. "Wait, Gentlemen," said he, "and see the event of that." They did so; and Reed had not proceeded a hundred yards, before the hounds pushed reynard out of a hedge, where he had lurked. Here the scent of course mended, and the hounds pressed close on him through the enclosures at Creech; and the old hounds, finding him sinking, were seen striving with the young ones for the lead. Reynard then made towards Ham, where he swam the river Tone, and got into a deserted barn, where the hounds bayed him; and some persons near the spot, hearing the hounds in the barn, went there, and found reynard concealed under some loose timber, whence they took him up alive. Thus terminated a chase of not less than thirty-five miles. At one period the hounds were within a quarter of a mile of their kennel. At Burlinch the fox was so tired, that some little boys came up to him and endeavoured to kick him, but he turned upon them, and "shewed fight," which made them desist. On going through St. Audries Park, Burcher, the keeper, observed to the gentlemen, "that the fox was an old brusher, for he was grey, and had no tip to his brush," which proved to be the case when he was taken.—On referring to some of our oldest numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*, we find no chases, or names of huntsmen, recorded (with the exception of Dick Knight, Isaac Rogers, and two or three famous chases some years past, in Devonshire), where a huntsman has proved himself more vermin than Mr. Reed did, during this most extraordinary

run.—We understand Reed for many years hunted the late Lord Paulett's harriers; also those of Mr. Bragge, of Sadborough; and afterwards Mr. Dolphin's, in Gloucestershire. They were all fine packs of harriers, and remarkable for the beautiful condition in which Reed brought them into the field.—Dec. 23, 1823.

SPORTING IN SCOTLAND.

From the mildness of the season but few woodcocks have made their appearance in Scotland. The breed of pheasants is greatly increasing throughout Aberdeenshire. The partridge-shooting in Scotland has proved very good this year. Grouse have been so wild since October, that it is very difficult to get a shot at one. Mr. Gordon, of Cheny, Aberdeenshire, has established a pack of harriers, which promise another year to be very good.—Dec. 2.

BETTINGS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR—I have sent you a statement of the bettings in all the great races, which I pledge myself to be correct.—Betting is dull, and whatever odds are offered are taken merely to regulate the book; and until the ensuing spring, when gentlemen begin to try their horses, we shall have but few alterations.—Yours, Z. B.

Tattersall's, Dec. 17.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 3 to 1 and 7 to 2 agst Reformer.
- 9 to 2 agst Prudence.
- 5 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
- 6 to 1 agst Quadrille.
- 8 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 9 to 1 agst Lynessa.
- 10 to 1 agst Reserve.
- 15 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.

DERBY.

- 4 and 5 to 1 agst Swiss, by Whisker.
- 7 to 1 agst Reformer, by Comus.
- 9 to 1 agst c. by Waterloo—Agnes.
- 12 to 1 agst Reticule, by Interpreter.
- 15 to 1 agst Don Carlos, by Election.
- 17 to 1 agst c. by Phantom—Cressida.
- 20 to 1 agst c. by Filho—Banahoe.
- 22 to 1 agst Cydnus, by Quiz.
- 25 to 1 agst c. by Castel—Corinne.
- 25 to 1 agst c. by Soothsayer—Bess.
- 25 to 1 agst c. by Comus—Vesta.
- 25 to 1 agst c. by Pioneer—Reserve.
- 30 to 1 agst Sir Gray, by Rubens.
- 35 to 1 agst c. by Blacklock.

- 35 to 1 agst Lyrnessa, by The Flyer.
 35 to 1 agst Hurly Burly, by Quiz.
 40 to 1 agst c. by Filho, Sister to Shuttle
 Pope.
 45 to 1 agst c. by Whisker — Meny-
 Musk.
 50 to 1 agst c. by Captain Candid.
 50 to 1 agst Mr. Mytton's c. by Bustard.

OAKS.

- 5 to 1 agst f. by Soothsayer — Prudence.
 6 to 1 agst Lyrnessa, by The Flyer.
 9 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor, by Scud.
 11 to 1 agst Miss Jigg, by Partisan.
 12 to 1 agst f. by Castrel — Pope Joan.
 15 to 1 agst Specie, by Scud.
 15 to 1 agst Mr. Prendergast's f. by
 Soothsayer.
 20 to 1 agst Fille de Jole, by Filho.

ST. LEGER.

- 9 to 1 agst f. by Blacklock — Altisidora.
 11 to 1 agst Swiss, by Whisker.
 11 to 1 agst Miller of Mansfield, by
 Filho.
 16 to 1 agst Reformer, by Comus.
 18 to 1 agst Young Tinker — Mandane.
 20 to 1 agst c. by Walton — Rosanne.
 20 to 1 agst Diadem, by Catton.
 25 to 1 agst Streatham, by Blacklock.
 25 to 1 agst Canteen, by The Shig
 Waxy.
 25 to 1 agst Ringlet, by Whisker.
 30 to 1 agst Helenus, by Soothsayer.
 30 to 1 agst c. by Blacklock — Moll in
 the Wad.
 30 to 1 agst Alfred, by Filho.
 30 to 1 agst Equity — Even's dam.
 30 to 1 agst c. out of Woodpecker Lass.
 35 to 1 agst c. by Rubens — Maid of
 Lorn.
 35 to 1 agst Confederate, by Comus.
 35 to 1 agst c. out of Miss Cranfield.
 35 to 1 agst c. out of Lisette.
 40 to 1 agst f. by Blacklock — Ruler
 Mare.
 40 to 1 agst c. by Smolensko — Shep-
 herdess.
 50 to 1 agst Dolly, by Comus.
 50 to 1 agst c. by Comus — Carfacaratad-
 dera.
 50 to 1 agst f. by Ebor — Swinton's dam.
 Even betting, the Field agst Altisidora,
 Swiss, The Miller, Young Tinker, Dia-
 dem, and Ringlet.

RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

Malton Craven Meeting, 1824.—
 Mr. Bayard's br. -m. Corridor, agst
 Mr. John Wormald's b. m. by Vic-
 tor, both 5 yrs old, to be rode by
 jockeys.—Plate weights, two miles,
 50 sovs. each, h. ft.

Mr. Painter has purchased the
 Hon. W. Howard's c. c. Hengist, by
 Henderskelf, dam by Haphazard,

3 yrs old; and Mr. Peach, of Lane
 End, has purchased Mr. Painter's br.
 h. The Main, which has won four-
 teen times, including two Royal Plates.

COURSING.

Rex, the winner of the Cup at the
 late Swaffham Meeting, also won
 the Newmarket Cup, November,
 1822: he has run nine times in pub-
 lic, and was never beaten.

The following matches, &c. were
 decided at Eaglesham, on the pro-
 perty of the Earl of Eglinton, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.—*Match*
for 50l. h. ft. first turn.—Mr. Hamil-
 ton Dundas named Mr. Graham's (of
 Limekilns) brin. d. Capilly, agst Mr.
 Carnie's brin. b. Fly, named by Mr.
 Cunningham, of Craigends. — Ca-
 pilly beat Fly: hare killed.

Match for 10l. best of the run.—Mr.
 Hamilton Dundas named Mr. We-
 therspoon's bl. d. Sultan, agst Mr.
 Carnie's y. b. Nettle, named by Mr.
 Oswald, of Shield Hall.—Sultan beat
 Nettle: hare killed.

Match for 5l. best of the run.—
 Mr. Hamilton Dundas named Mr.
 Aitcheson's bl. d. Zanga, agst Mr.
 Crum's bl. b. Jessie, named by Mr.
 Oswald.—Zanga beat Jessie: hare
 killed.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25. — *A*
Main, the best of nine dogs, bona fide
the property of Mr. H. Dundas, agst
any nine dogs the property of Mem-
bers of the Lanark and Renfrewshire
Coursing Club (barring those the pro-
perty of Mr. Graham), for 5l. each
run, and 20l. the main, h. ft.—Mr.
 M'Nair's r. d. Moses, beat Mr. H.
 Dundas's bl. d. Nimrod; Mr. H.
 Dundas's bl. b. Bluebell, beat Mr.
 M'Nair's y. b. Nettle—hare killed;
 Mr. Aitcheson's bl. b. Swallow, beat
 Mr. H. Dundas's bl. b. Racket—
 hare killed; Mr. H. Dundas's y. b.
 Nettle, beat Mr. Hoare's r. d. Rover
 —hare killed; Mr. H. Dundas's bl.
 and w. d. Dandy, beat Mr. Cardie's
 bl. b. Speed; Mr. Dundas's y. b.
 Beauty, beat Mr. Pollock's bl. d.
 Tickler—hare killed; Mr. H. Dun-
 das's w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Carnie's
 brin. b. Fly, and won the main—hare
 killed; Mr. Wetherspoon's bl. d.

Serpent, beat Mr. H. Dundas's bl. and w. d. Norman; Mr. H. Dundas's bl. b. Milliner, beat Mr. Carnie's r. b. Susan—hare killed.

Match for 10l. first turn, and 10l. best of the run, each.—Mr. H. Dundas's y. b. Nettle, agst Mr. Thomson's bl. and w. d. Wellington, named by Mr. Oswald.—Nettle beat Wellington (both events): hare killed.

Mr. George Inglis, from Mid Lothian, tryer.

Hares ran uncommonly strong on the 25th, in several instances beating the best dogs.

EQUESTRIANISM.

Captain Mansfield's brown mare, and Mr. Babbington's American, this month trotted the great match for 400 sovereigns, over a three-miles piece of road at Ferry Heath, Essex, carrying 8st. 4lb. each. The horses started at separate ends of the ground, and made an excellent run. Betting even, and 5 to 4 that the winner did not do the match (nine miles) in 30 minutes. It was done as follows:—

	THE MARE.			THE HORSE.	
	Mins.	Secs.		Mins.	Secs.
First three miles	9	57	9	56
Second ditto.....	10	2	10	4
Third ditto	11	1	11	20
	31	0		31	20

The horse broke into a gallop upon the fret in the last mile, was turned quickly, and, but for that circumstance, it would have been the nearest thing possible.

A steeple chase, between Mr. Hanson's Rambler, Captain Salter's Ellen, and Mr. Hudson's Pedigree, for 45 sovereigns, took place on Wednesday, December 10, from the Brixton Mill to Maidenhead Thicket, about ten miles. The view across the heath over the encampment ground, on Windsor Forest, was grand, from the number of horsemen on full stretch. At Winkfield, the competitors were lost in the narrow defiles, where they all separated, and encountered some daring leaps in a straight direction. Mr. Hanson got too much to the right, and was thrown out. Mr. Hudson entered the thicket in the south-west

corner, followed closely by Captain Salter. The race was to a selected half mile on the Bath road, crossing the thicket, and Pedigree won it by three minutes, followed by Captain Salter. It was done in 42 minutes.

A bay horse, the property of a gentleman in the Borough, on Wednesday, December 10, started to trot in harness twelve miles in 59 minutes, for 200 sovereigns, and won cleverly by a minute and a half. The American roan started on the same ground, to do one mile in three minutes and six seconds, upon the trot; for 50 sovs. and won with two seconds to spare.

AQUATICS.

A trial of skill and strength took place this month, for fifty sovereigns—Messrs. Sandhurst and Leicester against Messrs. Radstock and Greenwood—to row from the Tower to the Nore. There was another bet of ten sovereigns, which passed Tilbury Fort first. The boats kept together to Greenwich, when Radstock's boat took the lead and kept it, until a short distance, when each exerted his skill and strength to reach Tilbury Fort, and the ten sovereigns were won by Sandhurst's boat by about 100 yards. This distance was performed in four hours and twenty minutes. Although Sandhurst's boat won the match by more than a mile, his opponent once passed him; but they had not equal skill with the winners when out of the River. The distance was called sixty miles, and it was done in eleven hours.

PEDESTRIANISM.

On Saturday morning, December 13, William Thornhill, a Devonshire yeoman, started at nine o'clock from Hyde Park gate to go on foot 173 miles and return in six days, and not to do less than 45 miles in any one day. This kind of match was undertaken three years ago by a pedestrian of the name of Hilliard, from Chelsea, who had five hours more to do it in, but he resigned at Overton, on his return. Mr. Thornhill's match was for 500 guineas, and, considering the bad roads, time of year, &c. it was a surprising undertaking. He arrived at Hyde Park Corner on Friday the 19th,

at half-past twelve o'clock, half an hour within the time specified by the terms of his wager.

Ashton has accepted Halton's challenge, to run, any time (within one month's notice), two miles, or more, over Knutsford race-course, in Cheshire, for 100l. a side. Provided this be not accepted, he will meet him at Doncaster any time after the 1st of April, 1824 (five weeks' notice being given), and run him two laps (that is, twice round the course), for the above sum. The acceptance of one of the above propositions, he says, will perhaps declare to the sporting world who is a coward, or which is the best man.

POACHING.

A gang of poachers have lately been committing depredations upon the Cheshire manors of the Right Hon. Earl Grosvenor. On Thursday night, December 11, between twelve and one o'clock, the watchman at Eaton Hall was alarmed by hearing several guns go off at no great distance from him. He roused some of the men servants in the Hall, who set out in search of the midnight depredators. After a short search they came up with ten armed men, evidently in pursuit of game, who warned them to go off; but they, by a sudden rush, secured two of their number, who have been committed to Chester Castle. What adds to the atrocity of the transaction is, that the people so employing themselves in the destruction of Earl Grosvenor's property by night, have been for some time past employed by his Lordship throughout the day, at higher wages, we understand, than are generally given in the neighbourhood. Such actions as these are surely not calculated to encourage the liberality of those who would be liberal; and if gentlemen find their services thus requited by those who receive favours from them, let not the lower orders of people blame any but themselves, for checking the generosity of those who, were it not for such ungrateful treatment, would be their benefactors.

SPORTING ACCIDENTS.

On the 2d instant died, in the 59th year of his age, Robert Vyner, Esq. of

Eathorpe, Warwickshire. This gentleman was out shooting on the preceding day, and while getting through a hedge, the trigger of his gun caught against a branch of it, when the piece unfortunately went off, and lodged its contents in his body. The distressing accident happened about twelve o'clock in the day, and he lingered in great agony until six o'clock on the following morning. Mr. Vyner served the office of High Sheriff for the county of Warwick in the year 1818.

John Baggay, jun. Esq. barrister at law, met with a serious accident this month. While on his way to join the Quorndon hounds, his horse fell with him, within about a mile of Long Clawton, by which he had the misfortune to have one of his legs broken.

SPRING GUNS.

A man of Slingsby, we are informed, of the name of George Wildon, a shoemaker, having occasion lately to pass through one of the Earl of Carlisle's woods to a farm house to deliver out some work, where he stayed until the night came, was induced by the farmer's men to take a foot-path on his return, which is a little shorter than the public road on which he had come. Owing to the dark, he wandered into the thick of the wood, and coming in contact with a spring gun, set there for the protection of the game, was, from it, slightly wounded, but is now nearly recovered. We are glad to learn, at the same time, that as soon as his Lordship was informed of the disaster, he, with the most humane attention, caused it to be signified to the sufferer, that a remission of rent on the premises (consisting of a cottage, a large garden, and three acres of good ground), which he and his widowed mother hold under his Lordship, should be granted for both their lives. —*Carlisle Journal*.

SPORTING "HOUSE WARMING."

A liberal and gratifying expression of esteem and of warm wishes for the future prosperity of Mr. Jobson, of the Talbot Inn, Shrewsbury, was evidenced by an assemblage of upwards of 150 persons (including many gen-

clermen of rank), at the "house warming" on Tuesday. The preparations, taste, and judgment, displayed by the hostess were worthy of the guests. The presidents upon the occasion were, the Hon. Cecil Jenkinson, proprietor of the house, the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, Panton Corbett, Esq. M.P., John Mytton, Esq., Ralph Benson, Esq., and Wm. Lloyd, Esq. Among the toasts drank on the occasion was that of "Mr. Mytton, and success to his pack." Mr. Benson, in proposing this toast, regretted that Shropshire should be without a pack of fox-hounds; and expressed a hope that a pack of subscription fox-hounds would be placed under the superintendence of Mr. Mytton, on whatever terms Mr. Mytton should think proper. Mr. Mytton, in returning thanks for the manner in which his health had been proposed and drank, said, he came to cover this morning with a pack of which he did not know the name of one: his huntsman, he believed, did know the name of one only. Should a subscription pack be placed under his direction, he would use every exertion to afford that sport to the county which every well-wisher to that national amusement must so much desire. Another toast given was, "The memory of the late John Corbet, Esq. of Sundorne, and the blood of Old Trojan." To this, after an interval, succeeded "Mr. Corbet, of Sundorne, and may he be as brilliant a sportsman, and as good a man, as that Old Trojan who lived there before him!"

COLONEL THORNTON.

The late sporting Colonel Thornton, by his will bequeathed nearly all the property he had remaining at his death to an illegitimate daughter by Priscilla Duins, leaving his wife, Mrs. Thornton, nothing, and his son by her only 100l. The will has been disputed by the lawyers both in France and England. In our Prerogative Court it was decided that the Colonel had never ceased to be an English subject, and that therefore the will must be valid. The French Court, passing a contrary judgment,

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decreed, that the Colonel had petitioned in 1817, and obtained a complete naturalization; that his real domicile being therefore in France, the will must be decided by its laws; and that the property having been willed to a child born in adultery, and otherwise contrary to the laws of France, the will was null and void; and they adjudged accordingly, with costs in favour of Mrs. Thornton, the lawful wife. The Colonel's real property appeared to be very little. He inhabited the Chateau de Chambord only as a tenant, but he had purchased the domain of Pont le Roi, for the purchase money of which his legatees are now at law with the vendors.

BILLY THE RAT-KILLER.

Friday, December 19, this singular animal again displayed his wonderful powers at the pit in Duck-lane, Westminster, killing a hundred full-grown rats in the short space of six minutes and thirteen seconds! Billy received little or no injury. He was taken from the pit, his jaws and head completely drenched with the blood of the slaughtered vermin. Billy was conveyed home amid the caresses of his backer, who won large sums of money on the occasion. Such, indeed, was the interest excited by the exhibition, that numbers of gentlemen of the highest respectability were present, among whom were several sporting characters of great note.

KENNELS.

In building a kennel, the sleeping room for the hounds returning from hunting should always be attached to the boiling-house, as hounds lying warm recover from the fatigue of a hard day much sooner, and are not so stiff the next morning.

COURSING MEETINGS.

Louth Coursing Meeting commenced on Tuesday, the 16th instant, and the weather on the first two days proving very favourable, some fine coursing was witnessed. The third day (Saturday) being very wet and stormy, no other courses than those for the Cups and Sweepstakes were

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run. The principal prize (an elegant Silver Cup) was won by a dog of Mr. Hassall's, from Derbyshire; and the smaller prize (a Silver Goblet) by a bitch of Mr. Chaplin's, of Tathwell.

Sir H. Vivian won the Cup at Beacon Hill, Berks.

The Pugilistic Ring.

Spring and Langan.—The great battle for the championship will be decided, one hundred miles from the metropolis, on the 7th of January. Spring is said to be in high condition, and his friends assert this contest will prove like a gift to him, and he is backed 2 to 1. Paddy Langan is quite in the back ground at present, none of the amateurs having the slightest knowledge of his person or his abilities. Langan, in point of *make*, is said to be as well proportioned a man as Tom Oliver, but of larger dimensions. He stands extremely erect, from military habits; and Langan is characterised as being a tremendous hitter with his left hand. It is thought that Langan will turn out a better man than the London ring expects. The betting is steady at 2 to 1 on Spring. Even betting Spring does not win in thirty minutes. The place of fighting will not be known until the remainder of the stakes is made good on New-Year's-Day. Spring has commenced close training. Langan has written to his friends to say he cannot spare time to appear in London until after the battle on the 7th of January, in which he has the greatest confidence.

On Thursday, the 3d December, a select party of respectable gentlemen and tradesmen gave the Champion an invitation to dine with them at the Wellington Arms Inn, Hereford. Mr. William Lane, a most respectable citizen, presided, and presented the Champion with the Silver Cup, value 60l. remarking at the same time how much all his friends esteemed him for his manly conduct and demeanour upon every occasion; to which Spring replied to the following effect:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen—

I am at a loss for words to express my feelings for the honour you have just conferred upon me, by presenting me with so valuable a Cup. The pride I feel in the acceptance of the same, as coming from a body of gentlemen of my native county, will be remembered with the proudest gratitude to the latest period of my life.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen—You are all aware that I am matched the ensuing month to fight again; and feeling as I do that I shall continually be harassed, if I survive the contest, it shall be the last battle I will ever fight, being determined to retire from the prize-ring altogether, with the sincerest thanks to all my friends in this county, and the kingdom at large, for the kindness they have at all times exhibited towards me."—[For a description of the Cup see our last Number.]

A Silver Cup, value 100gs. is about to be presented to *Josh Hudson*, for his gallant conduct in the prize-ring. The subscription is nearly complete. —Belasco's friends intend giving him also a Silver Cup.

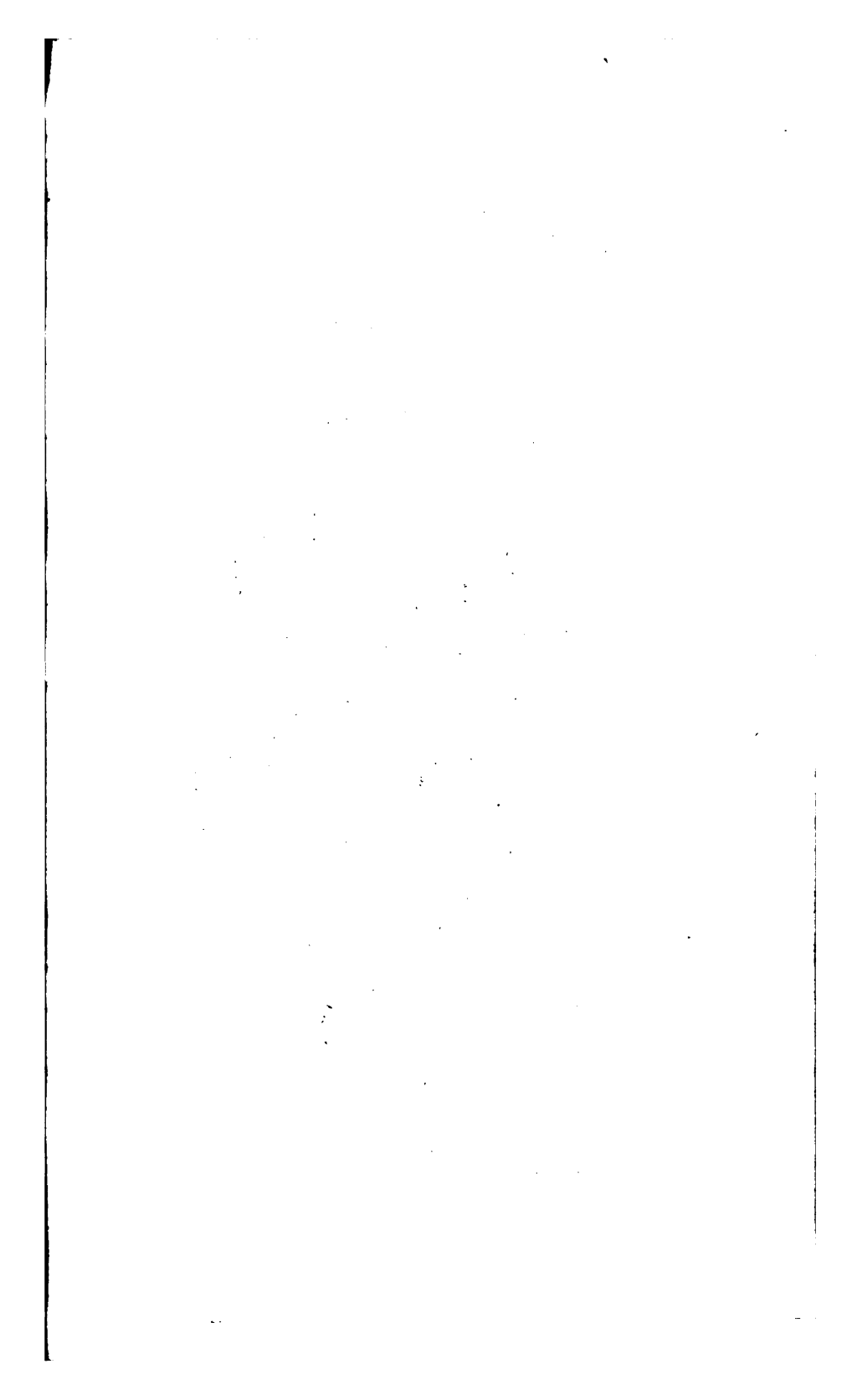
Stockman and Cavannagh.—These "gay little boxers" are matched for the third time, for 20l. a side, the battle to take place on January the 15th.

Barney Aaron and Redman.—The whole of the stakes are made good between Barney and his adversary.

A. Belasco and Neale fight the 30th December.

At Wimbledon Common, December 9, a battle was fought between *Thomas Geary* and *John Hyde*—the former a cooper in the Borough, and the latter a *Spitalfielder*, both of whom had often entered the ring. The battle was for 20 sovereigns. It was a determined fight of ten rounds, in which Geary shewed superiority throughout, and his opponent was obliged to be taken away by his seconds. Geary is a promising youth of 11st. and upwards.

Maynard, the tinman, and *Cart* (a descendant of the Cart who fought the Game Chicken), entered the ring December 16, for 50 sovereigns, in the park of Maynard's backer (Mr.





HARE AND STOAT.

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Jeffery), at Harlston, between Wycomb and Abingdon. As was anticipated, it was as gallant a combat between twelve-stone men as ever was seen: what was deficient in science was made up in courage. Eleven heavy rounds were fought. Cart made most courageous efforts, and he was as manfully met. He got *exchequered* at the first attempt at mischief, by a negative hit in the throat. He made other fruitless attempts, but he was thrown heavily; and in the last round his adversary only avoided him without striking. Maynard won in twenty-seven minutes.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS OF PHEASANTS.

SIR—I observe in the *Courier* that poachers are frequently in the habit of obtaining this kind of game by introducing arsenic, or some other active mineral poison, into beans bored for that purpose—that the food thus prepared is placed where the birds feed, and the following morning they are taken up dead under the trees in which they roosted. I can hardly believe that arsenic is introduced into the beans; for if it was, the birds on being picked would be found to have turned quite black; consequently no poulterer would buy them. Beans or corn steeped in gin or whiskey, will kill pheasants, and it is a practice which has been adopted by poachers in Northumberland for some years past.

A Correspondent.

HARE AND STOAT—AN ENGRAVING.

The destructiveness of the stoat to hares, rabbits, and the smaller animals in general, is within the knowledge of every sportsman. The manner in which this vermin seize on their prey is remarkable. They pounce upon a hare in her form, fixing their teeth in her neck, and she dies almost instantaneously, from loss of blood. They are also very destructive to poultry, and all sorts of feathered game, by either devouring their eggs, or carrying away their young. Keepers catch them by the leg in steel traps, which are laid at night in their runs, or at the mouth of rabbit bur-

rows which they frequent. They make great resistance when released from the traps for the purpose of being killed.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Communications for this Department of our Work are respectfully solicited.

To the Editor.—SIR—A circumstance, shewing the voracity of the hawk, and the timidity of the partridge when pursued by him, having occurred within this neighbourhood in rather a singular manner, perhaps you may think proper to give the relation of it a space in your Magazine. A friend of mine, farming an estate at Walton Cardiff, near Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, was, one day last week, giving some instructions to a man and a boy employed in lopping a tree, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a singular whizzing noise, and immediately two brace of partridges, closely pursued by a large dark brown hawk, settled on the ground within six yards of the spot where he was standing. The hawk had seized one of the birds, and would doubtless very soon have borne it aloft; but on my friend's running up to him, he thought proper to effect a retreat, leaving the bird, which was nearly dead, in better hands. The man engaged in lopping the tree was up at the top of it, but the boy took up one of the three remaining birds, which was so terrified as to make no attempt to fly away. The others recovering themselves a little, and my friend's attention being engrossed by the rescue of the one seized by the hawk, they made their escape. The hawk returned again to look after his prey, in about five minutes.—By inserting the above, you will oblige

A Constant Reader.

Tewkesbury, Dec. 8, 1823.

A Fact.—A set-to at fisticuffs having taken place in a certain country town, between two young limbs of the law, one of whom had a valuable diamond ring on a finger of the right hand, various were the opinions of the bye-standers as to which would

come off conqueror. Victory at length declaring in favour of the one who wore the ring, but who had lost the diamond therefrom in the struggle, but little search was made for the jewel by the owner; the conquest being looked on as a compensation for its loss. At length a wound in the nose of his antagonist having been probed, after many fruitless efforts towards a cure, out dropped the diamond, which the vanquished lawyer retains, as no mean indemnity for a sound thrashing.

A short time ago, a young man, the son of a respectable inhabitant of the parish of Carew, Pembrokeshire, while going about the fields with his father's dogs, started a hare; and after a considerable course, puss, in order to escape from her pursuers, took refuge in a cottage, which she entered through a hole in the door. The retreat being discovered, every precaution was taken to secure the object of pursuit, when, after a long and apparently vain search, it was discovered that puss, for her better security, had entered a large jug, which the poor woman of the cot had for the purpose of carrying water.

CURRAGH APRIL MEETING, 1824.

Friday.—A free handicap for hunters, racers admitted, 25, 15 ft.—Sligo

Post.—*Friday in April*.—(N. B. Sligo Post, a few yards longer than the Red Post.)—Four to accept, or no race. Acceptances to be declared to the keeper of the match-book on or before the 1st of January, or the horses out.

	Years old.	st. lb.
Langer.....	6	9 6
Roller	aged	9 0
Friday	6	8 10
Starch	4	8 10
Noble	aged	8 8
Munster	3	8 6
Thetis	6	8 6
Welcome.....	4	8 3
Chanter	3	8 3
Irishman	3	8 3
Johnny Raw	aged	8 3
Lumber	5	8 3
Bob Roy	aged	8 2
Bergami	aged	8 2
Rose d'Amour ..	6	8 2
Petworth	5	8 0
Giles	4	7 10
Penguin	3	7 9
Gulnare	aged	7 9
Tipsey	5	7 9
Meteor	5	7 8
Dunkellin	4	7 8
Hohenlohe	3	7 8
Rosedon	5	7 8
Nestor	5	7 8
Mary Ann	3	7 8
Sardanapalus	3	7 8
Penitence.....	4	7 7
Enchantress	3	7 5
Gasket	4	7 5
Haidee.....	4	7 5
Bridget Fumeau..	5	7 0

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE pressure of temporary matter has obliged us to postpone the articles on "Game Preserves," the "Diet of the Pointer," "Scraps from my Portfolio," and several other articles, including some Poetry, till next month.

OUR friends will oblige by transmitting communications as early in the month as possible, as the Number requires to be completed about the 25th.

ADMONITOR writes us as follows:—"If you could give us a little detail or narrative of the circumstances of the Coursing Meetings, as well as a mere list of the running dogs—somewhat in the manner of the gentleman who does the Newmarket racing meetings so admirably—it would be a delightful addition to myself and others who are devoted to the 'long dogs,' and their feats."—The Editor would be most happy if the friends to whom he is indebted for the particulars at present given of the various Meetings, would put it in his power to comply with this request. Relative to the other parts of ADMONITOR's letter, he is requested to say when a reply will reach him.

ERRATUM.—At page 68, last Number, the paragraph stating the sport expected at BOMAN Races, 1824, was by mistake headed '*Bpsom*.'

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1824.

No. LXXVI.

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I. A Portrait of MR. WILLIAM BUTLER.

II. THE NIGHT HERON.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THERE is one method of riding to hounds most essential to getting across enclosed countries, which the Melton men call "screwing." This consists in forcing a horse through rough places, without suffering him to jump—at least, not more than sufficient to clear the ditch, if there be one. Two things are requisite here—a fine hand in the rider; and a disregard of being pricked in the horse. It is on the latter account, that thorough-bred horses so often fail in making good hunters, as not one in twenty will bear pressing

against strong thorns, in consequence of their skins being so thin. With men in the habit of riding to hounds, being thrown off a horse, unless the horse fall, is the last thing they dream of; but I was never so near it in my life, as I was the other day, in trying to screw a thorough-bred one through a thick place, out of a covert in Surrey. He took a sudden spring in the air, from the place where he stood—trying to clear the highest twig in the fence; and being very powerful in his hips, the lash of his hind legs all but unhorsed me. It accounted for my having seen him throw a groom over his head a few

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days before, at two trifling fences, in succession.

Without screwing and creeping, however, no man can be sure of getting over all kinds of countries. The former is most particularly useful in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire, where the quick is not plashed down; and creeping is a *sine quâ non*, in Staffordshire, Shropshire, Cheshire, and all those countries where the hedge is put on the bank, or cop. Were horses to take these fences flying, it is next to impossible that they could live very long with hounds. Creeping adds also very much to the safety of the rider; for if a horse take time to get on the bank, and will stick his hinder feet firmly into it before he springs, he will have it in his power to clear a ditch, however broad; and I understand this is the way in which the Essex hunters are trained to get across that deeply-ditched country.

It may be said, that when a horse is creeping, hounds are getting away from him. This, I admit, would be the case, were he to creep at all sorts of fences; but it is only at such as are not to be leaped flying, without distress to himself, and danger to his rider, that such a method of fencing is to be recommended. It must be recollected, that when a horse is creeping, he is getting a puff at the same time, which will enable his rider to take a liberty with him, which he could not otherwise have done, by putting him along merrily over the next field.

When horses are perfect at their business, and time will allow, they cannot be ridden too slow at most sorts of fences, as the shock to the frame in alighting on the ground, must be, in great measure, propor-

tioned to the velocity with which they go at them. There is, however, a just mean to be observed, and a good deal of judgment to be used at some fences. For instance, when riding at stiles, little more is to be done than giving a hunter to understand that he is to go at them, and if "the puff" is not out of him, and he is a good timber leaper, they are nearly as safe as any other stiff fences that a man rides at—provided, I should observe, there are no awkward foot-bridges, or planks, on either side of them. At gates, a different method of riding is necessary. A horse should always be put briskly at a gate, for two reasons—one, because it distinguishes between riding at it with the intention of leaping it, and going up to it to open it; and the other, because, if he do not clear it, he is more likely to break it. I remember seeing a celebrated hard rider, who hunts his own hounds, have a fall over one gate, and break two more in the course of the same run, and I was convinced that all the mistakes were to be attributed to the quiet manner in which he rode at them. His horse did not appear to be satisfied whether he were to go at them or not, till he came close to them, and then he could not command them, with more than fourteen stone on his back. When riding at park paling, or any other fence that is not familiar to him, and therefore in some degree appalling, a considerable share of resolution should be displayed by the rider, to induce his horse to face it. He should take fast hold of his head, ramming his spurs well into him, at the same time giving him a stroke or two down the shoulders with his whip, as much as to say, "It is no use to refuse."

I am an advocate for riding rather fast at most timber fences, as being less dangerous to the rider in case of a fall. As to myself, I have, of course, had many falls over timber, but I never had a horse fall on me, which I attribute to generally riding briskly at it. In doing so, if a horse hit it, so as to bring him down, his rider gets what is called "a purl," but nine times out of ten he is thrown clear of his horse. On the other hand, when riding slow at it, if the horse is suffered to stop, and half refuse it (if I may be allowed such an expression), the odds are much in favour of his quietly landing his rider on the other side, and then quietly falling upon him, and perhaps giving him his quietus for ever.

Taking the aggregate of countries, I will be bold to assert, that one half the accidents in riding to hounds, are to be attributed to some awkwardness in the rider; and in some particular ones which I could name, it is next to miraculous that they do not more frequently occur. A short time since I heard that a well-known owner of a horse-repository in the Metropolis had had a dreadful fall over a stile with the Hatfield hounds, and there was little hope of his recovery. "My life for it," said I, "that was some awkward trick or other!" Upon inquiry, I found it was occasioned thus:—Forgetting old Dick Knight's advice to my Lord Spencer, he rode up to the stile to see how he liked it, and in the act of "craning" to peep at the other side of it, his spurs ran into his horse. The horse made a spring, chucked his rider over the stile, and then tumbled on the top of him. Ye gods, protect us! But it is a repository for horses, and

not of the art of riding, that Mr. — is celebrated for.

Now, Mr. Editor, had this good citizen lost his life by this pantomimic exhibition, and I had been the foreman of his inquest, do not for a moment imagine, that to either horses, hounds, or hunting, should this melancholy catastrophe have been attributed. No, Sir, there should have been no "Accidental Death"—no deodand on the horse—for I should have depicted it as one of the clearest and best-defined cases of "*Felo de se*." Had he ridden his horse like a workman at the stile, all, no doubt, would have been well, and he might have amused himself with looking at it some other time.

My experience has taught me that many falls over timber arise from horses not having a catch to their shoes. I have for many years insisted on the necessity of the outer heel of the fore, as well as the hinder shoes, being turned up, for hunters that are to be ridden over a country; for if a horse stops at a fence of this description, and his legs all get together under his fore parts, his power of springing from the ground is destroyed. As to the injury which many people apprehend from the fore feet not having, in this case, an equal bearing on the ground, I confess I was never able to trace any to this cause, with horses that have been properly shod in other respects; for during the winter months, when either on the road or in the field, the "turned-up" heel, as it is called, will always sufficiently indent the ground to produce an equal bearing to the foot. With respect to the danger of a horse over-reaching, and catching the heel of the fore shoe in the inner edge of the hinder one, it

is entirely to be obviated by having that edge bevilled down, and made blunt, as directed in my last letter. Without this precaution, accidents of this nature have occurred; and in a particular instance in Surrey, a few years ago, the shoes were obliged to be taken off the horse of a gentleman's huntsman, by a blacksmith, before he could be released from his perilous situation. Fortunately, his rider escaped injury; but such falls must be doubly hazardous, from the suddenness with which the animal must come down.

The advantage of what is called "a catch" to the outside heel is very great in riding at timber, and most particularly so at stiles on greasy footpaths—sometimes rendered doubly so by a frosty morning, succeeded by a mid-day sun. Horses will often make a pause at common stiles; but if there happen to be a foot-bridge on either side of them, they are still more apt to do so, and, for the reasons I have before given, falls are too often the consequence.

Putting leaping out of the question, with some horses a catch to all the four shoes is of great advantage in galloping across a wet country. None but those who, like myself, have been accustomed to ride all sorts of horses with hounds, know what difference there is in the firmness with which some of them take hold of the ground, in all their paces, when compared with others. Some have what grooms call "a slathering way of going," which is tiresome to themselves, as well as most unpleasant to their rider; and to them such a catch to the shoe is almost necessary, to make them either safe or agreeable, setting fencing, as I observed, quite out of the question. I remember

a few years since going to look at a horse in Worcestershire, that had been winning some hunters' stakes in a canter, and which was recommended to me as likely to make a first-rate Leicestershire hunter. On trying him, I found he slipped about in his slow paces to such a degree, that I immediately dismounted him, and gave up all thought of purchasing him. This partly arose from too long a stride, and partly from a peculiar method of putting down the foot, from the shoulder.

Prejudice has operated upon me as well as upon the rest of the world, and I confess I have been prejudiced against most of the patent shoes which I have seen and read of. It is my intention, however, to try Mr. Goodwin's patent seated shoes, which, from their concave ground-surface, and the groove in the heel, he assures me will prevent hunters from slipping—at the same time doing away entirely with the turned-up heel of the fore shoe, and thereby ensuring, on all kinds of ground, an even bearing for the foot. In a second edition of Mr. Goodwin's book, now in the press, a full description of these shoes will be given, so that I shall defer giving my opinion upon them for the present—partly on that account, and partly that I may first have an opportunity of trying them. They are made of cast iron, afterwards rendered malleable by a process, and can be fitted by country blacksmiths to any foot. Being what is called "seated," for the crust to bear upon, they have the peculiar advantage of being concave on the foot, as well as on the ground-surface; and to remedy the effect of weakening them, which this form might produce, a strong projecting rim is raised on the inner

edge of the shoe. This rim will, in some measure, oppose slipping; but the chief security against it, is to be found in a deep groove in the heel of the shoe. The French method of nailing with the counter-sink head is adopted; and if (as Mr. Goodwin assures me) it will resist the force of suction, or other violence, by which shoes are pulled off, better than that generally in use in England, a great point is gained, as, with the former, there is no possibility of a horse being pricked in shoeing, neither of opposing the natural growth of the horse, nor of injury being done to the foot by the nails pressing upon the lamina.

Experience is my test, when I can get it; but there is certainly much force in the following argument:—"Take the lid of a box," says Mr. Goodwin, "and nail it down, with nails driven *perpendicularly*, or nearly so, as is the case with many of the nails driven into a horse's foot by the English smith. Take another lid," says Mr. G. "and nail it down with nails driven *obliquely outward*, and then apply the lever to the lid, and see which nails will be pulled out again with most difficulty. No doubt, those which are driven most obliquely outward, as yielding more natural resistance."

For horses that only go on the road, or on pavement, I have no hesitation in preferring the seated shoe, with the French nailing; but I will give no opinion of it for a hunter, until I have tried it; when I will also make a few remarks on the different casts taken of horses' feet in his Majesty's stables, which Mr. Goodwin was so kind as to shew me.

To return to my subject. Exclusive of brooks and timber, there

is another sort of fence that should be ridden at quickly, and that is, a bushy or "blackbird" fence, as it is called, being a live white-thorn hedge, not plashed, but with a strong suspicion of a wide ditch on the other side, and "no time allowed," as the coachmen say, for looking at it. This is termed "*swishing at a rasper*;" and the only chance a man has of getting a horse to extend himself sufficiently over it all, and to "come well into the next field," is to put him three-parts-speed at it, and trust to the *momentum* for getting over it. It was precisely at a fence of this description that I witnessed the accident two years ago to Mr. Oshaldeston, in Leicestershire. The horse he rode (Cervantes) was a particularly *high leaper*, but apt to drop short on the other side, which was the case in this instance, and where the *momentum* was more particularly rendered necessary.

I never see the word "*momentum*," but it brings to my recollection an anecdote of an old friend of mine—a fellow of a college, and a good fellow too—who was used to amuse me much, by talking philosophically and mathematically on riding to hounds—the words *momentum*, *vis viva*, and *impetus*, being for ever on his tongue. With the nerves of a bull-dog, and no mean opinion of his prowess, he was in the habit of purchasing horses, which, from natural or acquired defects, had failed in making hunters in the hands of others. His idea was, that if Nature had unfortunately intended such brutes to carry themselves in all forms but the right, that intention could be obviated by the means of mechanical force. To effect this, all sorts of trappings were resorted to; and it was really alarming to

men with any nerves at all, to see him sailing across a country with the *momentum, vis vivida, and impetus*, all in full operation, on horses with mouths like the heart of oak, but with their heads confined with a strong cavesson-martingale. On one occasion, a most ludicrous accident occurred. This gentleman was out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, in Oxfordshire, on a horse thus accoutred, when the cavesson he was riding in, unfortunately gave way. As may be expected, having no further power over the brute, away went the philosopher, like a ship at sea without a rudder, and, as ill luck would have it, the *momentum, the vis vivida, and the impetus*, all formed their nucleus in the person of an unfortunate butcher on his poney, who was going quietly along a road; and the two riders and their horses were laid prostrate on the ground. The breath, as may be supposed, was knocked out of each; but the butcher first came to himself, and, looking at his opponent, whom he had not previously seen, was heard to sigh out, in the true language of the slaughter-house, "D—n your eyes—but you've kill'd me, by G—d!"

During my visit to Surrey, I saw some horses tackled in curious ways—in ways which I had never before seen, and which would preclude the possibility of their getting across a country, taking all kinds of fences as they come. In two instances, I observed the head confined to the saddle by bearing-reins, in the same manner as a gentleman's postillion sometimes bears up the horse he rides, to save himself the trouble of holding up his head. One of these gentlemen I had never seen before; but the

other was the well-known Mr. Dickenson, a sportsman of some standing in Surrey, and an occasional performer in Leicestershire.

In other parts of my subject, when speaking of bits and bridles, I shall have a good deal to say on the position of a horse's head, on which so much of the pleasure and safety of his rider depends. I have good reason to think, that the great importance of the head being at liberty in enabling a horse to struggle out of a scrape, is not sufficiently known, or considered of; but it is obvious to any one who will bestow upon it a few minutes' reflection, or who will watch the motions of the animal in a state of nature. A plank placed in equilibrium cannot rise at one end till it sinks at the other; neither can a horse get his hinder parts over a very high fence, when his head is in the air. If he carries it too low, he is equally unpleasant, but less dangerous. To carry it where it should be, must depend on the mould he is cast in.

What has been said of good writing, may be applied to good riding. "It is a fine art, and known only to few"—

"The chosen few alone the sport enjoy."

Did this assertion require proof, it would soon be found in the sporting world, not only on the race-course, but in the field. Look at the small number of first-rate riders of a race, and the comparatively small list of the *élite*, when hounds run hard! "How are you, Bruen?" said Lindow one morning in my presence, before three hundred sportsmen, assembled at a favourite covert in Leicestershire. "Never better!" replied Bruen:* "A very large field to-

* Colonel Bruen, M. P. for Carlow, one of the hardest riders of his day, and one of the leading characters on the Irish turf.

day!"—"So much the better!" said Lindow: "Only let 'em go, and it will soon be small enough!" These words savoured a little of that "saucy passion" to which Fielding has given a name; but which generally accompanies a conscious pre-eminence over other men; and, if ever to be allowed in the field, must be excusable in such riders as Mr. Lindow.

Having mentioned the name of Lindow, the seat on the horse presents itself to my mind. Most of your readers are acquainted with his; for if they have not seen him ride over a country in the morning, they have seen him "going a slapping pace" on a snuff-box, in the evening. The artist has hit him off to a nicety; and every man who is a judge must allow, that he looks like a *workman*. He has got his horse fast by the head with a firm and steady hand, and, at the pace he is supposed to be going, he must receive no small advantage from the assistance he is giving him, by standing up in his stirrups, and thereby throwing his weight on that part of his horse's body most able to bear it, and to which I shall presently more particularly allude.

It has been requested by several of your correspondents that I would give to the sporting world some interesting particulars of this celebrated horseman, in the days of "the Clipper," and which it is my intention to do, as I proceed with my remarks on Leicestershire—conceiving that the *sporting* biography of such conspicuous characters is the peculiar province of the *Sporting Magazine*, and to which its pages should frequently be devoted. Having gone through one of our great public schools in the same form with this

gentleman, I may commence with him in early life; for the character of the boy generally denotes the man, as morning shews the day.

But I must hark back. With respect to the general propriety of standing up in the stirrups when hounds run hard, circumstances must be consulted. With men like Lindow—born to ride—no doubt can arise as to the advantage of it; but with heavy, long-legged riders, it is better to sit quietly down in the saddle, particularly over ridge and furrow, when it would be next to impossible for them to be quite steady in their stirrups. It is my decided opinion, however, that a hunter's head should never be loose, but that, over all sorts of ground, when going a good pace, he should have some support from the hand.

No one but those who have had much experience in riding to hounds, know how much a horse is to be recovered, in the middle of a run, by a little good management. Let a hunter be never so fit to go, it is possible to blow him; and when he has been going for some time in deep ground, his wind naturally fails him to a greater or lesser degree, and he becomes weak. If his rider can get him out of this deep ground, even if he goes a little out of his line for it, on to some that is quite sound, and, standing up in his stirrups, will take a good pull at his head, he will recover himself wonderfully, in a few hundred yards, although he may not be allowed to slacken his pace at all. This also proves, beyond all doubt, the good effect of holding a horse together with a firm and steady hand.

The most masterly instance of the use of a good *head* in assisting a horse over a country, in the way which I have been describing, that

ever came under my observation, was in that accomplished horseman, Sir Henry Peyton. We were running a fox very hard with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds, and we had a deep fallow field to encounter. Sir Henry espied a dry ditch, running parallel with it; and not regarding a few thorns and brambles, he rode up it, and when he came to the top of the field, his horse had an evident advantage over the rest. This might be called a second "trick."

I think I observed, in a former letter on this subject, that the greatest trial of nerve, next to being shot at, is putting a horse that is blown, at stiff and high timber. His rider is not only likely to get a fall, but a fall of the worst description, as it is ten to one but the horse not only tumbles upon him, from not having the power to rise (perhaps, half the height of the fence), but that he lies upon him when he is down. I remember once asking a gentleman's huntsman how his horse carried him—suspecting him to be one of the wrong sort—when he answered, that he was a dunhill brute, and not content with tumbling him down, "but," added he, "he lies on me for half an hour when he is down."

A little management, however, is useful in all these matters. Every one who has driven coaches on the road, knows how very soon a coach-horse recovers his wind, when he is distressed. It has often happened to me, when driving night-work, with horses I did not know, that the coachman has said, "Be so good to pull up at the top of this hill, for we have got a bit of a high-blower, at wheel."... "That will do, Sir," he would say, before the coach had stopped *one minute*.

The mere act of turning a hunter around, if he appears much distressed for wind, before we put him at a fence, will relieve him greatly, and generally enable him to clear it, if he is of the right sort to come again.

Large fences take a great deal out of a hunter, and consequently tend to stop him; but "it is the pace that kills." A celebrated Meltonian wrote to his father a few days since, and this was part of his epistle:—"We had a quick thing last week. *Eight miles, point blank, in twenty-six minutes!* If I had not had a second horse posted (luckily) half way, I could not have seen it." So much for pace! Concluding that the run was not quite straight, it was at the rate of twenty miles in the hour! This reminds me of an amusing anecdote.

A great man in Leicestershire sold a horse to a little man, assuring him that he was a very good hunter. The little man, however, soon found out that he was a very bad hunter, and remonstrated with the great man on the subject. "You assured me," said he, "*this was as good a horse as you ever possessed in your life.*" "Did I?" replied the great man: "I think, Sir, you must be mistaken." On his being re-assured that those were his precise words, he exclaimed, "Oh! now, Sir, I recollect all about it. I told you he was a very good hunter; and *so he is, if you let him go his own pace*; but, when I wanted him to go mine, he did not exactly suit me." This, Mr. Editor, is a common case. Depend upon it, though time is slow, it is the pace that kills.

NIMROD.

P. S. Since writing the above, accounts of no less than three dif-

ferent persons* having met with their deaths in hunting, *all in one day*, have been presented to the public view—the first with the Oakley; the second with Lord Darlington's; and the third with the Hurworth fox-hounds, in Yorkshire; and, what is as singular as it is lamentable, each is occasioned by a noble effort to get to hounds, regardless of the appalling obstacle of a dangerous and devouring element, in which these gallant sportsmen all found a watery grave. To such a pitch, however, has the system of riding to hounds now arrived, that the chances of life and death are but a feather in the scale, when opposed to the determination of a modern fox-hunter "to see the thing," and "to be in a good place."

It is too true, that without dan-

ger there is no glory. Nevertheless, much as I may be an advocate for making every possible effort to get to hounds, yet we should not altogether despise the old saving clause—that, *sometimes*, discretion is the better part of valour; for, to say nothing of the individual who loses his life, the heart-rending bewailings of those who have to lament the loss of it, in a parent, husband, brother, or son, are much too great to be thus rashly hazarded for the mere gratification of a passion, however noble it may be, when attended with such (probable) fearful consequences. In one case now alluded to, a father perishes in the presence of his son; in another, a husband leaves a widow with eight children, and pregnant with the ninth; and the third appears to have been an only

* "A most melancholy accident happened to John Edwards, Esq. of Silsoe, in this county, on Friday the 26th of December last, by which he unfortunately lost his life. It appears that Mr. Edwards was out with the Oakley hounds, when, in attempting to cross a ford at a place called Newton, in Buckinghamshire, nearly opposite to Brayfield House, the seat of Major Farrer, and which had previously been passed by many of the sportsmen in perfect safety, he, with several other gentlemen, who were not acquainted with the proper course they ought to have followed, took a wrong direction, when all of them floundered headlong into deep water. Mr. E. who was on a very spirited horse, unhappily lost his seat, but still kept fast hold of the bridle, and it is supposed in his exertion to save himself, that the animal, whilst struggling and plunging in the water, struck him on the head with its fore feet, which stunned him, through which accident he sunk, and was drowned. His companions with great difficulty escaped with their lives, and all the horses were rescued. Mr. Edwards was a most respectable man, and possessed very considerable property in the county. He has left a widow and eight children to deplore his lamentable fate, and Mrs. Edwards is now far advanced in a state of pregnancy."—*Bedford Gazette*.

"Intimation has reached us of a dreadful accident in the neighbourhood of Ripon, on Friday last (26th ult.) Mr. Walbram, of Baidersby, was crossing the river Ure, with Lord Darlington's hounds, near Stainley, when, unable to stem the force of the current, he was carried out of his depth and drowned. His son had nearly shared the same fate in endeavouring to save his father."—*Doncaster Gazette*.

"On Friday, the 26th ultimo, a melancholy accident happened, while the Hurworth fox-hounds were out. The Rev. Marmaduke Theakston, in the ardour of the chase, was tempted to cross the river Tees, at a ford near Worsall. The water was deeper than usual, owing to previous rains, and he unfortunately mistook the ford. His horse, a powerful and spirited animal, swam with him into the middle of the river, when, getting impatient, he reared, and threw his rider backward. Mr. Theakston was then observed to swim (apparently strong and well), and several gentlemen, who watched him with extreme anxiety, had hopes he would reach the shore; but all at once, when within five yards of it, he sunk and never rose again.—Mr. T. was son of the Rev. Mr. Theakston, Rector of Hurworth, an only child, and heir to a very ample fortune. This melancholy event has plunged his parents and friends in the deepest distress. The body had not been found on the 30th ultimo."—*Hull Advertiser*.

child, born to all the pleasures of life, and highly qualified for the enjoyment of them.

Much, I repeat, as I admire the man who rides gallantly across a country, yet it is useless to attempt impossibilities; and among these I have no hesitation in generally classing the getting across deep and rapid streams, with a horse, perhaps, blown at the time, unless the rider be not only an expert swimmer, but also, unless he be in the habit of swimming horses, and swimming with his clothes on. Mr. Theakston, it is evident, was a swimmer; but there is every reason to believe that the weight of his clothes sank him at last; and in the moment of alarm, he had not the presence of mind to relieve himself, by floating on his back, or by any of those expedients which expert swimmers have recourse to, when they find themselves exhausted. Perhaps, however, situated as he was, these expedients would not have availed him; for, taking into consideration that the clothes a man wears when hunting, cannot be estimated at less than ten pounds when dry, it may be fairly concluded that, when wet, with the addition of water in the boots, pockets, &c. this weight must be more than doubled. Conceive, then, a man swimming, perhaps in dead water, with more than twenty-four pounds dead weight hanging about him, all verging to the bottom, and opposing his efforts to sustain himself on the surface!

On reading this calamitous account over again, I see much reason to suppose, that the free use of the horse's head, when in difficulty, and which I have so much dwelt upon in the foregoing letter, was denied to him in this fatal instance;

and to it, perhaps, may the melancholy catastrophe be attributed. "His horse," says the writer of the paragraph in the *Hull Advertiser*, "a spirited and powerful animal, swam with him into the middle of the river, when, getting impatient, he reared, and threw his rider backward." Now there is every reason to believe, that had Mr. Theakston left the horse to himself, holding on by the mane, and only directing his course, when necessary, with the snaffle rein, he would have borne him in safety across the stream.

I speak from practical observation on this subject. When at a watering place in Wales, I was in the habit of having my horses swum in the sea, by a man who was in the constant practice of swimming them for a very trifling consideration. He was himself a very expert swimmer, and regularly attended the bathing machines. From this man I learnt, that there were only three things to be observed in swimming a horse—first, to give him free use of his head; secondly, to hold on by the mane; and, lastly, taking the feet out of the stirrups, to lean the body obliquely forward as much as possible, which will cause the water to get under it and float it, and thereby diminish the weight of it on the horse. It was the opinion of this person, that a horse would swim nearly as far with a man on his back, who was thus expert at the management of him, as he would without him.

There is a small arm of the sea, about a mile wide at high water, which divides the northern and southern principalities of Wales, and over which is a horse ferry. A Mr. Evans, a gentleman of some property in that neighbourhood, was crossing it, a few years ago, as the



W. BUTLER.

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tide was running out with great rapidity, when his horse leaped overboard, and was carried out to sea, over the bar. Mr. E. never expected to see him again; but he recovered the shore between that place and the village of Towyn in Merionethshire, after swimming more than two miles. Another gentleman swam a small Welsh galloway across this ferry with perfect safety; and happening to be in that country at the time, I saw him in half an hour after he had done it. So much for the power of horses in water!

When I was about eighteen years of age, I had a narrow escape from being drowned, with Mr. Leech's hounds. The hounds crossed the river Dee—naturally a very rapid river, but then increased by the rains. Sir Watkin Wynn, who (as well as his two brothers) is like a duck in the water, went first, and was followed by about six out of the field. "Half venturing, half shrinking," I went a little way into the stream, and came back again. Seeing the hounds hitting off their fox on the other side, I made a second attempt; and being mounted on a mare called *Thetis*, which Sir Watkin had lent me for the day, and trusting to her *genii* to preserve me, I made a second attempt, and was carried down the stream, amongst some huge stones. Not being, at that time, able to swim, I gave myself up for lost; but the resolution of the mare, and my holding on by the mane, enabled her to regain the opposite bank, and I have never tried such an aquatic excursion since. A man may attempt the Hellespont for a woman; but, on cooler reflection, he is scarcely justified in running such risks of his life for a fox.

(To be continued.)

MR. W. BUTLER.

With a Portrait, engraved by FRY.

MR. BUTLER was born at Okeford Fitzpaine, in the Vale of Blackmoor, in the county of Dorset. At an early age he went to Abbey Milton school, and from thence to Oxford. As soon as he left school, he began to hunt regularly, and, from being so partial to fox-hunting, he became a great favourite of the late Peter Beckford, Esq. and the Rev. William Chaffin, both of whom kept fox-hounds.

At the time his Majesty resided at Moor Critchill, when Prince of Wales, and hunted the eastern part of the county of Dorset, Mr. Butler was frequently commanded to join the Royal Party, staying in the house. Whenever his Majesty has since met him, he has always recognised him in the most friendly manner, recalling to his recollection some of the good runs they had, and the pleasant days his Majesty passed at Moor Critchill.

Mr. Butler, when a young man, had a small pack of rabbit beagles, and so small were they, that the seven couple were always carried in panniers on a horse to the place of hunting. He once refused 100 guineas for them. Of late years, Mr. Butler has had a superior breed of terriers. For forty years past he has regularly passed the April month in the New Forest. In all parties he is the life of the company, being replete with anecdote and wit. He is a great naturalist, a good shot, and knows more of fox-hunting than most men.

Mr. Butler, although in his 63d year, has never had an hour's illness in his life. He is the only member remaining of the late Mr. Phelps's "True Blue Hunt," capable of taking the field.

ON THE NATURE OF GAME PRESERVES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,
THE depositions* made in consequence of the late Bill for Legalizing the Sale of Game having furnished matter of surprise to many who live where game is scarce, it may afford entertainment to this portion of the community, the untravelled part of it at least, to hear somewhat of the nature of game preserves.

That in all situations the hand of power is necessary to their protection, is obvious; but the soil must be congenial to the nature of game, otherwise what was meant as the parent stock will migrate, in spite of every effort to detain them. It is a mystery which probably will never be unravelled, that some places apparently particularly suited to them, whether winged or quadruped, they will not frequent, however plenty they may be in the surrounding neighbourhood; and it has been observed, that where, according to tradition, they thrived formerly, there, for reasons independent of food, they continue to thrive, if attended to, though not to such a degree, generally speaking.

For the breed alike of all sorts of game, few counties equal Norfolk and Suffolk; whilst, in comparison with most of the northern counties, the west of England claims attention, as the shires of Gloucester, Wilts, Somerset, and particularly Dorset. In the last-named county, as appendages to opulence, "Critchill," "Grange," "Rempstone," "High Hall," "Charborough,"

"Bryanstone," and other scites almost too numerous to mention, have each their respective preserves. At Abbey Milton, the seat of Lady Caroline Damer, there was a time when the keepers complained that the pheasants were so very numerous, that they did not grow to their full and proper size. In a line from the splendid mansion between two hills, wooded nearly to the foot of each, towards a farm called "*Tufton*," about a mile distant, the whole perspective has been often viewed of a summer's evening so thickly peopled by pheasants, hares, and rabbits, as to excite astonishment in the spectator; and to count them, from their maze-like motions, was impossible.

Taking the lands more suited to the propagation of game, throughout the kingdom, into consideration, there is evidently a diminution, in comparison with former times; yet are there exceptions to this position. A wood of ten acres only, near the seat of Lord Glastonbury, Somerset, has, by computation, contained at once, and very lately, more than an hundred brace of hares. Another, on the Bridgewater road, about twenty acres, two hundred brace. Nearly an hundred brace of hares have been seen feeding together, in an enclosure of only five acres, on an estate of Lord Dorchester's, at Sherborne, Gloucestershire; and as many, on a similar space, at Farmington, in that neighbourhood. But for pheasants in particular, at the present day, in a comparatively open country (open at least near the public road), "*Corsham*," the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq. late

* On one of these occasions, amongst other clandestine imports of such quantities of game into the metropolis as could not but excite astonishment, two thousand brace of partridges were said to have been thrown away by a certain poulterer, as unfit for use.

Member for Wilts, is as celebrated as most places in the kingdom. Journeying from the eastward to Bath, early in the morning, in the month of April last, on the roof of a coach, I could not but join my fellow travellers, as we approached the place, in exclamations of surprise at the quantities of these fine birds, from within a few yards, at times, of the carriage, to half a mile, and further, indeed, on either side of us. In a field, about thirty acres, we counted sixty-three pheasants, as not exceeding half of what the said field contained; and when coachees told his charge that more in proportion would be seen as we proceeded, we could not but think him romancing. Just before entering "*Corsham*," however, roused by a sailor's expression, "*My eyes, Jack, look there!*" (he had stood up as on the look-out), our attention was drawn to where his finger directed. There, in a spot about twice the circumference of a common cast net, and within, as we advanced, half a gun-shot of the carriage, thirteen, five of which only were hens, were feeding together; nor did they in the least notice the united halloos of our whole company. In all, and within a space of three miles, we must have seen upwards of 180 brace; and as such was the population in so exposed a part of these domains too (it is not to be supposed that the coverts had poured out the "*whole*" of their treasures for our inspection), what must be the contents of the woods and plantations contiguous to the noble mansion of "*Corsham*!"

From the proved inefficacy of arbitrary means, and inability on the part of those worthies called "*keepers*" to preserve game always in so exposed and open a

situation as has been described, may be inferred the high esteem in which the owner of these princely domains is held by the surrounding neighbourhood.

OBSERVER.

ON THE DIET OF THE POINTER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

ABRUPTLY to enter on the subject—If condition be necessary in the fox-hound and others of the canine species, whose services are required in the cooler months, and no dog can be in real condition without regard to diet, is it not indispensably so in an animal called on for the utmost exertion of its power, commonly under a burning sun, and often when even the leaf of the aspen tree is void of motion? Yet how frequent the case of the pointer being taken into the field, even at the commencement of the season, either too low and too weak for work, or, as is, I think, more frequently the case, so full of flesh, as to be incapable of action without visible distress! Servants are apt to think that they recommend themselves by keeping pointers, as well as other dogs entrusted solely to their care and management, plump and sleek, so that, reversing the adage, as applied to the horse, "*it is (often) the master's eye that makes a dog thin.*" Independent, however, of the season of the year, and the effects of the atmosphere, to call forth the best powers of the animal, more attention is required to the feeding of pointers than most other sporting dogs. These creatures are particularly, nay proverbially, ravenous; and as they require indeed more nourishment than most other dogs of their size, it is sometimes a difficult matter to re-

gulate them in this respect. Gormandisers as nine out of ten of them are, there is nevertheless a great constitutional difference in them. Giving to some no more food than may have been ascertained as conducive to condition, to a by-stander, unacquainted with the cases respectively, would appear cruelty, nay downright starvation. Looking to the result of things, "*under-feeding*," however, as is the case with other dogs also, is much more advisable than "*over-feeding*."

No pointer can carry too little flesh, in the hotter part of the season especially, provided he retains his strength and spirits; and in order that he may have that little flesh firm and good, the due nourishment given him should be in as small a compass as possible; and to "*complete*" him as to wind, as far as affected by feeding, that golden rule should be observed, "*a little and often*." From the sole consideration of their tendency to create heat, horse-flesh for the greater part, or barley-meal as a chief ingredient, however advisable in more modified proportions in the cooler months, constitutes the worst possible food for a pointer in September, and the beginning of October. Milk and bread, whether regarding nose or continuance, appear, from experience, not of myself only, but of many of the keenest shots, to be the best diet, at the commencement of the season. Potatoes make the best succedaneum for bread, and are inferior to it only from the nourishment they afford being less condensed, or, in other words, occupying more room in the stomach.

Having thus advised as to diet, I have to recommend, in order to the further promotion of the best exertions of the animal, that a month

before the commencement, and during the earlier part of the season at all other periods than during his exercise, the pointer be invariably tied to a moveable box, in an airy situation. The range of a pointer loosed from confinement, is commonly far above that of one which is a stranger to restraint.

Considering the ardour of shooters, and especially in the earlier period for sporting—considering also the care taken as to "*breeding*" and "*breaking*"—it is surprising that so little notice is taken of what mainly conduces to their grand object, inattention to feeding being a chief reason, why, of fifty pointers brought into the field, at the commencement of the season especially, scarcely one in an hundred is exactly what he ought to be.

AUCERS.

THAMES ANGLING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Was very much pleased with the communication of your correspondent J. M. LACEY; and I am confident, from experience, that he is perfectly correct with regard to the impositions practised by some of the fishermen on the Thames.

Wishing for a little recreation, I left London by the coach, and arrived at Hampton about eleven o'clock, and put up at the Bell Inn, as I have been accustomed to do for some years past. Upon inquiring of the landlord if the fisherman was out that I usually engaged, he told me he was, but said there was one in his tap-room disengaged. While we were talking, I saw a fellow come to the door and peep at me, and then drew back, and I heard him say to some with him, "I'll see him d—d before I go

out with him!" and when the landlord went to ask him, he said he was engaged. I then walked down to the water side, and saw two gentlemen, who very politely asked me if I wished to go out fishing? and I told them that I could not get a man. They said that they knew there were two not engaged, whom they designated as *Chaw Bacon* and *Essence of Idleness*, as well as the man who refused me, whom they called *Impudent Jack*. While we were talking, the man they called *Chaw Bacon* came to his punt close by, and I immediately engaged him. The man was very rough in appearance, yet civil and intelligent; but, like those that "Chit Chat" speaks of, *Chaw* took his grub and bub very kindly, as the sailors say. However, I had a famous day's sport, and caught many dozens of the finest roach and dace.

I have fished from Richmond to Staines, and I never could catch half the fish at any other place that I could at Hampton. There is the finest barble deep on the river—it adjoins the lawn where the famous Shakespeare's temple is situated, in the late Mr. Garrick's premises.

I should advise gentlemen who wish for sport to go to Hampton, notwithstanding the punting fraternity, and not to ask for any man by name—for if there is half a dozen disengaged, they will all refuse you, if you prefer another. But I must say, that, generally speaking, I have met with very civil treatment there; and the accommodation at the inns is excellent, and very moderate. Besides, if you do not like punt-fishing, there is very good bank-fishing on the meadows leading to Sunbury.

By inserting this in your next Number, you will oblige

*An Old Fisherman, and
Constant Reader.*

THE LATE MR. SMITH BARRY'S BLUECAP.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN looking the other evening through some of your old Magazines, I observed, in the number published for May, 1801, the portrait of a fox-hound called Bluecap, that is stated to have run over Newmarket, against three other hounds, for a sweepstakes of 1000gs. each, and beat them. I shall be obliged to you, or any of your readers, to inform me how this race was managed, and how the dogs were trained to run over the course against each other?—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

VENATOR, JUN.

December 29, 1823.

* * In answer to the above, we beg leave to transcribe the following authentic and entertaining account of the above celebrated fox-hound, from *Daniel's Rural Sports*:

"The speed of the fox-hound was well ascertained by the trial at Newmarket, betwixt Mr. Meynell and Mr. Barry; and this account of the training and feeding the two victorious hounds is from the person who had the management of them. Will. Crane was applied to, after the match was made (which was for 500 guineas), to train Mr. Barry's hounds, of which Bluecap was four, and Wanton three years old. Crane objected to their being hounds that had been entered some seasons, and wished for young hounds, who would with more certainty be taught to run a drag. However, the hounds were sent to Rivenhall, in Essex; and, as Crane suggested, at the first trials to induce them to run the drag, they took no notice: at length, by dragging a fox along the ground, and then crossing the

hounds upon the scent, and taking care to let them kill him, they became more handy to a drag, and had their exercise regularly three times a week upon Tiptree Heath. The ground chosen was turf, and the distance over which the drag was taken was from eight to ten miles. The training commenced the first of August, and continued until the twenty-eighth of September (the thirtieth the match was ran): their food was oatmeal and milk, and sheep's trotters. Upon the thirtieth September, the drag was drawn (on account of running up the wind, which happened to be brisk) from the rubbing house at Newmarket Town End, to the rubbing house at the starting post of the Beacon Course. The four hounds were then laid on the scent: Mr. Barry's Bluecap came in first; Wanton (very close to Bluecap) second; Mr. Meynell's Richmond was beat by upwards of an hundred yards; and the bitch never run in at all. The ground was crossed in a few seconds more than eight minutes. Three score horses started with the hounds. Cooper, Mr. Barry's huntsman, was the first up, but the mare that carried him was rode quite blind at the conclusion. There were only twelve horses up out of the sixty, and Will. Crane, who was mounted upon a King's plate horse, called Rib, was in the twelfth. The odds before running were seven to four in favour of Mr. Meynell, whose hounds it was said were fed during the time of training entirely with legs of mutton."—p. 155, vol. i.

We have one other remark to make. It is asserted, that on Bluecap seeing some furze on the Heath, and supposing he was running a fox, he rather leaned towards it, but Crane capped him on the drag again, when, by beat-

ing the other hounds afterwards, he shewed his superior powers.

BREEDING OF RACERS.

THE following letter, dated September, 1791, was written by an eminent breeder of race-horses, an intimate friend of the late Earl of Grosvenor, and found among his papers, a few days since, by his executors, who have politely handed it to us. From the following lines, indorsed at the back of the letter, it appears to have been originally intended for this Magazine:—

"SIR—If you think the inclosed "observations worthy a place in "your new SPORTING MAGAZINE, "insert them, with your own corrections, as they were hastily put "down; but they were intended for "instruction only, in the extensive "science of breeding, without prejudice or partiality, and time and "experience can only justify the validity of them—if not, put them "upon the fire."

"*Candid Observations upon the present Breed of Running Horses and their Ancestors, from Childers, and his Brother, Bartlett's Childers; Old Fox, and his Brother, Fox Cubs; Basto, Crabs, Partner, and Others.*

"THESE the most eminent (except Partner, and he from the Byerley Turk) were all of one and the same stock. Lord Fairfax's Morocco Barb got one mare out of Old Ball'd Peg, who was got by an Arabian, out of a Barb mare.

"All the authorities and records of the turf coincide, and derive the pedigrees of the most famous and remarkable horses from Lord Fairfax's Morocco Barb, the D'Arcy yellow and white Turks, the Stradling or Lister Turk, Williams' or Turner's Turk, the Byerley Turk,

and Darley's Arabian. These were the foundation of all pre-eminence the English horse has been entitled to. Crossed and bred most incestuously, they produced Spanker, the Wharton Careless, and Clumsey. By an Arabian of Mr. Leedes's introduction, who got Bay Peg and Betty Leedes, the Childerses, Foxes, and Basto, were bred, and they beat all other horses, at any weights or distance.

"The Curwen Bay Barb succeeded in the most extraordinary small animals (called galloways), the Mixburys, and others got by him. The Marshall, or Selaby Turk, got few horses about this period, but they were excellent. These horses, produced as above, ran rather equally; but the last cross of the Curwen Bay Barb prevailed, until the Godolphin Arabian, with his sons, put all contest at defiance, and to this day succeeds.

"From the year 1753, when William Duke of Cumberland came upon the turf, and expanded every branch of it, breeders, trainers, and jockies increased in every quarter of the kingdom; and to this hour mares and stallions have been sought, with an avidity and enterprize, with an eagerness and contempt of all expence, that beggars all description. About that period, or soon after, stallions were advertised at ten guineas a mare, and increased to fifty; and Old Marsk covered at one hundred guineas, at Lord Abingdon's, when it was thought certain he was the father of the unparalleled Eclipse. To enumerate the stallions in repute from 1747, the year Old Partner died, to the present day, would be tedious and unnecessary; but at all times, in every kind of cross or experiment, Old

Partner's blood has succeeded miraculously, and scarcely ever failed. The Godolphin Arabian's, Childers's, and Partner's blood, was only resorted to by the most scientific and accurate breeders, and continued most indisputably prevalent until the august appearance of Eclipse. Every atom of his pedigree was overhauled, and every relation brought forward; Marsk was found to be his sire; and the sons, grandsons, and universal stock of Childers, investigated at all hazards. Snip, Snap, Blaze, and Syphon, Sampson and Goliath, and every relative of Marsk and Squirt, were raised beyond any proportionate value, and continue to this hour.

"The Psalmist's observation upon the human species, that 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made,' will confirm every meditating mind in the opinion of difficulty ever attendant upon animal perfection. But though neither mechanical rectitude nor problematical proofs can be obtained, superiority may be expected, from close observation upon shape and construction, and a fixed attention to the blood least subject to failure and imperfection.

"Mr. Jennison Shafto's success at Newmarket, during a short period, with Squirrel, Apollo, Snap, Goldfinder, Faggergill, Angelica, and Gnaypost, attracted universal attention; and from Snip, Snap, Regulus, and Bartlett's Childers, every perfection was expected—not as hazardous, but certain. Either Thomas Jackson trained and rode in a very superior style, or Mr. Shafto's competitors bred unfortunately; but it is clear in the event, that, after Thomas Jackson's decease, neither the blood nor the stables could insure the success he

uniformly possessed in his lifetime.

"To look critically (and criticism is best employed in breeding for the turf, to ascertain the truth), the best blood ever connected in this kingdom has failed unaccountably. In the Basto mare, Sister to Soreheels (*page 6*, of Towers's Introduction), except Old Crab, few of her sons have been eminent. Snip is allowed to have been an unsuccessful racer, in Pick's volume (*page 103*); and the monstrous diffusion of Snap's blood (except in very few instances) has produced nothing either of value or consequence, to this time.

"Inspect the annals of horse-racing, and it is evident a son of Snap's never got an animal of value. Fleacatcher, the best, had many of her year in superior form. The prodigiously wonderful number of Snap mares, except the dams of Shark, Postmaster, Rarity, Sir Peter Teazle, Alfred, and Pantaloon, never produced a horse worth attention: nor could Shark, Postmaster, Justice, or Pantaloon, ever get so general a winning plate horse as Buffer; and some particle of perfection may reasonably be assigned to Buffer's dam by Herod, out of Mr. Cornforth's Old Cade Mare, the dam of Sweetwilliam.

"To condemn Match'em seems arduous; and to combat upon the imperfections of his stock, is to combat many various settled opinions. But, to be fair and candid—Is there from Match'em one horse or mare, at this time, capital as a stallion, or to be coveted as a brood mare? Maiden and Purity will be started as objections; but Challenger is not established, nor has Walnut appeared upon the Beacon Course. Rockingham ran

well, very well; but Rockingham's dam has produced nothing since. For twenty years, Match'em covered all the best-bred and most-approved mares in England, not excepting Cypron. Cypron (King Herod's dam) produced Protector by Match'em, the meanest racer, *for his size*, and most contemptible stallion, she ever suckled. Rarity, above mentioned, was covered by Eclipse, Herod, Justice, Mambrino, Sweetbriar, Sweetwilliam, and Pot8o's; but nothing exceeding mediocrity has been the consequence. Her produce by Herod (Maid of the Oaks) could win from Phenomenon at York, and the Oaks Stakes at Epsom; but was beat far by colts never heard of before nor since. Pumpkin, Maiden, and Purity, and all from Mr. Pratt's *Squirt* mare, could run capitally; but the numbers produced from those sons and daughters of Match'em were very few indeed. Had the Squirt mare been covered by other stallions, her fame would not be so near expiring as, I fear, it is.

"Among these observations (critical, I repeat, as they may appear), the sons and daughters of Herod have imperfections about the fore legs very evident. The thorax is large and expanded, and in consequence they run well upon wind, vulgarly called *game* or *honesty*. Every animal of capacious thorax must have stronger respiration than one confined; and though the Herods are formed well there, their fore legs are weak and tottering; and though Highflyer may be an exception, an observation of a most approved rider and trainer, 'that he got the most bad horses he ever knew,' was founded in truth, and verified in experience, from Highflyer's being a certain foal-getter

—from Rockingham, Escape, and Toby—and, indeed, from very few besides, though he has repeatedly covered most, if not all, the best mares in England, and produced more entrances of his get at the post than any other. It is most certain his stock have the lead among the first-rate horses—but in too few instances. The length of his legs is disproportionate; the shortness of his back is acknowledged; his loins are broad, well raised, and indicate great powers; his quarters ample, lengthy, and finely furnished; and his superiority of action too lately and too generally exhibited to be ever forgotten. Yet in every year, at every place, and in all contests, Highflyer is not sufficiently often—too seldom—the sire of the winning horse. All studs, from north to south, from east to west, great and small, have sent to Highflyer; but where is the effect of that confidence? Sir Peter Teazle is indisputably a fine horse—of great powers and speed, extraordinary fore parts, and good substance, without weight, not high upon his legs, nor too short in his frame, except from the coupling of his loins to the tail. The hind-quarters not sufficiently lengthy nor copious, will induce any cautious breeder (besides being out of Papillon, who never bred another good one) to wait the event of his covering, whether or not he proves a first-rate stallion.

“In Mercury, you give up, at first sight, every idea of imperfection: his shape, length, strength, actions, shoulders, loins, legs, quarters, and thorax, all present an uniformity. His stock introduced (not with paragraph and performances) by Lord Egremont's mares alone have always taken the lead—his own races among the best, often

a winner (and those now stallions in great repute, Woodpecker, Pot8o's, Fortitude, Drone, Anvil, Crop, Laburnum, Boxer, Fortunio, King William, Shag, Ulysses, Diadem, Volatile, and Diomed), bespeak no imperfections, and must call forth great powers, in so small an animal. But every horse and mare, his brothers and sisters, had the same situation, were equal uniform racers; and inexperienced as his owner must be, compared to the other members of the turf world, as it is now become, it is wonderful, that out of Mercury's dam he produced generally the first, if not the second-best horse in every year at Newmarket.

“On looking at the first exhibitions of the turf, Aleppo (got by Darley's Arabian, out of a daughter of the Wharton Careless, and most closely related to Flying Childers), except Hobgoblin, got very bad horses; and many of equal pedigree, shape, and performances, in these days, never get a good one. A very prevailing fashion and inclination to size now pervert all former experience, and will (if moderate success attend the prospect) annihilate all symmetry and proportion in this noble animal. The Ancaster Starling, and Grizewood's Teazer, carried twelve stone with success, and neither of them was fourteen hands three inches high. Highflyer, King Fergus, and Pharamond, blazon their altitude in capitals, as perfections, and are recommended as progenitors of speed, fashion, and excellence. Javelin has had very few mares to recommend him; but Chance, Lance, Spear, Halbert, and Mendoza, are not of great size, but possess powers equivalent to some of the tallest horses and prime favourites of the present day.

“The blood of Childers, Regulus,
b b 2

Partner, and of the Old Vintner mare, seems to be more clear and better (when joined) than any other, and to better effect, than by any other channel upon the turf. Squirt, from Marsk, Eclipse, and all his descendants, was the best son of the two brothers Flying and Bartlett's Childers; Regulus and Blank of the Godolphin Arabian; and Tartar of the immaculate Old Partner; and this blood (with the most precise and accurate attention to shape) is most likely to continue success, and secure the first place in the contests upon the turf.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

BEN. BEACON.

Choak Jade.

HORSE-RACING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Read with much interest, in your late Numbers, an account of the races in America. Any one who will take the trouble to draw a comparison between England and the United States, or (if I may be allowed the expression) the trans-Atlantic England, must, in almost every instance, observe a strong similarity between them. The laws of England and of that country are the only ones that can in any light be called free. The maritime force is the chief power of both; and they carry on commerce with much greater spirit than any other nations. In short, they nearly tally with each other in manners, customs, language, and religion; neither is there much variation in the climates. From these causes there is just ground for the supposition, that their lighter matters will also correspond. In refutation of what I have said, it may be asked, Why was not racing, so congenial to the English character,

heretofore introduced into the United States? The following answer will, I believe, be conclusive:—The first inhabitants of the latter country were, as described in the eloquent language of Junius, "a set of people who had left every thing to seek for freedom, and they found it in a desert." How, therefore, could men so devoid of wealth be expected, in the first instance, to seek after pleasure, however desirable it might be to them? As was natural to be supposed, their first efforts were directed exclusively towards their profit; and ever to their credit be it spoken, from being a poor colony, they have raised themselves, by their indefatigable perseverance and prudent conduct, to a flourishing and powerful state, and that too in a space of time so short, that it stands unparalleled in the history of the world. It is now, then, that the natural inclinations of its people, no longer hampered in by poverty, will begin to appear; and I will predict, that the late races are merely an emblem of what is to come, and that the noble sport of horse-racing, once broke forth, will,

"As a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain,"

rapidly gain ground, and keep pace with the rising greatness of that country. It is a mode of diversion begun in the earliest ages, and which will be carried down to the latest.

As yet, however; with the horse, old England keeps the lead in a canter, and there is every probability of her still continuing to do so. The perfection to which she has brought that animal is wonderful; but it has not caused the slightest relaxation, or the desire of fresh improvements to abate. The second place, I think, cannot be denied to America. In trotting horses she has for some time strove

to be pre-eminent, and has sent several very good trotters over to this country, but where they have all very soon received their quietus, as also would the American "Eclipse" have done, on the plains of Newmarket or Doncaster. She has also got a good strong breed of hunters, but in no way able to contend with the English ones, which was exemplified in your October Number, by the steeple race between Messrs. Cox and Bouverie and Captain Morrison. Mr. Cox and the Captain, on English horses, contested the thing well; but Mr. B. on his long-backed Yankee, was quickly left in the lurch.

As appeared from the account of Calcutta races, the resident English seem to have established horse-racing in that country in a spirited manner, and no doubt let the cash fly. The result of these races hitherto has added new laurels to the English stud, who, in spite of a five months' voyage, and about a stone additional weight, beat the native horses, with great ease, in every race into which they were admitted. In France, the attempt to institute racing was truly ridiculous, as described by your correspondent VAGUS. In "O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena," the late Emperor Napoleon, on observing the races in that island, said that he was much pleased with them, and that he had done every thing in his power to encourage the same in France. If he could not, who else could? In Germany there certainly appears a little more racing spirit than in France, which seems to meet with the sanction of the princes and nobility of that country—a *sine qua non*. The sports of the field, from the earliest records, have always been much pursued by the German Nobility, who

entirely monopolized that right for themselves and *ladies*, who, it is said, enter with much interest into the diversion. But hunting in Germany and hunting in England agree in name only—in reality, they widely differ. In the former, the field is composed of a large group, all entirely under the controul of one great man. In the latter, a butcher, if he is better mounted, and has better nerve, frequently kicks the dirt in the face of nobility. Opposition is the sharpest spur to improvement; and consequently a considerable number of horses are annually exported from England to Germany, as well as to other countries—no *very trifling* national benefit to the former.

I have puzzled my brains for some minutes, in endeavouring to hit upon an appropriate simile between the race-course and the gambling-table, but can find none. The good effects of the one are continually appearing; while the shameful actions and depraved frequenters of the other, are daily emerging from the obscure veil under which they were concealed, to disgust, and, it is to be hoped, forewarn, the public. It is a very old maxim, that good sometimes comes out of evil; and from the evidence that has already transpired, it seems more than probable that, when all comes to be known, the late horrid murder of Mr. Weare will strike a more fatal blow to the numerous (properly so called) "hells" with which the Metropolis swarms, than has been struck for some time; and that such a series of iniquitous practices will come to light, as to prevent the ruin, and perhaps untimely death, of many who would otherwise have become their unfortunate victims.

FÆRUS.

Dec. 20.

WRESTLIANA;

OR, AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WRESTLING.

By W. LITT.

WE always hail with pleasure any thing which tends to uphold the manly character of the country—particularly so, when the means resorted to are productive of neither cruelty nor vice. With these feelings, we have perused a treatise just published, called, "Wrestliana; or, an Historical Account of Ancient and Modern Wrestling," by W. Litt, who, it appears, was himself a "practical man" in the art he writes upon. He also touches on the well-known subjects of hunting, racing, and cocking; and although, he says, he cannot find that the characters of those numerous noblemen and gentlemen who openly profess and practise these diversions in a legal manner, were ever called in question, yet he evidently gives a preference to his favourite sport of wrestling, which, whilst it instructs men to cope with men, gives them both power and confidence to do so effectually.

Our author chiefly confines himself to the North of England for his present heroes, though he gives us an account of the proficients of his art, from the angel that wrestled with Jacob, down to the celebrated professors of the present day—not omitting *Abraham Brown*, the curate of Egremont, who acquired the accomplishment when at *Bampton* school, in the county of Cumberland, and whose character is given in the following simple narrative. It appears he was a most dexterous cross-buttocker; and, if we may be allowed a bit of wit on the subject, if he did not *preach*, he

may be said to have given his "*Bampton lectures*."

"*Bampton* school, on the borders of Westmorland, was perhaps the most celebrated seminary in England for turning out good wrestlers. It was usual at that period for those designed for the church, or any learned profession, to frequent school when grown up to manhood; and if a young man was known to be a *Bampton* scholar, it was considered conclusive of his being a good wrestler. Among those educated at this instructive seminary, whose genius led them to acquire a competent knowledge of the bodily powers of man, before they were honoured with the charge of his more important requisites, was the Reverend and celebrated *Abraham Brown*, whom we have before alluded to. This gentleman was the first of whom we have any authentic records of excelling as a *buttocker*. Having lost no time in perfecting himself in this manly exercise when a *scholar*, he fully maintained the character of a very *first rate*, when acting in the more exalted situation of *usher* and *schoolmaster* in different places; and, occasionally, after he became a curate. When a very young man, he acquired great renown in carrying away a silver cup of considerable value from *Eamont Bridge*, which divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, and which was consequently in the very centre of the most noted wrestling country in England. After his establishment at *Egremont*, *Mr. Brown* had no objection, in the spirit of good fellowship, to oblige any man who felt extremely anxious for a trial of skill with him; and in these casual turn-ups it is said he was never vanquished. *Abraham* being a man of considerable hu-

mour and good nature, palmed himself, more than once, as a friend of Parson Brown's, on men who, hearing of his celebrity, expressed a strong desire to try a fall with him. On such occasions he pretended to be well acquainted with the Parson, and assured them that if they could throw him easily, they would prove a match for Brown, when they met with him. This of course caused a contest—and Master Abraham, after giving them full satisfaction, would advise them to go home, as he could assure them that they were not able to vanquish the Parson. We have heard him assert, that when nineteen years of age, he did not weigh more than twelve stones, but a stranger to him in his younger days would have judged of him very differently. He could not be less than six feet high, and when at a proper age for entering the church, must have weighed fifteen stones at least. This well-known character died within the last twelve months, and it is but justice to his memory to observe, that though occasionally addicted to the bottle, he preserved through life, both in his public and private character, the regard and esteem, not only of his parishioners in general, but of nearly all who were acquainted with him."

We were not aware that wrestling had such attraction as it appears to have. "At Carlisle," says Mr. Litt, "where the King's Hundred is given, independent of large subscriptions, there was not last year, except in one solitary instance, any amusement expected, as many of the knowing ones were certain of every other result. With such a drawback upon the ostensible cause of the meeting, a very circumscribed attendance might

have been anticipated. But on the morning of the wrestling, the many thousands flocking to the scene of action sufficiently testified the interest that amusement excited, without any other inducement whatever; and so far will those, who will, without making any invidious distinction, fairly compare these amusements, and the feelings they may naturally excite, be from wondering at this decided preference, that they will rejoice at it."

It also appears, that in this country wrestling is still patronised by gentlemen of rank and fortune.

"CARLISLE WRESTLING.—On the first day of the races, twenty guineas were wrestled for on the Swifts, in a roped ring, sixty yards diameter. We never witnessed so fine an exhibition of agility and nerve, or a diversion that gave such universal satisfaction. The peaceable deportment of the different combatants cannot be too highly praised, as they submitted in all dubious falls, in the most implicit manner, to the decision of the umpire.—The wrestling was most severely contested, in the presence of nearly 12,000 people, by some of the most sinewy and active youths that we ever saw enter a ring. We observed amongst the spectators, the Marquis of Queensberry, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Lowther, Sir James Graham, (of Netherly), Sir James Graham (of Kirkstone), Henry Fawcett, Esq. of Portland Place, together with a great concourse of other gentlemen. We understand the Lord Lieutenant expressed his most unqualified approbation of the diversion, and will annually give it his support, as long as there is not any riot or confusion, which

we may venture to pledge ourselves will never be the case.

"In *science* only," says our author, "will boxing and wrestling admit of any comparison;" but as throwing by the *cross buttock* is much resorted to in the pugilistic ring, and one of the great merits of our present champion, we give Mr. Litt's directions for it at full length:—In buttocking, or cross-buttocking, "the breast and side are oftentimes, though not always, as much used as the hip, or, what is the most general appellation, the buttock. A man skilled in this method of wrestling generally strives for a loose hold, and it is the left side which is mostly used for effecting the desired object. By stepping partly in and crossways with the left foot, twining the body in, and throwing the buttock underneath the belly, the defendant is, by the assailant's arms being kept tight round his neck, or shoulders, hoisted on, and thrown off or over, the side or buttock. As the latter is by the act of stepping thrown farthest in, it has acquired the name of buttocking; and when the leg or foot gets quite across the defendant's body, of cross-buttocking; though even then it is evident, unless the effort was seconded by the arms and higher part of the body, the act of throwing the legs across would be fatal to the aggressor. Sometimes, when the assailant perceives or feels his man staggered, or balanced upon his side or buttock, he is so circumstanced as to be able to strike with one of his feet across the shins: when this is done, the fall is often clean and effective. At other times the situation admits of getting the leg, or foot, behind both the defendant's: when this happens, it is in some places called

grandstepping. It sometimes happens that the assailant, by turning in quickly with very loose holds, gets into a position exactly before, or with his back to, his opponent: in that case, if he do not, by keeping his hands fast, and stooping forward, throw him over his head and shoulders, his situation is a dangerous one for losing the fall. In short, the modes of assault and defence in this most manly of all exercises, are so diversified, that a volume might be filled by illustrating that part of our subject only. The act of buttocking, slipping from the side or breast, and, in fact, of every thing that constitutes the science of wrestling, depends much upon the different situations which may occur in a contest; and the judgment formed by feeling with the chest, and breast, what kind of assault is most likely to prove effective, and, generally speaking, quickness in assault, and promptitude in judiciously availing himself of any circumstance that may arise during the struggle, may be called the distinguishing characteristics of a good and scientific wrestler.

"Opinions respecting the best mode of standing, when taking hold, are no doubt various; and the particular method of wrestling usually adopted by the antagonist to be encountered, in order to counteract his intention, as well as keeping in view the method he himself excels in, will always have some influence on every judicious wrestler. In the rule solely devoted to the purpose of obliging those to take hold who cannot themselves agree about it, we found it absolutely necessary to fix some standard for regulating the hold. Any wrestler need not be told that the subject is the most

difficult one that could arise; and that one certain standard only was indispensable. Making proper allowance for any man's mode of wrestling, except it be in an extreme of tight (the usual epithet for a close or fast hold) or slack, we are fully prepared to maintain that the standard we have fixed on, is the best and most judicious that can be adopted. It is usual for men wishing to take more than a fair hold, to shrink their own breast underneath their opponent's, and pin his arm to his side, close to the elbow. The merest novice in the art will not permit this, and yet the shorter man will sometimes argue they ought to stand straight up: knee to knee is sometimes with equal absurdity proposed; for unless the men are of exactly the same dimensions upwards, it does not in the least alter the subject of dispute. A hat, or a stick, is often laid down, and the men are required to bring their toes up to the mark. The monstrous absurdity of the ridiculous position this will place men of different sizes in, with their feet close together, and what is sometimes jocosely termed the seat of honour of the taller man hung back, needs no comment. No certain distance between the toes can be equally applicable to all; and therefore the distance which will admit of both feeling themselves at ease, and firmly on the ground, may soon be settled between them with the assistance of the umpire, as breast to breast is the only mode of placing them on an equal footing. Many wrestlers are fond of leaning to the left side—a habit acquired while in their novitiate, by the desire of seeing their opponent's feet; or at least his right foot. This latter circumstance is of no material ad-

vantage of itself, as it is the *feel*, and not the *sight*, which generally regulates the movements of a good wrestler, especially at the commencement of a contest, as is sufficiently evident from the fact, that one man decidedly the master of another, will throw him blindfolded. This lean to the left, as with many it is a supposed advantage, and therefore often a considerable obstacle to their getting hold, is worthy of some consideration, in regard to its utility, both in assaulting and defending; and therefore, though a dry and complex subject to some of our readers, yet as many wrestlers will deem it both important and interesting, it is our duty to attempt some elucidation of the subject.

"It must be sufficiently evident to all, that leaning to either side is a deviation from the natural and true centre of balance; and of course will lay some stress upon, or partly brace, the muscles of the opposite side. Thus, if the lean be to the left side, the muscles of the right, from the neck to the foot downwards, will be proportionably braced, as those on the left are contracted in with the body; and part of the weight of the body, by being thrown upon the right arm of the opponent, will detract in a corresponding degree from the weight upon, or firmness of, the feet upon the ground. Now it is certain, that the easier and firmer any wrestler feels himself upon the ground, the less stress there will be upon the arms and breast; and that when all the powers of the frame can at once be brought effectively into action, the more vigorous will be the attack. It is to be remarked, that these obstacles apply even to an attack with the left leg; while the lean being from the

right, must of course greatly detract from the force of any intended effort to throw an opponent to that side; and the position itself totally precludes the idea of an effective buttock; because, instead of facilitating the act of getting the foot partly across, or the breast underneath, it acts in the very reverse, by contributing to place the body on the outside—an unavoidable consequence of the lean.—As for buttocking with the right side, there are very few who ever attempt it, except it is after an outside stroke with the left leg; because, in taking hold, the left arm is always above the right; and consequently, when the hold is loose, there is no material obstacle to prevent that side from being thrown in; whereas, the right arm being underneath the other, prevents that side from being brought into action with equal freedom and facility. Notwithstanding this, there are some few who contrive to throw in the right side with considerable effect; yet against a good wrestler, it must always be considered a losing chance.

“It is observable, that these remarks apply to the act of taking hold before the contest is begun. The lean to the left acquired after, or during a struggle, is quite a different thing. It is then a certain sign, either that the opponent has lost all command of the hold, or that both parties have their arms round each other's neck. If the former be the case, it necessarily implies that the party who has the lean, has broke his opponent's hold—has himself got a commanding one—is standing perfectly at ease—and is nearly sure of the fall;—while his adversary, scarcely able to preserve an upright position, and without hold, is incapable of mak-

ing any offensive effort which is likely to succeed. The only thing he can do, is to attempt to get his side in, and try to buttock; but the other, perfectly aware of his movements, will probably catch him under the ribs, and often dispose of him with ease and safety. If both parties have lost hold of the back, he who has the lean is much more advantageously situated than his opponent: he stands freer with his neck, and easier with his body; and is consequently more at liberty to assault or defend, with a much greater prospect of success. As the two most important objects in wrestling—namely, hold, and feeling with the breast—are, in that situation, of comparatively little consequence, a view of the right leg becomes an object of some consideration, as it implies the fact of the right arm being more up, and the left more down, than his antagonist's (if the men have any hold) can possibly be; as the left buttock is then the only attack that his opponent can make, and which he cannot make without moving the right leg. On the other hand, the person possessing the lean is by no means in so confined a situation. By standing perfectly at ease, he can choose his time of assault, or is fully prepared to avail himself of any effort his antagonist can make; and if he be a good striker with the left leg across the shin, he has every chance of doing so with success; which he ought not to defer doing, lest his antagonist should wrench his head loose, and thus oblige him to forfeit his advantage by taking a fresh hold.

“Having thus proved that leaning to one side when the men are supposed to be on equal terms, and acquiring a commanding lean

after the contest is begun, are two very different things, it remains for us to consider the advantage, or disadvantage, of the lean to the left side, as it regards the efficacy of repelling or guarding an attack. As this lean, which implies laying an additional weight upon an opponent's right arm at the commencement of a contest, when the holds are, or ought to be, equally low round the arm and body, cannot be done without detracting from the firmness of the feet upon the ground, it must apparently impede the act of guarding either a judicious stroke or buttock: for although it may be a preventive to his being turned to the right side by an outside stroke with the left leg, yet it must proportionably facilitate his being turned to the left side, by the left leg inside, or by the right outside; and hanging his weight to the left side, so far from the centre of balance, is certainly the very thing a good buttocker, or slipper from the breast, would desire. It likewise is not, as some imagine, any obstacle to his being lifted from the ground; because, by hanging his *weight* downwards, he has not an immediate command of his *strength* to counteract the lift of his opponent; and instead of bearing him forward with his *breast* and *arms*, he has one *hanging* upon him, and the other closely locked round him. His antagonist, so far from having an *additional weight* to lift, has only the same *weight* in a more *favourable position* for lifting it; because, having the greater part already, he has only that part to raise higher, and the other comes by *degrees* upon him, and the weight he has to sustain is close to him; whereas, were his antagonist lifting; or bearing against him, the weight would come upon him at

once, and would be *further from him*. Again, the *weight* of a man is so far from being equal to his *strength*, that if no impediment were thrown in the way by lifting against, or bearing forward with the arms and breast, a man of ten stone weight would easily lift one of twenty. When lifted, the lean is an evident disadvantage: as it tends to throw him from the exact front of his opponent, it must of course be a considerable impediment to clapping the knees or legs close upon him, to prevent his striking out, and feeling in what manner and with what leg he intends to do it."

Mr. Litt considers wrestling a healthy and strengthening amusement; and where, says he, "can we find a younger or healthier-looking man of his age than William Richardson, who has won more prizes than any man in existence?" He also recommends it on another score—on that of humanity; "for," adds he, "in wrestling, the man who is thrown is ready for another trial the next minute; in fighting, the beaten man has often more occasion for a chaise to convey him home, a doctor to prescribe for him, and a nurse for a week." A wrestler, however, he humourously informs us, *must not be an apology for a man*.

The amusing contents of this volume would have tempted us to have made further remarks, did not the length of the preceding extract prevent us. We, however, strongly recommend the perusal of it to our sporting readers.

ANECDOTE OF A BULL BITCH.

THE following anecdote is mentioned by Mr. Pratt, in the notes to his poem of "The Lower World."

"A butcher brought a bitch to a bull bait, accompanied by a litter of her puppies. On letting loose the bitch, he exclaimed, 'Now Gentlemen, I will say nothing of the goodness of this breed: you shall see!' The bitch immediately pinned the bull, although she had scarcely a tooth in her head. The butcher then cut her to pieces with a hedge bill, and she only quitted her hold with her breath. There was instantly a great demand for her puppies, and he sold them for five guineas apiece."

On the PRICES of RACE HORSES,
with QUERIES; and ON THE
POINTER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

WHEN a very considerable price is offered or paid for a race horse, the amount generally gets abroad. This renders it easy to make a comparison between former and present times. Within the few last years, perhaps somewhere about two thousand pounds has been the maximum for the reputed best colt of his year. Five thousand guineas were offered and refused for the celebrated Smolensko, before he went to Epsom. In the Newmarket October Meeting, 1805, a bay colt by Pipator sold for 1500 guineas. Also a chesnut two-year-old colt by Benningbrough, a bay two-year-old colt by Volunteer, and the brown three-year-old filly, Orange Girl, by Sir Peter, each for a like sum. Lord Fitzwilliam refused 3000 guineas for Sir Paul, by Sir Peter, out of Pearl, by Tandem. About half a century since, Lord Grosvenor offered Mr. Piggot 10,000 guineas for Shark, as the horse

was leading off the course at Newmarket, to be taken out of training. It was reported that O'Kelly refused nearly double that sum for Eclipse, replying to the offer, that "all Bedford level would not purchase Eclipse." To go half a century farther back, a report has been handed down from father to son, that a Welsh sportsman offered the Duke of Devonshire for Flying Childers the horse's weight in crowns and half-crowns, which the Noble Duke refused. It is submitted to calculators how many pounds, in present money, such weight of silver would amount to, on due comparison of each time's price of silver, and on a guess of the weight of the horse, taking him at fifteen hands one half high, master of fourteen stone, and in training? These items sufficiently establish the great value of the English race-horse.—In the mean time, what is the amount of capital at present put in activity by the concerns of the English turf?

To get without side the pale of the turf, the following newspaper record at no rate diminishes the consequence of the breeding stud:—"Lately died (about August, 1812), Regulus, the sire of three thousand colts, that produced upwards of eighty thousand pounds." I suppose this Regulus must have been some half-bred stallion, which covered for dealers' horses; and as such a valuable horse must have been well known, I request of some correspondent of the Magazine, which travels through every English county, an account of this Regulus, where he covered, and who was his proprietor?—I further request of your turf readers some information respecting Colonel Gilbert Ironside's "Dissertation on Horses," a book of which I have

heard, and have seen quoted, but on which I could never lay my hands, or, in fact, obtain any intelligence when it was published, or where it is to be sought.—Lastly, and to wind up my bottom of queries for the present—Some years since, being at Tuxford in the Clays, Notts; an old man, having the appearance of a gamekeeper or poacher, who said he lived in the Forest, attracted my attention. He might have been upwards of fourscore years of age, by his appearance. His converse was full of information on sporting subjects, and of anecdote relative to the chief families of that shire and its vicinity, some of which I should not choose to repeat. Among several things which bordered on the marvellous, or on hoaxing, the old man assured me, that in his young time, many gentlemen had their pointers trained to stand the game on three legs, the off fore leg being extended straight, and at full length, towards the mark! Had the late Colonel Thornton's famous pointer been trained to such a position, he would scarcely have stood out the stated time; or the Colonel's long bow would have required additional lengths.

A WOULD-BE KNOWING ONE.

Bury St. Edmund's.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF REVELLER.

REVELLER is a bay horse, foaled in 1815, bred by and the property of H. Peirse, Esq. of Bedale, Yorkshire. He was got by Comus; his dam, Rosette (Rosanne's dam), by Beningbrough; grandam, Rosamond (Ferguson, Delusion, Florival, and Florette's dam), by Tandem; great grandam, Tuberoze (Rosina, Young Tuberoze,

Piercer, Enchanter, Contessina, Tat, and Rosalie's dam), by King Herod; great great grandam, Grey Starling, by Starling; great great grandam, Coughing Polly, by Bartlett's Childers; great great great great grandam (Sister to Thunderbolt), by Counsellor, Snake, Luggs, Davill's Old Woodcock, &c. &c.

PERFORMANCES.

At York August Meeting, 1818, REVELLER won the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb., fillies, 8st. 2lb. (3lb. allowed, &c.), two miles (14 subscribers), beating Sir M. M. Sykes's Cambyeses, Duke of Leeds's Monitor, Lord Fitzwilliam's Belianis, Mr. Gascoigne's Althea, and Duke of Hamilton's bay colt by Thunderbolt, out of Margaret:—Even betting and 6 to 5 on Reveller, and 2 to 1 agst Cambyeses. Won easy.—At Doncaster, September 21, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb., fillies, 8st., St. Leger Course (51 subscribers), beating Mr. Peirse's Ranter, Mr. Powlett's The Marshal, Lord Fitzwilliam's Belianis, Lord Milton's Cardenio, Mr. Paulden's Wonder, Mr. Petre's Masker, Mr. Lambton's Lochinvar, Lord Surrey's Newton, Lord Derby's Corregio, Duke of Leeds's Octaviana, Lord Scarbrough's Awful, Duke of Hamilton's Lord Lieutenant, Duke of Hamilton's Eleanor, Mr. Gascoigne's Trulla, Mr. Watt's Beggar Girl, Mr. Watt's bay colt by Cerberus out of Tamborine, Colonel King's Master Beverly, Mr. Chilton's Lightning, Mr. Herrick's Sir William, and Mr. Bell's Oracle:—3 to 1 agst Beggar Girl, 7 to 2 agst Reveller, 6 to 1 agst Octaviana, 9 to 1 agst Lightning, 13 to 1 agst Masker, 100 to 5 agst

Eleanor, 100 to 4 agst Corregio, 100 to 3 agst Ranter, and 100 to 2 agst The Marshal. Won very easy.—In the same Meeting, he walked over for the Gascoigne Stakes of 100gs. each, 30gs. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb., fillies, 8st. 2lb., St. Leger Course (nine subscribers).

At York August Meeting, 1819, REVELLER won the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb. (3lb. allowed &c.), four miles (13 subscribers), beating Sir M. M. Sykes's Cambyes, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Belianis:—5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Reveller. Won easy.—In the same Meeting, he won one of the Great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb., four miles (18 subscribers), beating Mr. Duncombe's Mozart, Mr. Houldsworth's Eleanor, and Mr. Watt's Bigottini:—5 to 4 on Reveller. Won very easy.—At Doncaster, September 20, he won the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb. (3lb. allowed &c.), four miles (16 subscribers), beating Mr. Jones's Fanny, and Sir M. M. Sykes's Cambyes:—2 to 1 on Reveller. Won very easy.—In the same Meeting, at 7st. 7lb., he won the Doncaster Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for all ages, four miles (14 subscribers), beating Mr. Powlett's The Marshal, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb., and Mr. Duncombe's Handel, afterwards Theodore Majocchi, 3 yrs old, 6st.:—3 to 1 on Reveller. Won easy.

At York August Meeting, 1820, REVELLER won one of the Great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb., four miles (18 subscribers), beating Mr. Clifton's Advance,

5 yrs old:—3 to 1 on Reveller. Won very easy.

At Lancaster, July 3, 1821, REVELLER, 8st. 12lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles (11 subscribers), beating Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax:—5 to 2 on Doctor Syntax. Won easy.—At York, August 22, he won one of the Great Subscription Purses of 207l. 10s. for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb., six, 8st. 12lb., and aged, 9st., four miles, beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Palmerin, 5 yrs old, Mr. Powlett's The Juggler, 6 yrs old, and Lord Scarbrough's The Black Prince, 5 yrs old:—6 to 5 on Reveller, 3 to 1 agst Palmerin, and 4 to 1 agst The Juggler. Won easy. Run in 7 min. 48 sec.—At Lincoln, September 28, at 8st. 11lb. he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. for all ages, beating Mr. S. Reid's The Marshal, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.:—3 to 1 on Reveller. Won very easy.

At Lancaster, July 3, 1822, REVELLER, 8st. 12lb., won the Corporation Gold Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles (10 subscribers), beating Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax, aged, 9st., and Mr. Powlett's Jack Spigott, 4 yrs old, 8st.:—5 to 4 on Jack Spigott, 5 to 2 agst Reveller, and 3 to 1 agst Doctor Syntax. Reveller took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.

At Preston, July 9, 1823, REVELLER, 9st., walked over for the

Gold Cup, value 100ga. added to a Sweepstakes of 10ga. each, for all ages (21 subscribers), three miles and a distance.

REVELLER was only beat three times throughout his career of racing: viz.—At York August Meeting, 1820, for one of the Great Subscription Purse, by Mr. Powell's The Juggler, four miles, 8st. 11lb. each:—4 and 5 to 1 on Reveller. Won by only half a head.—At Preston, July 11, 1821, at 8st. 12lb. for the Gold Cup, three miles and a distance, by Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax, aged, 8st. 12lb., but beat in the same race Sir J. H. Maxwell's Fair Helen, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.:—6 to 5 on Reveller, 7 to 4 agst Doctor Syntax, and 7 to 4 agst Fair Helen. A good race.—And at Doncaster, in the same year, at 8st. 10lb. for the Doncaster Stakes, four miles, by Mr. Lambton's Borodina, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.:—5 to 2 on Reveller. A smart race, but won easy at last.

These were the whole of his performances. He is now advertised as a stallion, at his owner's seat, Bedale, Yorkshire, at 15gs. and 1g.

KENTISH HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

NIMROD, it appears, has been in Surrey, and does not think the part of Surrey that he was in a good hunting country. Whether it be so or not is matter of opinion. He speaks handsomely of their hounds, and their style of hunting; and they are the main things. They had nothing to do in the formation of the country; but the latter depends entirely on their spirit and exertion. I mention NIMROD's opinion, because it was

said, last year, Kent was not a good hunting country, which was contradicted; but if NIMROD would ride from the Surrey country to Rochester, and from thence to Chilham, he would find, in my opinion, but very little difference between the two countries. If he went into the East Kent, he would undoubtedly find it better. I wish he could see the East Kent hounds, for if finding and killing are proofs of goodness (and for my own part I know no better), good ones they must be. I should like him to see Mr. Oxenden, Mr. Palmer, and some others in the Hunt, ride to hounds: I think he would say they were not much amiss. The *amor patriæ* has been commended through ages; and a fondness for one's country in general, and a partiality for the parish one was born in, are much the same things. Now you may as well speak treason in the presence of a courtier, as say anything against an East Kent horse, hound, or man, in the presence of an East Kent man. If there's any vanity or prejudice in this feeling, it is of the noble kind.

The miniature pack of Messrs. Whitaker and Wills deserves notice. They are to me as an Elzevir edition of a fox-hound pack: there's a something about them which seems to say, "Don't laugh at us because we are little, but come along and try us"—like Tydeus of old, small in stature, but great in heart. They had what NIMROD would call a hard run, a few days back, from Hollingbourne to Godmersham, through Mr. Knight's Park, to Chilham, a distance little short of twenty miles, ride it as you can, and from thence home to kennel, thirty miles, I suppose. I was told—but hunters, like travellers, sometimes tell strange tales—

that a horse died in the hunt. They certainly are not bad ones.

The Harriers in Kent will bear comparison, in my opinion, with harriers in any county—such as are Messrs. Barling's, Blaxland's, Wilkes's, and many others.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

January 7, 1824.

THE NIGHT HERON ;

LESSER ASH-COLOURED HERON, OR
NIGHT RAVEN.

(*Ardea nycticorax*, Lin.—*Le Bihoreau*,
Buff.)

THE length of this bird is about twenty inches; the bill is three inches and three quarters long, slightly arched, strong, and black, inclining to yellow at the base; the skin from the beak round the eyes is bare, and of a greenish colour; irides, yellow; a white line is extended from the beak over each eye; a black patch, glossed with green, covers the crown of the head and nape of the neck, from which three long narrow white feathers, tipped with brown, hang loose and waving; the hinder part of the neck, coverts of the wings, sides, and tail, are ash-coloured; throat white, fore part of the neck, breast, and belly, yellowish white or buff; the back black, the legs a greenish yellow.—The female is nearly the same size as the male, but she differs considerably in her plumage, which is less bright and distinct, being more blended with clay or dirty white, brown, grey, and rusty ash colour, and she has not the delicate plumes which flow from the head of the male.—The Night Heron frequents the sea shores, rivers, and inland marshes, and lives upon crickets, slugs, frogs, reptiles, and

fish. It remains concealed during the day, and does not roam abroad until the approach of night, when it is heard and known by its rough, harsh, and disagreeable cry, which is by some compared to the noise made by a person straining to vomit. Some ornithologists affirm, that the female builds her nest on trees, others that she builds it on rocky cliffs; probably both accounts are right. She lays three or four white eggs.—This bird was shot near London, in the year 1816, and is now in the British Museum. It is very rare in this country, and on that account we have deemed it a fit subject for the embellishment of our Magazine.

For the Sporting Magazine.

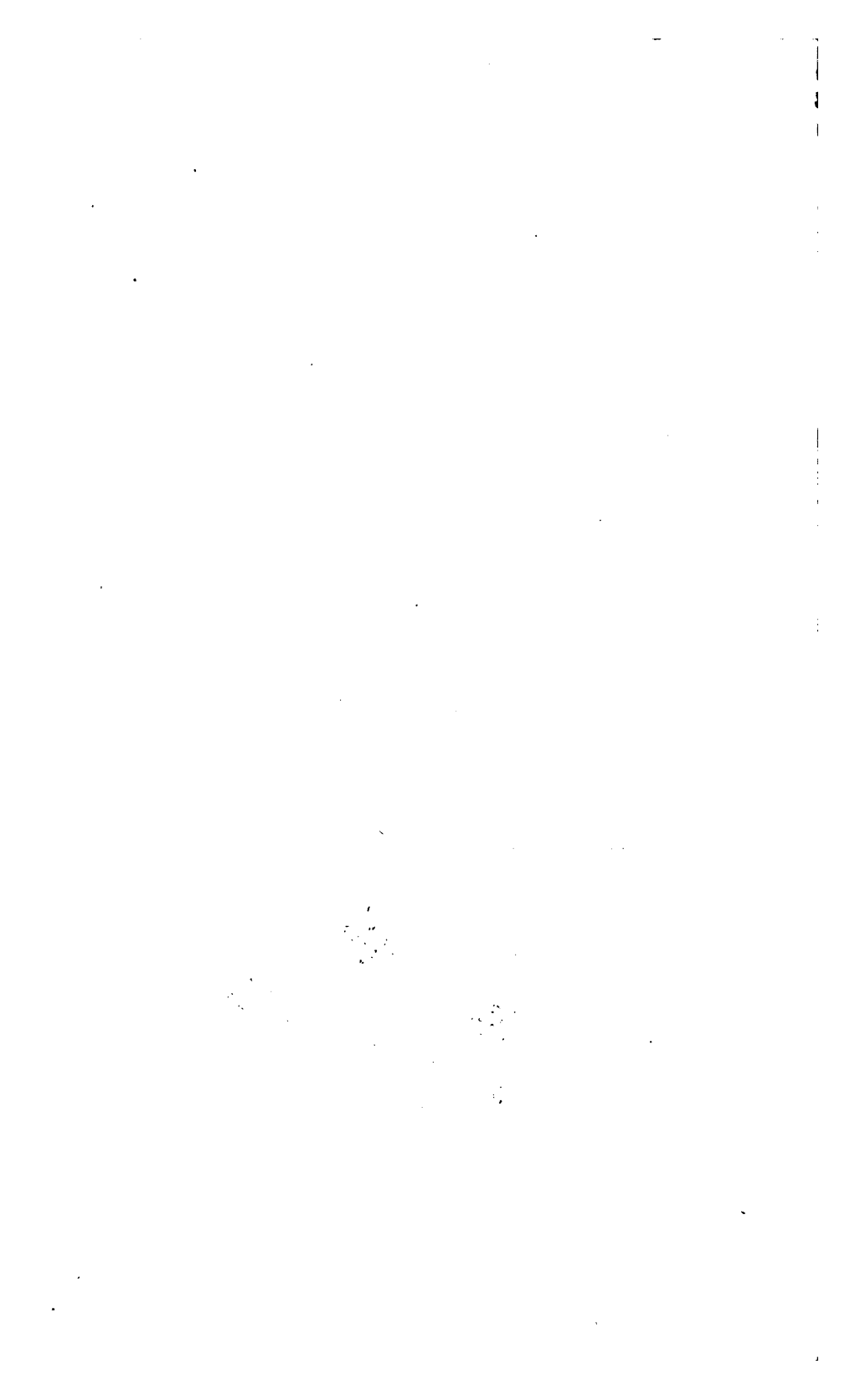
SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

THE following extraordinary occurrence took place at Belford, on the 22d of November last. A gentleman who had come for the purpose of hunting with the Mellerstain fox-hounds, while in the neighbourhood of Sir Carnaby Haggerston's, in Northumberland, stopped at the inn at Belford, and ordered a very fine horse which he had in his gig to have a pail of oatmeal and water. The ostler took off the bridle, and no sooner did the horse perceive the gig behind him, than he set off at full gallop with it, and leaped a stone-and-lime wall five feet nine inches high, and alighted on the roof of a pigsty, on the other side of the wall, the shafts of the gig resting on the wall. He was got down with some difficulty, but very little hurt. The gig was not at all injured. A double-barrelled gun, loaded, was chucked out of the carriage, and stuck in the ground



NIGHT HERON.

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with the muzzle downwards, but did not go off; and every thing being soon put to rights, the gentleman proceeded on his journey.

Although in this remarkable instance no harm was done, yet the practice of taking the bridles off horses while in harness is so generally followed by mischief, that the insertion of the above in your widely-circulated Magazine may be an additional warning against this too common custom, and will at the same time much oblige your humble servant,

ADMONITOR.

THE PUGILISTIC RING.

FIGHT BETWEEN SPRING AND LANGAN.

THE very intense interest excited by this event, throughout England and the Sister Kingdom, the termination of which was to decide to whom the enviable distinction of "Champion of England" and of "Ireland" was to belong, took place Wednesday, January 7, 1824, on Worcester race-course, opposite the Grand Stand, which is within less than half a mile of the city.

The manner in which this contest originated, and the epistolary correspondence of these *literary* professors of pugilism, have been already laid before the public.

Langan was a man almost unknown to the London ring: he sprung up like Donnelly, and, like him, was to *thresh* every member of the pugilistic corps, till he got at "the top of the tree." He was brought into notice more by the number of his battles, than from the *goodness* of the men he vanquished: he beat Pat Halton without much difficulty; also a man named Vipond, who was supposed

to be a heavy hitter, in Lancashire; and he has also taken the "shine" out of a number of his countrymen in Shamrockshire; but their qualities as boxers are unknown; and although Langan was strongly backed by some of his countrymen, and by Mr. S. of Liverpool, still the bets were two, three, and four to one against his beating Spring. The money (300*l.* a side) was made good at Cribb's, on New Year's Day, and betting at the sporting houses became very brisk in Liverpool and Manchester, as well as in the Metropolis. In the articles, the fight was to take place half-way between London and Manchester, or on a spot as near as possible. It was supposed that Birmingham Heath would have been the scene of action; and Whittingham Heath, two miles from Litchfield, was the next spot which was named; but all efforts to complete the contract upon suitable terms failed: and then Melton Mowbray, in that fine sporting country, Leicestershire, it was supposed would have had the honour of being the selected spot for deciding the "wager of battle;" but the *beaks* could not be quiet, and then Warwick race-course was thought of. The Warwick folks were "eager for the fray" to be decided close to that town; but they would only come down 40*l.* though they would have been benefited above 2000*l.* and therefore the commissary refused to accede to the shabby proposition. A more liberal offer was subsequently made, but a decided negative was given to it, and a treaty was entered into with the Worcester folks, to have the contest decided on Worcester race-course, much to the chagrin and mortification of the "Warwickshire lads." The Worcestershire Justices as-

ssembled to discuss "the propriety of allowing the fight to take place," and here, also, there was an opposition; but a sporting Nobleman being urged to use his influence, the result was, that "no interference would take place." The race-course was instantly fitted up, by placing waggons and carts round an immense ring. The clerk of the course, Mr. Share, issued tickets for the Grand Stand; and the following bill was circulated at all the booksellers, libraries, and chief shops in the city:—"Tickets of admission to Worcester Grand Stand, to see the English and Irish Champions fight, on the 7th January, 1824, may be had at ***, at half-a-guinea a ticket." At the latter end of the previous week, Langan arrived in Birmingham, from the neighbourhood of Buxton, where he had been training. His condition was fine. Josh Hudson said, he was "as hard as iron." He is not quite so tall as Spring. His height is the same to the shoulders, but Spring is longer in the neck: nor is his form so symmetrical as the person of his opponent; yet his frame exhibits very strong muscle. His shoulders are broad, his arms long, his face well covered by the projection of his *os frontis*, and altogether he appeared to be a most powerful athletic man, and "a dangerous customer." Langan left Birmingham for Droitwich, which is within six miles of Worcester, where he continued till the morning of the fight. Spring had been at the seat of his chief backer, Captain Barrett, near Cheltenham.

PRELIMINARIES TO THE FIGHT.

On the Tuesday morning, and during the whole of the day, till a late hour at night, the city of Worcester filled with astonishing

rapidity. Chaises, coaches, gigs, barouches, carts, and vehicles of every description, entered in succession, heavily loaded, from every part of the country, 50 and 100 miles round. From Liverpool and London, hundreds of persons came to see the fight, and not a few from Ireland. On the Tuesday night, the London *corps pugilistique* were nearly all in Worcester, and every tavern was crowded to excess. Beds, at some of the principal inns, were commonly charged one guinea the night, and half-a-guinea at inferior places.

The London men who are employed to convey the ropes, stakes, &c. from the Metropolis to the field of battle, claimed an allowance for their trouble; and as 200*l.* had been given by the good citizens of Worcester to the agents of the combatants, the London men expressed their opinion that 100*l.* ought to be presented to them to pay their expences. After several speeches *pro* and *con*, a compromise took place.

During the whole of Monday and Tuesday, carpenters were employed in erecting temporary hutings; and an outer ring of one hundred yards in diameter was formed. Under the direction of Mr. Share, the clerk of the course, an inner ring of twenty-four feet square was also raised, about two feet from the level. It was found necessary to elevate the inner ring, in consequence of the flow of water over the grass, which was raised upon posts covered with planks, and the planks were afterwards covered with turf six inches in thickness, upon which saw-dust was laid. It is impossible to give a description of the outer ring: in many parts

of it the ground was half a foot deep in mud and slush, and many a *Johnny Raw* was in a pretty plight, in consequence of slipping knee-deep into holes which had been made on various parts of the ground to draw off the water. Every disaster of the kind drew from the spectators loud bursts of laughter. The Grand Stand and the hustings adjoining were crowded to excess, at half-a-guinea a head, and the numbers who paid were computed at not less than four or five thousand. The chief Nobility and gentry of Worcestershire and the adjoining counties were on the ground, and many Noblemen and gentlemen from distant parts of the kingdom came to view the trial of strength and science between these pugilistic champions. We observed Lord Deerhurst, Lord Anson, Hon. Thomas Coventry, Sir James Musgrave, Colonel Berkeley, Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart., Sir G. Webster, Lord Molyneux, Mr. G. Osbaldeston, Mr. E. Peel, Mr. John Mills, Mr. Compton, Mr. James Smith Barry, &c. On no former occasion within our recollection, not excepting the memorable fight between Gully and Gregson, in Sir John Sebright's Park, were so many first-rate sporting characters assembled. Two hours before the fight commenced, almost every seat was occupied, and the craft upon the river Severn, which meanders by the side of the race-course, were filled with spectators, even to the top of the sails and rigging, and the appearance altogether was remarkably effective and imposing, which was considerably heightened by the masts of the vessels being hung with flags, and the sails adorned with ribbons.

At ten minutes before one, Ned Painter arrived, attired in his flannel jacket, with a *fogle* round each knee, denoting his character as *second*. He and Cribb had engaged to pick up Tom Spring. At five minutes before one, Spring arrived at the ring, in a carriage and pair, belonging to and attended by Captain Barrett, his chief backer, accompanied by Cribb, and several sporting characters. He expressed the utmost confidence in the result of the contest, and his coolness was remarkable. He took out his watch, and said, "It is near one," and we observed that there was not the slightest tremor or shake of the hand. At one o'clock, Josh Hudson took off his coat, and appeared in his white suit, as Langan's second. There were cries in every part of the ring for Langan. "Where is Langan?" was resounded from every part of the arena. "Why don't you go it, Spring?" Spring replied, "I can't fight without him."—"Note that down, Mr. Reporter," cried Lord Molyneux.—Viscount Deerhurst was umpire for Spring, and Sir Henry Goodriche for Langan, and Colonel Berkeley referee.

Ten minutes past one arrived, and Cribb and Ned Painter cried out most lustily for Langan, and Cribb said, "If you don't come, Mr. Paddy from Cork, the stakes will be given up to Cribb;"—"He's coming!" resounded from Langan's friends.

At eighteen minutes past one o'clock, an extensive hustings erected on the right of the Great Stand, which contained not less than 1500 or 2000 persons, came down, with a tremendous crash. Every eye was directed towards the spot: a general shriek was heard, and the greatest terror prevailed. The confusion created by

this alarming accident beggared all description, but the consequences were not by any means so extensive as was anticipated. We saw many persons who had been wounded and lacerated, and several had broken limbs. Sir T. Salisbury was cut about the face and head, and bled profusely, but the injury was inconsiderable. Half-past one arrived, and Langan not appearing, bets were offered that he did not come at all. On referring to the articles of the fight, drawn up at Manchester, it was discovered that no *specific time* of the day for the fight to commence had been inserted therein. There was great murmuring. At twenty minutes to two Langan arrived, and entered the ring, leaning on the arms of his seconds, Hudson and Reynolds. (*Huzzas loud and long.*)

ROUNDS.

1. On placing themselves in attitude, the advantages in point of person were decisively manifest on the side of Spring. The combatants kept at a *respectable* distance from each other, yet both on the look-out for an opening. Spring at length made a hit, which Langan stopped with skill. The Champion slowly advanced, and Langan kept retreating backwards till near the corner of the ring. Spring let fly right and left, and Langan's left *ogle* received a slight touch. Spring got away from a heavy body blow. An exchange, but no mischief done. Langan again in the corner smiling, in a position armed at all points. Langan endeavoured to plant a body blow with his left hand, when Spring jumped away as light as a cork. Here Langan put his thumb to his nose, by way of derision as to the powers of Spring. The latter stopped Langan's left hand. "Fight away, Jack!" said Josh Hudson: "he can't hurt nobody!" Some blows were exchanged rather sharply. A long pause. Langan made a good stop with his right

hand. Some hits passed. They closed: after a severe struggle both down, but Langan uppermost. Eight minutes had elapsed.

2. A long fight already anticipated. Spring very cautious, and appeared as if determined not to receive any of Paddy's *clumsy* thumps. Langan hit Spring on the body. The latter planted a tremendous facer on the top of Langan's nose, which produced the *claret*. Good science on both sides. After a long pause Spring put down his hands. The English Champion appeared to have made up his mind not to be *hit*, but to be liberal in the extreme to *give*, and not to *take*. Langan again displayed great skill in stopping. (At this juncture the left wing, or temporary scaffold, erected for the accommodation of the spectators, gave way with a tremendous crash, and upwards of one thousand persons, from the height of thirty feet, were precipitated one upon the other in one dreadful confused mass. The countenance of Spring changed, and he put up his hands, as if doubting whether he should quit the ring or proceed. Langan received a heavy blow on his left eye, and both went down in a close.

3, 4, 5, 6. In the latter round Langan's right eye was nearly closed. In the throw Spring went down heavily on his head.

7 to 14. In all the above rounds, though Langan had received several *nobbers*, he was not in the slightest degree reduced as to courage. On the contrary, he was as *gay* as a lark. Langan observed to Spring, "My boy, I can fight for a week." "Yes," said Josh, "for a month, if you get no heavier blows than you have received already."

15 to 21. In the last round Langan threw Spring out of the ropes; and with much jocularly and good nature observed, laying hold of Spring's arm, "If I sent you down, I have a right to pick you up!" "Bravo!"

22 to 32. In several of these rounds Spring planted some facers; but they were not heavy enough to take the pluck out of Langan. "How bad

Spring fights to-day!" was the observation of an old backer of the English Champion.

33 to 36. Spring did not please the multitude by his *smashing* qualities, but his backers expressed themselves well pleased with the caution he displayed. In the 34th round, Spring put in a tremendous blow on *Paddy's* mug, as he was coming in, so that he went down quickly.

37, 38. These were two excellent fighting rounds. Langan laughed at Spring, saying, "You have done nothing yet." "All in good time," replied Spring: "I shall do it at last." Langan planted two heavy blows on the side of Spring's head; but the Irishman wanted length to do severe mischief. Both of the combatants fell down, and Cribb in the bustle likewise was on the ground.

39 to 45. Spring in these rounds continued cautious, and Langan full of spirits. Most of the fighting men exclaimed, "He is the best Irishman ever seen in the ring! He is the gamest man alive!"

46 to 50. The face of Spring did not exhibit the slightest mark of *punishment*, but the left hand of Langan had told now and then upon his body. The English Champion appeared getting weak, from the *struggles* he had had with Langan, and also from several heavy falls.

51 to 56. The outer roped ring had been for the last hour in the greatest disorder. The constables' long poles were useless; the whips of the fighting men were of no avail; and the mob was now close up to the ring. It was now like a *turn-up* in the streets of London: the combatants had not *three yards* either way to exhibit their tactics. Spring put in the most hits on the nob of his opponent, but the strength of Langan in getting Spring down surprised every one present.

57, 58, 59, 60. "What a prime fellow this Langan has proved himself to be!" was a general remark. The ring was so much reduced, that the combatants were in danger of receiving blows from whips and sticks. Cribb was so pressed upon, that, in a

violent rage, he threatened to floor any person who stood in his way. One of the umpires was hit with a shillalée by a rough *Patlander* who was attempting to get a little space for Langan, and when informed that he was behaving rude to a Nobleman, "Devil may care!" says Pat: "All I want is fair play for Jack Langan!"

61 to 64. "Go to work! Spring has no hits left in him!" Langan followed this advice, and some sharp work was the result. Spring could not retreat.

65. By the advice of his second, Josh Hudson, Langan rushed in with his right hand, but instead of alighting on the nose of Spring, it touched slightly on the side of his head. The struggle to obtain the throw was violent, but Langan got it: Spring came down on his back, and Langan on him, and the breath of the Champion was nearly shaken out of his body. Spring was picked up in a weak state, and looked extremely pale.

66. In this round the English Champion put in a tremendous nobber, and also *fibbed* Langan down. "That's a settler!" said a by-stander. "Indeed it is not!" replied Paddy: "Spring will not settle his account this time. By the powers, I have got a good *balance* to give him yet!"

67 to 70. Langan's face looked the worse for the battle. One *peeper* had nearly been darkened for an hour and a half. Both of the men were getting weak, but Langan always got up when time was called, saying, "I am ready!"

71. The ring was now in one complete jostle, and the rank of the swell was lost sight of, opposed to the hardihood and strength of the commoners with whips and sticks in their hands. Yet some of the sharpest rounds were now fought. Spring received another severe fall, and was undermost.

72. The general opinion appeared to be, that Spring would *win*. He had no room to get away. There was no ring left: all was chaos, and Colonel Berkeley, the referee, said, "I am so disgusted with the treatment I have experienced, that I will give up the watch. Here is no ring. It

is impossible to stand still half a second, without being assailed with a cut from a whip, or a blow from a stick; and no good done either." In no fight whatever was there such a scene of confusion in the space allotted for the men to fight. The battle was little more than pulling and hauling; and in closing, both down. Nothing foul appeared to be attempted, but both the fighting men were hoarse with calling out, "Clear the ring!" and *dead beat* from the exertions they had made.

73. Langan left his second's knee rather weak. In closing, he was *fibbed* severely by Spring, who, well assured he had not a minute to lose, was cool, and, from his knowledge and experience in the prize-ring, had the advantage, when the *nicety* of the thing was required.

74. On Langan placing himself in attitude, the Champion went to work without delay, and Langan received a heavy blow in the middle of his head, and went down.

75. Spring again commenced the attack, when Langan returned with great spirit; but Spring had decidedly the best, and Langan was *fibbed* down, his face covered with claret. "Take the brave fellow away!"—"I will not be taken away! Who dares to say so?" urged Langan.

76. Spring again went to work; but Langan shewed fight, and struggled to obtain the throw: both down. "Take him away!" Langan's head reared on his second's shoulder till time was called. "Ten pounds to a crown the battle is over in five minutes!"

77, and last. Spring administered heavy punishment with both of his hands, and Langan fell down quite exhausted. Reynolds had great difficulty in getting him off the ground. Langan was in a state of stupor, and his eye closed. Calls to take him away. When time was called, Langan was insensible to it, and Josh Hudson gave in for him. In about half a minute Langan opened his eyes, still sitting on the knee of his second, when he was told the fight was over. He said "his second had no right to

give in for him. He could fight for more than forty rounds." The umpire was asked for his decision, who said, "Langan did not come to fight when time was called; and therefore he had lost the battle, according to the rules of pugilism." Upon this answer, and decision of the umpire, Spring left the ring, amidst the shouts of the populace, Langan roaring out, "I am not beaten! Clear out the ring—I can fight for four hours!" In the course of a few minutes he left the ring; and as he approached the Grand Stand, he was received with thunders of applause, and jumped over some ropes in his way with great agility. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-nine minutes.

The evening was so far advanced, that the battle between Belasco and O'Neale was, by mutual consent, deferred till a more convenient opportunity.

The following letters have been published since the battle. They speak for themselves, and therefore require no preface:—

LETTER FROM REYNOLDS TO THE SPORTING WORLD.

"Gentlemen—Conscious of the humble situation I hold in society, I still feel that even a pugilist has a character to lose. Under this impression, I think it a duty I owe to myself and the sporting part of the world, to state some facts relative to the late battle, which will make the lovers of fair play blush at the conduct of some in the ring.

"We had only one friend on the ground that I personally knew to officiate as time-keeper for us, but he was a tradesman, and Cribb insisted none but a gentleman should hold the watch. Thus situated, we were obliged to submit to have a time-keeper appointed by Spring's friend. This was not exactly fair; but I do not wish to insinuate that the umpires did wrong; on the contrary, Spring's umpire kept his post to the last in the most gallant style; but

Langan's and the referee were obliged to quit the ring. In fact, inside the twenty-four foot, in which only the combatants and the seconds ought to have been, was crowded to excess for the last hour, pushing, kicking, and striking with whips and sticks, of which Langan received more than his share. Five minutes was enough to satisfy any time-keeper in the world, if he kept the combatants in sight.

"I feel incompetent to the task of describing Langan's ill-treatment: he was kicked on the back and head several times; and towards the latter part, when the ring was full, whenever Langan attempted to throw Spring, the rascals that were within the ropes gave Langan every obstruction in their power, by placing their knees in such a manner, that, instead of Spring being under, he was turned on the top of Langan. Both Cribb and Painter practised this trick; and the blow that Langan received on the left eye, was caused by Painter's knee. On one occasion, when both men had fallen, Spring under, Cribb said Langan was biting; and in the act of stooping to pick up his man, he struck Langan, and I struck him. Before the men went to the scratch, Langan, in justification of himself, asked Spring if what Cribb said was true? Spring, by a shake of the head, answered in the negative. And here let me state, that I wish particularly to be understood, that I do not charge Spring with foul play: I never wish to see a more honourable fighter. One time, by the pressure of the crowd, I was thrown out of the ring, Langan on me, Spring on him: in this situation, a cowardly ruffian, that I should know if I was to see him twenty years hence, deliberately aimed a kick at Langan's side, but fortunately for him it fell on my leg, and severely cut it. There was scarcely a pugilist down at the fight but at one time or other paid attention to Spring by little kind offices—bringing water, fanning the air in his face with their hats, and keeping the whips and sticks from him; but a poor Irishman that attempted to fan Langan with his hat, while Josh was

flogging out the ring, was told by a pugilist if he did not desist he would floor him. The last seven or eight rounds, I had another difficulty to encounter, by Hudson wanting me to give in for Langan; and every round of the last three or four, he swore bitterly he would not second him another round, for fear, as he said, of Langan being killed, and himself lagged. If this was pure humanity, I very much praise his feelings: but it was a feeling he never displayed in any other fight in which he was second; and I am told that Hudson, although he swore bitterly to me he had not a farthing on the fight, had bet considerable sums against Langan. One of those bets I can prove, of 50*l.* to 20*l.* on Spring: the money was put into the hands of Mr. Martin, of the George Inn, Birmingham, and by him placed in the hands of the bar-maid of the Rein Deer, Worcester, who paid it to Hudson after the fight. Previous to this, no man more highly respected Hudson than I did, and shall feel proud if he can explain, in a satisfactory manner, his conduct in this affair. I was confident of victory, for Spring's hands were spoiled past giving any punishment: Langan's hands were good, his strength superior, and he could always throw Spring when the rascals in the ring did not interfere. In the last round the men had scarcely room to put themselves in attitude; and finding every new comer an antagonist, I said publicly, *as the ring was not kept, Langan should fight no more.* Langan heard me say this while yet on the ground, and most earnestly said he would not give in, but would fight for a week, under every disadvantage, sooner than resign. I must admit I now used every argument I could think of to induce him to resign, for my heart bled to see the brave fellow good-humouredly fighting against so many, but all my arguments were useless; and on Josh saying he would not second him any longer, 'Leave me, then!' was his reply: 'I will manage with Reynolds.' I believe it was told to Cribb that Langan had given in. He came and

asked him the question, but both I and Langan contradicted this, and told him we were ready to fight. Spring's umpire then came and asked the question, and received the same answer. At this time fighting in the ring was impossible: there was not a clear square foot of ground to stand on, and I repeatedly requested those that ought to have kept the ring, to flog it out; but no attempt was made to do any thing of the kind, and shortly after Spring was taken out of the ring. I then threw up my hat for Langan. After the battle I called on Spring's umpire, as the only person that could give a decision on the subject, and these were his words, in the presence of the gentleman that bled Spring, after the battle:—"I know little of the regulations of the ring, but what I do know I will state. I was told that Langan's second had given in. I instantly went to Reynolds, and asked him the question. Reynolds said Langan would not give in, and was ready to fight. I then looked to the watch, and when the second-hand pointed to the half minute, I called time, but neither of the men got up to the *scratch*. I again called time at the minute, and the minute and half, but neither of the men got up to the mark. This is all I know of the subject. When Mr. Jackson is applied to he will be able to tell you the law on the subject; but if the men had got up, fighting would have been impossible, as the ring was completely filled."

"The gentleman that bled Spring said that Spring told him, if he (Mr. Spring) had been fighting in Ireland, and was treated in the same way Langan had been that day, he would have declared that he had received foul play."

"When Shelton and Hudson fought, both men were hit nearly senseless, but by Shelton being brought up to the *scratch*, although he instantly dropped, yet he was unanimously declared to have won the battle. How then is it possible Spring can be a winner? He did not get up, any more than Langan. If Shelton had not been brought to the *scratch*, which could have claimed the battle-money?

But Langan was not on the *flash* side of the question. Is this the fair play of which Englishmen so much boast? It was this kind of fair play which was shewn to Molineux, in his first battle with Cribb; but he was a black: that, most likely, was sufficient reason. Langan is not a black, but unfortunately he is an Irishman, and that is a fault which has decided the battle against him. I can say this for Langan, though he is not within one hundred miles of me at the present moment, that his only wish is to fight Spring, but on a stage; and the last words we had at parting were, 'If the money is awarded to me, which I think I have a just right to have, tell Spring, that, if he pleases, he shall have another chance for the same stakes, by fighting over again, and the winner shall take them.'

"Gentlemen—I am sorry I have had occasion to take up so much of your valuable time, but I cannot take leave of you without alluding to an observation in one of the newspapers, which stated that Langan was badly advised to fight Spring, and that he was over trained. With respect to his over training, the long fight proves a direct contradiction: with respect to being badly advised, if he had fair play, where was the bad advice? He certainly did not fight so well as I expected; but that may be attributed to a diffidence that always accompanies a pugilist on his first appearance in a London ring; but I am quite confident he will satisfy the world as much about his *giving* qualifications, as he has done with his *taking* abilities. With respect to Spring, if we were to admit that he did win the battle, what honour would he gain, against a man two inches shorter, and about a stone less in weight?

"It is a singular fact, that Langan and Belcher have received several letters, stating, that if ever Spring had the worst of the battle, the ring would be broken; and in Birmingham it was current that the Irishman would not be allowed to win.—I am, Gentlemen, your very humble servant,

"THOMAS REYNOLDS."

"Castle Tavern, Holborn, Jan. 14, 1824."

LETTER FROM SPRING TO BELL'S
DISPATCH.

"SIR—I trouble you for the last time with a few lines, which I trust you will insert in your paper, as the constant inquiry from every friend I meet is, 'How could you be so long winning your fight?' My reply to them, and to those gentlemen who may have taken any interest in it, is this:—In the fifth round, it is well known not only to my own seconds, but to Josh Hudson, who was naturally using every possible exertion to ensure the success of Langan, that my left hand had flown like glass, added to which, from the shameful state of the ring, the space we fought in was often limited to six feet, and at times we absolutely mingled with the spectators. These are facts. What was the consequence? With literally but one hand, and no room to exercise the superior science which it is admitted I possess, I had to contend with a man as game, as good a thrower, and in as high condition, as ever entered the ring. I wish my opponent's conduct out of the ring had been equal to his conduct in it; but I have now to inform you, that in consequence of his demurring to my receiving the stake-money, the umpires have been applied to, who immediately sent their written decision, by which the money is now placed in my possession. Under the head 'Observations,' you rather harshly state, that this fight has not raised me in the opinion of the amateurs. Perhaps not. For myself I have only to say, that under all the circumstances I consider myself fortunate in winning at all; and that had my hand remained sound, and the ring kept properly, a third of the time would have decided the business. To my friends, patrons, and the sporting world in general, I return my most grateful thanks; and permit me, Sir, through you, to assure them, that my conduct in private life shall never make them regret the kind and generous assistance they have ever afforded me in my public one.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"T. SPRING."

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"P. S. I have just received a long letter from Tom Reynolds. I thank him for his compliment, but am compelled to say, that what he states are principally rank falsehoods, and he knows it. Why keep up the invidious distinction between Englishmen and Irishmen? Are we not all countrymen?"

LETTER FROM LANGAN TO BELCHER.

"White Horse, Silver-street, Worcester, Jan. 8, 1824.

"MR. BELCHER—DEAR SIR—Unacquainted with the laws of English ring-fighting, I look up to you, as the person that made the match, to see me righted. The last hour of the fight the ring was nearly filled with persons that treated me in a manner that will throw disgrace on the English ring. At the conclusion of the last round my seconds thought proper to say I should fight no more. This I objected to; and on Cribb asking me if I would fight any more, I told him repeatedly I was ready and willing. Spring then wanted to shake hands, but I told him not till I was better satisfied. Cribb then thought proper to take his man out of the ring. I remained in it and claimed the battle, which I think is mine by the laws of fighting. I was ready to fight; the time was not expired; and I acknowledge no person's right to give in the battle for me. I had as much the best of it as he had, for, admitting that I was most punished about the head, he was worse in the body. I could have continued the battle half an hour longer, and in that time would have agreed to receive half a dozen more kicks from his partisans. Molineaux's treatment was fair play, in comparison to mine; but I cannot believe that the gentlemen of the Pugilistic Club will allow this infamous action to pass without redress. I make no apology for asking you to call on Mr. Jackson to see justice done, for I am a stranger very ill used; and that, I am confident, is sufficient apology with you for this trouble. You will oblige by answering this as soon as possible.—I am, your humble servant,

"JOHN LANGAN."

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The above letters are in that style of mutual recrimination, that, without entirely refusing our belief to one side or the other, it is difficult to determine between them. A rejoinder from Reynolds has been published, a mere repetition of his former charges, but which leaves the matter much where it was.

That Spring beat his man is sufficient for the purposes of paying and receiving, as also of his retaining the championship, for the present; but that he was so long about it, has given rise to several observations and opinions. Some say he is not a hard hitter, and that Langan, in the hands of Gully, the Chicken, or Jem Belcher, would have been vanquished in half the time; whilst others assert, that Spring beat a very good man with the use of only one arm, after the first five or six rounds, and that he is the safest man to back that ever entered the ring. These are points which we must leave others, better judges than ourselves, to determine. We can only speak to the general character of the man, as a candidate for pugilistic fame, and we have no hesitation in saying, that his conduct in the ring has ever been that of a man, and an Englishman; and if he adheres to his resolution of never fighting again, he will carry with him into his retirement, the good wishes of all unprejudiced persons. His last battle, it must be remembered, was forced upon him. Indeed, to use somewhat technical language, he may be said to have been bullied into it; and he has publicly declared that he will not enter the ring again, unless he be once more forced to do so. Should he, however, come to the *scratch* again, we are confident he will be backed to win, as we are

not aware of any man fit to contend with him. With respect to Langan, although he may be entitled to the Irish shamrock, he must not aspire to the British laurel, for notwithstanding he appears to be one of the "bravest of the brave," and to be a glutton for black eyes and bloody noses, yet we are assured he is but a second-rate boxer, and science will prevail over all. Report says, he has been a long time getting ready for his late defeat.

There still remains much difference of opinion as to the good or ill arising to the community, from public prize fights. For ourselves, we cannot help thinking that the good prevails; and those who think otherwise, would do well to reflect upon the mutual exchanges of gallantry which took place in this last battle. When fighting for such a stake, and such an honour as the championship, it was almost more than could be expected from men in their situation, that they should give away a chance; but so it was. A sense of honour prevailed over the love of gain, and though Spring set the example, the Irishman did not fail to follow it. The public dissemination of such principles must tend to national good.

HINTS TO NIMROD.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

NONE of your subscribers have reaped more pleasure from reading NIMROD's letters than I have—those on hunting countries, riding to hounds, and condition of hunters, in particular—as affording amusement as well as instruction to us would-be sportsmen. Not subscribing to fox-hounds in Surrey, I seldom hunt with them, a gallop with Lord Derby being more

convenient to me, as a resident in the environs of London. I have, however, read his (NIMROD's) account of the Surrey hounds, which, with a few trifling exceptions, he has given correctly. I am told it is his intention to give us most of the principal hunting establishments in England, which will amuse, and for which he is well qualified by experience and ability. Perhaps he will pardon a hint from one who wishes him well, though (unless personally) quite unknown to him. It is, not to dwell on trifles. Saddles, bridles, boots and breeches, and such things, are beneath his pen. Let him take his former letters on Leicestershire, Oxfordshire, and Warwick, for his pattern: they are written in a gentlemanly, a sort of Beckfordian style, always agreeable and palatable.

Had I never seen NIMROD in the field, I should have thought him a little *self-sufficient* (I beg his pardon), when he speaks of the Surrey having performed well, "*had they gone one turn faster.*" Some say, though he rode brilliantly, they went fast enough for his horse that day; for at the end of it he refused a brook the first time, and fell at it afterwards. When I saw him first with Lord Derby, he was a stranger to every one, but soon attracted notice. At the second stop or check, it was asked who that was on the chestnut horse. "We know not," said several; "but whoever he is, he is not used to Surrey," alluding to his riding straight up the hills with the hounds. We must conclude, however, he knew his horse; for his leaping Sir Lucas Pepy's Park pales, at the top of Juniper Hill, was a dangerous effort, and such as no one else attempted. His

afterwards riding at Prince Courbourg's paling, or *chevaux de frize*, as it may almost be termed, after Jonathan the huntsman telling him he would kill his horse, was—*whatever you may please to call it.*

The horse NIMROD rode, also, was the subject of some observation, though at that time I believe it was scarcely known to any one that he was "the man." It was a strong horse, not shewing too much blood, but possessing great speed. Indeed, I should say he was rather a vulgar-looking animal than not, though with noble shoulders, and much bone. I have since heard it observed, that he is considered the most perfect-leapt horse ever seen in Surrey. We must conclude, as NIMROD's horse, he has been treated on his plan as to *condition*; but he is full of scores from the iron and other disasters. NIMROD, I know, tells us, that it is not necessary that hunters should be sound; and I hear it is his opinion that good wind, good condition, and good pluck, will always carry them through. Should he return in the Spring, when *our game* improve in speed, and Mr. Claggett, Captain Standon, and a few others, come among us, he may see good sport and hard riding in Surrey.—I remain, Sir, requesting you will find room for this, your obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

January 12, 1824.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE old year expired like a flame, with a blaze at the last, for yesterday was, in my opinion, the finest of the year. The sun shone bright for seven hours, with-

out a cloud to molest it, and the birds sang and frolicked, as in the revelry of spring. Having occasion to ride about forty miles across the country on that day, I had a good opportunity of enjoying it, and wished my great coat and mud boots anywhere but where they were.

As the old year concluded so favourably, may we not hope that the new one will commence to our wishes? Every thing betokens as much. The season is open, the country fit to ride over, and the scent improves. The King is well, the Duke of York has not been ill, Cobbet is doing good, and Orator Hunt getting rich. Osbaldeston is getting on well in Leicestershire, and Sir Bellingham in Staffordshire. Melton full: George Forester rides as well as his father did, and Mytton* hunts hounds without knowing their names. Drinking is on the decline, hounds increasing, and dandies (thank God!) decreasing. Lots of good two-year-olds coming out, and the greatest Leger ever known at Doncaster. Thurtell is hanged; hells likely to be shut up; and the devil said to have had a bad fall in hunting—*no hopes* of his recovery. Markets are rising; the Funds are rising; and the *Sporting Magazine* is ris.† Englishmen are returning from France, to eat English roast beef; and Spring has well basted the Irishman with one hand.

What more, Mr. Editor, could we wish for? But we are never satisfied. One desideratum yet remains, which is—that some of your sporting readers will take the trouble of now and then putting pen to paper, and letting us know what

is going on in the sporting world. An hour thus employed might help to pass away a wet morning, and the fruits of it would be invaluable to the *Sporting Magazine*. We do not want the reminiscences of past ages, nor the dreams of philosophical sportsmen; but we wish to know what was done yesterday, and what is to be done to-morrow. Thus it was, that I was much pleased with the account sent you of the "last day with Lord Derby," last season. It was written with much spirit, and it is information of this nature that we are in want of. It must, indeed, be highly interesting to sportsmen to hear what is going on in other countries. How agreeable would it be, if a man, sitting down in one hunting country, could be informed at the end of every month what sport there had been in others! Instead of this being the case, how many are there now who never know what has been doing with hounds in any country but their own, unless by chance they see an account of a run or two in the papers! Could you, Mr. Editor, persuade some of your readers to favour you with this kind of information, and you could also obtain a little more private racing intelligence, after the manner of OBSERVATOR, the *Sporting Magazine* would soon be neck-and-neck with the *Evangelical*,‡ and I will answer for it there shall be as much sound morality in the one as in the other.

Gentlemen sportsmen, you will tell me, are idle, and will not take the trouble to write. It may be so; and what is to be done then? Why, Mr. Editor, you must coax

* See his speech at Shrewsbury dinner.

† See Mrs. Higginbottom's excellent letter in last *John Bull*.

‡ It is said that 27,000 Numbers of this work are published monthly!

their huntsmen to give you a line sometimes, when they have had any thing good. They would give it in good fox-hunting lingo; and should a word or two be mis-spelt, it matters not, if the meaning be clear and comprehensible. For my own part, I would rather read a huntsman's list of his hounds and their pedigrees, without two words being spelled rightly, than I would wade through the best-written letter on sporting, from one who knows nothing about it. There is only one difficulty in this, and we must try to obviate it.

When sitting down to write (the simile being somewhat in my way), I have often compared myself to a jib coach-horse—awkward at starting, but, when once off, nothing more the matter: the shoulder gets warm, and all is well. I well remember this difficulty the first half year I went to school. When my sisters wrote to me they had always the same beginning—"Having got a frank, I embrace the opportunity;" but having no frank, I had no opportunity to embrace, so always waited till I could start with saying, "it is only a month to the holidays, so hope my pony is in condition."

Now the following "start," and a very good one it is, was invariably adopted by a huntsman to a pack of fox-hounds belonging to an old friend of mine, when writing to his master once a month, in his absence from England:—"Honoured Sir, I writes to inform you how the hounds and horses is, as it is my duty so to do." In one of these letters he proceeds thus—"On Wednesday we had a very fine run of an hour and forty-three minutes, and killed a fine old dog fox. I hope, Sir, you will soon come home, as I am sure you would like the young

hounds, and I very much wishes you to see them." Penelope could have said no more to Ulysses.

As in all matters relating to hunting, we must begin with Leicestershire as the metropolis, I can only say, I can answer for Mr. Goosey, who hunts the Duke's hounds, writing as good a hand, and as good a letter, as any man would wish to read; but, since Seabright left him, I know not who is the head man in Mr. Osbaldeston's kennel. Whoever he may be, I can give him or any other huntsman, a form of a letter to be written on such occasions, truly classical, and yet not containing any word of more than one syllable. It is as follows:—

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

"SIR—We had a right good day last week with the Quorn hounds from Cole's Gate. We found in the gorse, and he went off well. I saw him come out with two or three hounds close at his brush. He had a rare tag at the end on't, and look't like a good one. Hold hard! my Lord, said I—pray give 'em time;—let 'em get on the scent, for God's sake! Now, says I, you may catch 'em if you can, for we'd a rare scent, and a h—ll of a pace they did go, to be sure. The thing was, no one could o'er ride 'em, though Mr. Tom Smith tried hard, and would have done it if he could, but, thank God, his horse was a bit short of work since the frost. We run him one hour, from scent to view, and caught him at the top of a large grass field, just by a wind mill, and but one mile from some strong earths, which was not put to. There was lots of falls, but no necks broke; and lots of horses in brooks, but none was drown'd, as they could all swim. I give you the names of those that went best on the next sheet. The hounds stuck well to their fox, and did not come to a check but once, and I wish they had not done that, for it let some of the slow ones in. There was no need to cry "hold hard." I rode two good ones,

but they were both dead beat, and so was most all of the rest of 'em. It was a fine day's sport, Sir, and will read well in your book."

Now, Mr. Editor, for those who are not particular about a syllable or two, I will give you another form for the description of a run;—one which took place the beginning of this season in Ireland, and is thus reported in the *Cork Southern Reporter*:—

"*Desperate Fox Chase!!!*—A fox was found, a few days since, by Captain Hedge's hounds, at Sirmount: he ran off to the *eastward*, opposite Mr. Beresford's house: he there changed his course, and went off to the *west*, ran through Scronager, Castlechincy; from thence to Hawkmount, through Knockanemore, and tried the Oven's earth, the hounds pressing him desperately. Finding that shut against him, he crossed the river for Intscarra-wood, from thence, *south*, through Coolroe, Greenfield, and Ballicollig, where the old earth was also shut: he again changed his course to the *eastward*, through Ballyburden, Ballyburden-glen, Ballinguilla, Grange-glen, to Milane, and on the Ballygroman, where the old earth was also shut against him, the hounds *running rank at him*: he then ran for the Ovens again, and through Sirmount: he then tried a new course, running direct *west*, through Sreelane, Clasanure, Springville, Fareen, and to Aglis, where every hound in the field, at finding, was brought to a walk, some not able to move. Thus ended a chase of full twenty miles, which left three Nimrods to deplore the loss of three good hunters."

Now, to all who read the account of this run it is evident,

that this gallant Irish fox not only tried every earth in the country for his life, but nearly every point on the compass; and, like the sun, finished his course in the west, all alive and well. It is also clear that the Captain (R. N. no doubt), when he sent this account to the *Cork Southern Reporter*, was not aware, at the moment, that he was not writing in his log-book. Irishmen, however, have a peculiar method of speaking and writing on the sports of the field. The animated language they make use of in describing a good run, bears a strong contrast to the phlegmatic tone of an Englishman on such occasions; and is most amusing to those who hear it. I shall never forget an account that a young Irish recruiting officer, quartered in Shropshire, gave me, a few years ago, of a pack of fox-hounds which were kept in his father's neighbourhood, in that ill-fated country, Ireland. I asked him how many couples they generally took into the field? "Never less than sixty," replied he; "and you can tell whether there is a fox in a covert, when they get within two miles of it; for by *Jasus*," added he, "if there is, *their eyes flash fire, and all the whips in the country would never stop them*." Notwithstanding this, I am of Doctor Johnson's opinion, that though "a gentleman from Ireland is a terrible fellow, an Irish gentleman is as good as any other gentleman."

NIMROD.

New Year's Day.

BROOK-LEAPING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE letters on riding to hounds, which have lately occupied

your pages, naturally give rise to observations from sportsmen, when talking over the events of the day. I perfectly agree with the author of them, that brook-leaping is the most difficult part of riding after hounds. Surely, however, there must be some mistake in the following account of a wager which was decided a short time since in the North, and which lately appeared in the public papers; for, as it now reads, the mole-hill seems to have been magnified into a mountain.

"A Mr. Coningham, for a wager of twenty guineas, rode his horse over the canal, between Paisley and Glasgow, which canal, being eleven feet wide, and the horse going four feet further, made the extent of the leap fifteen feet."

Surely, Sir, this is not worth recording. By the comparative statement, given in one of your Numbers last year, of the stride and speed of hares and greyhounds,

it appears that a greyhound in his course covered fifteen feet two inches in his stride, and that the hare covered eleven feet two inches in her's—the latter being two inches above the exact width of the Paisley Canal, and the former, two inches more space than Mr. Coningham's horse covered in the leap. I need not refer to the computed speed of some of our English race-horses, to convert this leap into a *hop*; neither is it necessary for Mr. Coningham to go amongst the Meltonians to convince himself, that he has either under-rated the powers of his horse, or that he had met, with a *flat*; for let him get on any horse that can leap at all, and gallop him at a quick-set hedge, and he will find he will generally clear more feet than the width of the Paisley Canal. Perhaps some of your correspondents in the North will clear up this matter.—Your obedient servant, S. B.

HUNTING IN SURREY.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE room which I spoke of in my last, appropriated to the use of those gentlemen who keep their hunters at the Derby Arms, in Croydon, as well as others who come there occasionally to hunt, is fitted up quite in the style of sportsman's hall. Over the fireplace is a picture of "a favourite stag" belonging to his late Majesty, which afforded an extraordinary day's sport in the year 1812, which I shall allude to presently. On one side of it is the well-known print of Tom Oldacre, upon his favourite horse *Brush*; and on the other is Mr. Lambton, mounted

on his black horse *Undertaker*, in the act of drawing a covert with his own hounds, which, by the horn at his saddle, it appears he hunts himself. There are six other hunting pictures in the room, as also the two well-known prints of Hambletonian and Diamond, by Sartorius—one representing the start, and the other the coming-in of these two capital race-horses. There are several prints of horses of former days, by Stubbs and Gilpin, most of which are deformities; and, by the former artist, is the equally well-known picture of the late Sam Chifney, on *Baronet*, in which this celebrated jockey is made to sit in a way in which no

jockey ever sat yet, whilst the horse is going in a form in which no horse ever did, or ever will go.* There is also a good portrait of a hunter, which Mr. Morton rode for nine seasons, and a print of Mr. Rounding and his harriers. The latter is mounted on his favourite hunter *Spankaway*, in his 29th year, and all are looking most comfortably slow. A standard for measuring horses, by Rowning, of Newmarket, occupies one corner of this room; and, in another, is Marriott's patent chair for weighing, with a book to accompany it, in which gentlemen's names and weights are annually entered. Being "at all in the ring," there is a very good picture of Turner and Randall, on the stage, in the act of setting-to, and some portraits of favourite terriers, for the breed of which Mr. Morton is well known.

The following is the inscription to the picture of Young Hendon:—

"A favourite stag belonging to his late Majesty, called *Young Hendon*, was turned out for a day's sport, on Saturday, the 18th of April, 1812, at Bracknell Common, Windsor Forest, and took his course through the parish of Binfield, over the new enclosures of the Ashbridge Manor, leaving Bill Hill to the right; then through the parish of Hurst, turning back through Oakingham, he went in gallant style over Beerwood Forest, when making to the left, he passed through Sir Harry Mildmay's park, leaving Finch-hampsted to the left. Turning to the right, by New Mills, he left Bramshill Park (Sir John Cope's) a little on the left, then taking over Farley Hill to Mr. Eales's, at Swallowfield, where he took soil. Then crossing the river Loddon, boldly faced the enclosures, and next over Railey Common, at Heckfield Heath, leaving Lord Rivers's (now Duke of Wellington's) park to the

left. He ran over Beech Hill, through the parish of Strathfield-say and Mortimer, when, nobly taking the ridge of hills, gained Pamber Forest, through whose woods he quickly flew, leaving Mr. Chute's kennel about half a mile on the left. Again facing the open country, he was fairly run into view, just as the sun was setting, under Kingsclear Hills, in Hampshire, after the extraordinary chase of eight hours and a quarter.

"To this day's sport, several gentlemen of Lord Derby's Hunt were, by his Majesty's servants, invited, of whom the following attended, and were all up at the taking of the stag, except Mr. James Kidd, on his favourite horse Comet, who, having cast a shoe early in the day, could never again recover them. It is proper to remark, that the horses of the Surrey gentlemen were all from Mr. Morton's stables."

Here follow the names, to the amount (if my memory be correct) of about twenty, amongst which is Mr. Morton himself. Being myself well acquainted with this county, I cannot compute the ground these hounds ran over on this day, at less than from thirty to thirty-five miles, and had they performed it in half the time, it would have been better worth recording. As it was, it might have been termed "a long dragging day," without much satisfaction to any one but the innkeepers who took in the tired sportsmen at night. There is another circumstance that "damns its fame." Amongst the number up, when the sun was setting, was Master Gosden on his poney. Now, though we all know that this Master Gosden was a well-bred one, yet, with all the early promise of this "*young Iulus*," it is too much to suppose he could have got to the end of such a run as this, had the pace

* It is my intention, at some future time, to offer a few remarks on the different sporting prints with which this country abounds.

been decently good, particularly as some part of the country which these hounds ran over on that memorable day, is as close and severe as any in England.

Young Master being where he was, brings to my recollection an account related to me a few years back, of a long run through a dreadful country, with a subscription pack of fox-hounds, with which I have occasionally hunted, and of which I may give some account at a future time. The description of this run was given to me by an old sportsman, many years master of harriers, and well accustomed to that part of the country. After listening attentively to every twist and turn in the chase, from the hound that found the fox, to the *who-hoop* when he died, I naturally asked my friend, who went best in the run? After taking some time to consider, he gravely replied, "Why, I think the boy on the mule was about as near them as any body." Now the fact was, that the boy who whipped into these hounds rode one of these animals for several seasons; and as he could creep through, or over, most places, and was stout against the hills, he generally made as good a fight in that rough country, as if an ass had formed no part of his nature.

I before observed that Mr. Morton's stables are particularly good; and as he has served more than thirty years' apprenticeship to his profession, he may be supposed to be a good judge of the condition of hunters; and I believe it is allowed among the Surrey sportsmen, that the horses from his stables are generally fit to go. Exclusive of a small paddock, close at home, in which they have their walking exercise, they have the

advantage of being galloped on Mitcham Common, which is within a mile of his house, and is a good place for the purpose. Justice, however, compels me to observe, that there are other stables in Croydon, Carshalton, Beddington, &c. where hunters are taken in, and, for any thing that I know to the contrary, are taken good care of. It is, indeed, reported, that there are upwards of two hundred hunters kept in, and in the neighbourhood of, the town of Croydon.

In early life Mr. Morton had a situation with hounds, therefore he is looked up to as a judge, and is employed to purchase considerable numbers in the course of the year, for some distinguished foreigners. For this purpose, he has built a kennel in his yard at Croydon, and either himself or his son goes to most of the principal establishments in this country, in pursuit of drafts, at two different periods of the year. His best customers are, his Highness the Prince Esterhazy, and the Prince de Condé. To the former of these high Personages, he sent out forty couples of hounds and eight hunters, at one time; and to the latter, he has sent several large lots. It may not, perhaps, be unamusing to your readers, to hear some account of these two distinguished Nimrods.

Prince Esterhazy should have been an Englishman, as, by what we have seen of him in this country, there is every reason to believe he would have been a good sportsman. In his own country, however, he has made the attempt, and has got a complete establishment of hounds and horses, all of English breed. His country is good, and he has plenty of foxes; but the climate will not, generally,

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allow of more than two months' hunting in the year. The springs are much more severe than the winters are here, so that but little sport can be expected. This, I understand, is very much the case in Mr. Maule's (brother to the Earl of Dalhousie) country in Scotland, where he keeps a pack of fox-hounds, and does every thing else on the most magnificent scale of Scotch hospitality, at his seat at Panmure, in Forfarshire. With him, however, the weather in the spring often bids defiance to hunting, until the bitch foxes are all heavy in whelp.

The Prince de Condé's hunting establishment is on a very large scale, having no less than three packs of hounds—one for stag, one for wild boar, and another for roebuck; all which are fed upon baked barley-meal. His Royal Highness has also a very large stud of horses at Chantilly, about twenty leagues from Paris, where his hounds are kept; but I understand good hunters are not necessary in his country, where the game seldom breaks covert, and the bullet does the most execution. What seems extraordinary to us, they do not hunt foxes, which are most plentiful in the neighbourhood of Chantilly. Some time since, Mr. Morton sent his son over to that country with some hounds, and he brought back with him no less than sixty brace of foxes, almost all of which arrived safe and well in England, and were, of course, turned out in different hunting countries. He travelled with them on the top of a French Diligence, to the no small amusement of the passengers.

The Prince de Condé has had the misfortune to break his thigh by a fall from his horse, which pre-

vents his hunting the present season. Had it not been for this, as their consumption of *canine* flesh by wild boars, bullets, &c. is considerable, Mr. Tharratt, an Englishman in the service of his Royal Highness, would have been over here before this time, to purchase hounds, and he generally takes back with him some horses also.

I seem to forget that I am writing on Surrey, and beg pardon for this digression. Although Surrey cannot be called a good hunting country, yet it is a country well preserved, and full of foxes. On the first view of things, also, much credit is due to Surrey farmers, for the patience with which they witness their ground ridden over by persons, the greater part of whom are strangers to them. No farmers, however, who know their own interest, will ever discourage hunting, for, without it, their farms would be of little value to them. When I speak of there being two hundred hunters kept in Croydon and its vicinity, that number, provided it be correct, is trifling, when compared to the amount in some other hunting countries; and the consumption of hay, oats, and beans, in one part of England, makes a regular impression on the markets in all others, however distant they may be. It is my firm belief, that, but for hunting, oats would not, at this moment, be worth eighteen pence a bushel—a price at which no farmer could afford to grow them, even supposing him to have no rent to pay; for it is not only by hunters that oats are eaten, but it must be recollected that by far the greater part of hounds live chiefly on oats. To the barley grower, also, is hunting a good friend; for let him con-

sider the quantity of beer that is drunk by grooms attending horses, which grooms would otherwise—more than one half of them at least—be obliged to be maintained by the farmers themselves out of the poor rates, as it would be impossible to find work for them all. With respect to the injury done to a country by riding over it, I shall touch upon that subject at another time, and give you the result of my experience and observation, accompanied by well-attested facts of some experiments which have been tried, in consequence of complaints that have been made to masters of hounds and others. I am induced to do this, in consequence of hearing, when in Surrey, that a farmer who occupies a very large farm near Croydon, had warned Mr. Meager and his harriers off his land, and had threatened to do the same by Lord Derby. I was also informed that Mr. — has not only been a sportsman himself for many years of his life, and, consequently, had ridden over other people's land, but that he was the tenant of a lady who was herself, for many years, the mistress of hounds. I beg leave, therefore, to present your readers with the copy of a letter from a Nobleman to his agent in Leicestershire, on this subject, in the year 1792, which I hope Mr. — will read:—

“SIR—On the 2d instant I returned you, in a parcel by the mail, the notices you sent me to sign. I hope you received them early enough to serve them on my tenants in due time. I must desire that all those who have shewn themselves friends to the several fox-hunts in your neighbouring counties—viz. Lord Spencer's, the Duke of Rutland's, Mr. Meynell's, and Lord Stamford's—may have

the offer and refusal of their farms upon easy and moderate terms; and, on the other hand, that you will take care and make very particular inquiry into the conduct of those tenants who shall have shewn a contrary disposition, by destroying foxes, or encouraging others to do so, or otherwise interrupting gentlemen's diversion; and will transmit me their names and places of abode, as it is my absolute determination that such persons shall not be treated with in future upon any terms or consideration whatever. I am convinced that land-owners, as well as farmers and labourers of every description, if they knew their own interest, would perceive, that they owe much of their prosperity to those popular Hunts, by the great influx of money that is generally brought into the country. I shall, therefore, use my utmost endeavours to induce all persons of my acquaintance to adopt similar measures; and I am happy already to find that three gentlemen of very considerable landed property in Leicestershire have positively sent, within these few days, similar directions to their stewards, which their tenants will be apprised of before they re-take their farms at next Lady-day. My sole object is, having the good of my country at heart; as you and all my tenants know, that my hunting days have been over some time ago, so that you are at liberty to make my determination on this subject as public as you think proper.”

Here, then, is the undisguised opinion of a large landed proprietor on the good arising from hunting, in which, as he admits that his sporting days were gone by, no bias towards a favourite amusement can be supposed to operate. As

far as my experience, however, has gone, I think farmers in general are aware, that hunting is a good friend to them, and they should not put lesser evils into the scale against greater benefits. It will be observed, I have said nothing of the hay consumed by hunters, nor of the advantage gained by breeding them. These are, however, two very material considerations. With respect to trade, also, with which the prosperity of the farmer is intimately connected, the benefit derived from hunting is incalculable; for, including saddlery, the wear and tear of a sportsman who hunts three or four times a week, and turns out like a gentleman, in his wardrobe and his saddle room, make a great hole in one hundred pounds per annum.

During my visit to Surrey, I, of course, took the opportunity of seeing all the different hounds that hunt in it, consisting of no less than three packs of fox-hounds, and one of stag-hounds, besides several packs of harriers, so that, if my argument be good, that hunting is beneficial to farmers, they have no lack of it in "that sporting county," as I once before termed it.

The UNION is a very old-established subscription pack of fox-hounds in the county of Surrey, and were for many years under the management of Mr. Bolton, of Gibbins Court, near Leatherhead, whose son now holds that honourable post. Their kennel is at Fetcham, one mile from Leatherhead, on the Guildford road, and contains about fifty couples of hunting hounds. Their country on the right hand of this road is tolerably good; but on the left, hilly and flinty. Their fields are not large—seldom exceeding fifty or sixty

persons; but they are, for the most part, of that description of men which one is in the habit of seeing by a covert's side in better sporting countries. They are well mounted, well appointed, and look like gentlemen.

Of the Union hounds I cannot at present say so much as I wish, having been only out with them a few times. Like many other packs from the same cause, they have suffered of late years for want of a good huntsman—so particularly necessary in such a country as Surrey—and were getting somewhat into disrepute. This defect, however, was remedied when the Worcestershire hounds were given up, by Mr. Bolton hiring Christopher Atkins, who hunted that pack for three seasons after he left Sir Bellingham, and who, no doubt, will soon restore the Union to their former celebrity. He only came to them in the month of June last; but all those who know anything of hunting, are aware how much may be done with hounds by what is called "summer work," and two good months' cub-hunting in the autumn.

As every situation in life serves for formation of character, so the biography of a good huntsman is as interesting to a sportsman, as that of Sir Isaac Newton to a philosopher. When a great Personage introduced a celebrated sportsman some years since, on the race-course at Bibury, in my hearing, to the late Lord (then General) Lake, he added these words to the introduction:—"Two such great men, in *their way*, as Mr — and General Lake, should be known to each other." A little sketch, then, of CHRISTOPHER ATKINS, whom I have known for many years, may not be unamusing to the

readers of the *Sporting Magazine*.

KITT (for that is the name by which he is best known amongst us) first started in life—and no bad start either—with riding exercise in Lord Strathmore's racing stables; and when that Nobleman died, was transferred to Sir Bellingham Graham, in the same capacity. Sir Bellingham was also at that time making his *débüt* in the sporting world with a pack of harriers, to which Kitt was appointed whipper-in. At this period the greatest intimacy subsisted between Sir Godfrey Webster and Sir Bellingham. The harriers were taken into Sussex, where the woods of Battle Abbey resounded to their cry. Hares, however, were thought to be too humble game, and a stag was sometimes turned out for the day's diversion.

Soon after this, Sir Bellingham took to the Badsworth hounds, in the Ferrybridge country, which he kept at his own expence for three years, and to which Kitt was second whipper-in—Jack being first; who, as well as Kitt, remained with Sir Bellingham till he took the Quorn country, when the former went as huntsman to the Badsworth, where he now is; and the latter to the Worcestershire, which he hunted three seasons, and which, as most of your readers know, were given up at the end of last winter.

From the Worcestershire—with which pack he gave unbounded satisfaction—Kitt came to the Union. Kitt only weighs nine stone. He is a particularly good horseman, and, when with Sir Bellingham, had generally the office of making his young horses into hunters, and he was (I think) nine years in his service. I once saw his nerve put to a good test, when Sir Bellingham had the Atherstone country. He was upon a mare that Sir B. had bred, and which, until she was seven or eight years old, had proved very unwilling to make a hunter, and had given him a great many falls. He was, however, determined to get the better of her, declaring that she was "sure to make a good one *some day*." The hounds got into Annesley Deer Park, in that country, and Sir Bellingham and Kitt came up to the pales (which were very high) at the same moment. "Now, Kitt," says Sir Bellingham, "*either you or I must get to them*." Come! you talk a great deal about your mare—let us see what she can do." Kitt immediately put the mare at the pales, and cleared them. Sir Bellingham cheered him when over, and immediately followed.

NIMROD.

[In consequence of our correspondent's communication coming late, we are under the necessity of closing abruptly, without giving the whole of his letter.—EDITOR.]

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

SOME time ago, a farmer in the North was transacting some business with a drover, in which a bill stamp was required. Nobody being at hand to dispatch for it but John, the cowbailie, he was deputed in haste for the arti-

cle. Arrived at the place, he asked, "Hae ye ony twa shillings stamps?" On its being presented to him, he expressed surprise, and said, "Preserve us! I thought it was a thing for catching *rottens*." "It will catch *men*," said the vender.

PUNNING FLATTERY. — One day when Sir Isaac Heard was with his late Majesty, it was announced that his Majesty's horse was ready for hunting. — "Sir Isaac," said the King, "are you a judge of horses?" — "In my younger days, please your Majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them." — "What do you think of this, then?" said the King, who was by this time preparing to mount his favourite; and without waiting for an answer, added, "We call him *Perfection*." — "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his Majesty reached the saddle, "for he *bears the best of characters*."

The following is an exact copy of a letter from the farming servant of a London Baronet: — "Sir Thos the number of ship 300—66 (366) all well horses, pigs and cows all well Sir Thos my por wife is no mor Tuesday nite haf pas eleven o'clock."

SIX SORTS OF PEOPLE, WHO SOMETIMES FEAST—IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES THAT APPEARED IN A RECENT NUMBER.

The Miser feasts, when some kind friend will pay;
The Poor Man feasts, when fortune shews the way;
The Rich Man feasts, when some new dainty's found;
The Glutton feasts, to try each luxury round;
The Hypocrite will feast, when left alone;
And e'en the Righteous feast, when Lent is gone.

DURING a late tempestuous day, a professed punster was caught in the rain, without an umbrella, in the neighbourhood of a friend's house. Taking the liberty of old acquaintanceship, he popped in, and found his friend and another seated over a good bottle of black strap. Thinking he was bound to say something good, he exclaimed, on entering the room, pointing at the same time to the bottle, "I take *any port* in a storm!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

THE present year bids fair to rival all former celebrity in the annals of racing. Not only are the nominations for the grand stakes at Newmarket, Epsom, and other places near home, unusually large, but at all country meetings a grand display of horses is exhibited. At Doncaster no less than eighty are named for the St. Leger, amongst which is the unprecedented number of six belonging to one gentleman—Mr. J. Ferguson. It is reported in the betting circles, that Mr. F. took some long odds as to a certain number being named for this stake, which induced him to add a few of his own. Mr. Powlett's colt, by Blacklock, out of Aktisidora, is first favourite, at present, and Swiss se-

cond. Lord Darlington is said to be backing Swiss for both Derby and the Leger; and he is backed at only 4 to 1 for the latter, provided he wins the former, for which, our readers are aware, he is first favourite. He is also second favourite for the Leger. Reformer is first for the Riddlesworth, and second for the Derby. Banshee is also thought much of for the latter great race. All the horses in the first class of the Oatlands this year at Newmarket are three-year-olds, at the head of which is Mr. Udney's Count D'Artois, at 7st. 10lb. We are sorry to hear that Barefoot met with an accident lately at Newmarket. He was just going to take his gallop, when, in crossing some ruts, the boy struck him, and he fell, and broke

both his knees. With this one exception, the season has been uncommonly favourable to the race-horses. The heath has been in the finest possible order for their legs, and they have been doing some good work. Indeed, report adds, that some trials have been the consequence.

In the country, also, much sport is looked for, as some of the best country horses are expected to meet in more places than one. At Preston, for the cup, are Figaro, Sherwood, Princess Royal, Sir Peter Lely, &c. Thirty-five horses are named for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, at York Spring Meeting—Figaro first favourite, and Marcellus second. For the Knavesmore Stakes, at same place, Barefoot is handicapped, at 8st. 12lb.; Sherwood, 8st. 8lb.; Tinker, 8st. 6lb.; General Mina, 8st. 8lb.; Rosanne colt, 8st. 8lb. The Jockey Club has also not been unmindful of other meetings. There are two great handicaps at Chester—Sherwood at the head of one; and the Princess, and the Doge of Venice, of the other.

In the North, Reveller is becoming a very favourite stallion; as is also Whisker, the sire of Swiss and Reformer, and will cover at 20 sovereigns a mare. Walton, we hear, is to be sold, or let for the season.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR—Betting still continues very flat, with the exception of the Doncaster St. Leger, which now appears to take the attention of the betters more than either of the other races, as immense sums have already been betted against several of the outside horses.—Yours, Z. B.

Tattersall's, Jan. 19, 1824.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 7 to 2 and 4 to 1 agst Reformer.
- 5 to 1 agst Prudence.
- 5 to 1 agst Quadrille.
- 6 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
- 8 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 10 to 1 agst Lyrnessa.
- 12 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
- 16 to 1 agst Reserve.

DERBY.

- 5 to 1 agst Swiss.
- 7½ to 1 agst Reformer.

- 10 to 1 agst Agnes.
- 12 to 1 agst Osmond (Banahee).
- 14 to 1 agst Reticule.
- 16 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
- 17 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 20 to 1 agst Bess.
- 26 to 1 agst Jesse.
- 25 to 1 agst Hurly-Burly.
- 28 to 1 agst Corinne.
- 30 to 1 agst Cydnua.
- 30 to 1 agst Sir Gray.
- 30 to 1 agst Pantina.
- 30 to 1 agst Vesta.
- 30 to 1 agst c. by Blacklock.
- 35 to 1 agst Reserve.
- 40 to 1 agst Longwaist.
- 40 to 1 agst Lyrnessa.
- 40 to 1 agst c. by Captain Candid.
- 45 to 1 agst Elephant.
- 50 to 1 agst Mony Musk.
- 50 to 1 agst Mr. Mytton's.

OAKS.

- 9 to 2 agst Prudence.
- 7 to 1 agst Lyrnessa.
- 8 to 1 agst Barossa.
- 8 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
- 11 to 1 agst Miss Jigg.
- 12 to 1 agst Pope Joan.
- 14 to 1 agst Mr. Prendergast.
- 18 to 1 agst Fille de Joie.
- 20 to 1 agst Specie.
- 25 to 1 agst Miss Forester.

ST. LEGER.

- 11 to 1 agst Altisidora.
- 12 to 1 agst Swiss.
- 16 to 1 agst The Miller.
- 17 to 1 agst Rosanne.
- 18 to 1 agst Ringlet.
- 18 to 1 agst Reformer.
- 20 to 1 agst Diadem.
- 25 to 1 agst Miss Cranfield.
- 25 to 1 agst Brutandorf.
- 25 to 1 agst Osmond.
- 30 to 1 agst Lisette.
- 30 to 1 agst Streatham.
- 30 to 1 agst Canteen.
- 30 to 1 agst Confederate.
- 35 to 1 agst Helenus.
- 35 to 1 agst Young Catton.
- 35 to 1 agst Moll in the Wad.
- 35 to 1 agst Equity.
- 35 to 1 agst Alfred.
- 40 to 1 agst Farnsfield.
- 40 to 1 agst Mr. Jaques's f. by Walton.
- 45 to 1 agst Shepherdess.
- 50 to 1 agst Elephant.
- 50 to 1 agst Dolly.
- 50 to 1 agst Izennoff.
- 50 to 1 agst Robin Hood.
- 100 to 3 agst Bess and Advances.

The Field agst any six, 10 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's three, 10 to 1 agst Mr. Ferguson's stable, 12 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's three, 12 to 1 agst Mr. Houldsworth's three, 25 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's three, and 100 to 90 Altisidora beats Swiss.

ACCEPTANCES FOR THE FREE HANDICAPS.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1824.—Wednesday.—100 sovs. each, h. ft. T.Y.C.—All three-year-olds.

	st.	lb.
Logic	8	10
Comte d'Artois	8	0
Palais Royal	8	0
Colt by Whisker, out of Castrella...	8	0
Nicolo	7	10
Pinwire	7	10
Colt by Phantom, out of Web	7	7

Thursday.—100 sovs. each, h. ft.—A. F.—All three-year olds.

	st.	lb.
Bizarre	8	0
Ganymede	7	9
Cinder	7	9
Premium	7	9
Zealot	7	6
Cardinal Puff	7	4
Joseph	7	3
Bryn-y-orkyn	6	12
Filly by Pioneer, out of Reserve ...	6	12
Those for the older horses did not fill.		

A Shrewsbury Spring Meeting is fixed for the 13th of April. Five Stakes are opened, all of which, as they fill, we will give hereafter. Our readers will also see that Mr. Benson challenges all England to fight a main of cocks for 500 sovereigns, or any other sum that may be agreed upon. It will be remembered that Mr. Benson was confederate with Mr. Mytton, in the celebrated main fought last year at Chester, for 1000gs. a side, which they won.

Chester races continue to increase yearly in the number of prizes, and in general attraction. There are now no less than seven Plates annually run for here—viz.—

The Tradesmen's Cup, 100gs. with a Handicap.

The Stand Cup, 100gs. with a Handicap.

The Maiden Plate, 50gs.

The King's Plate, 100gs.

The Members' Plate, 60gs.

The City Plate, 60gs.

The Earl Grosvenor's Plate, 70gs.

In addition to these, there are—

The Produce Stakes, 25gs. each.

The Dee Stakes, 50gs. each.

The Two-year-old Filly Stakes, 25gs. each.

The Palatine Stakes, 50gs. each.

Monday's 15gs. Stakes.

The Three-year-old Colt Stakes.

Friday's 20gs. Stakes.

Friday's Handicap.

The Free Handicap on Tuesday.

The Free Handicap on Thursday.

The whole giving an average total in money of at least two thousand six hundred guineas! The entry this year is expected to be unusually great, and several of the first horses in the country are already nominated.

Doncaster Grand Stand.—In consequence of the great increase of company of late years, the Corporation have fixed upon a plan of enlargement of the Grand Stand, which will increase its capacity to accommodate one thousand additional persons. The enlargement will be made by altering and increasing the number of steps upon the top; by the addition of an elegant and substantial cast metal viranda, on which rising steps will be formed, covered with lead; and by the addition of circular ends to the colonnade. The present wood staircase will be removed, and two more spacious staircases erected, to the right and left of the vestibule. A committee room will be made at the west, and other conveniences at the east end of the building. The space now occupied by the staircase will be thrown into the vestibule, and the space above added to the great room. A settling room will be made at the east end, where the betting men usually congregate, opening immediately into the great room by a spacious archway; and a corresponding room will be made at the west end, for the use of the ladies. The access to the top of the stand, the viranda, and the great room, will be improved by additional staircases, contrived so as to prevent the usual pressure, when the company retire after the heats. The whole of the improvements are to be begun immediately.

Pottery Races.—Upwards of 440l. are already collected for these races. The Committee have decided on taking, for the present year, Thursday and Friday, as the race days. On the first day, a plate of 100 sovs. will be

given; and 60 sovs. as the plate for the second day. Sweepstakes will be immediately opened, and made known, for the cavalry, &c. to which the sum of 20l. will be added.

At Colombo, island of Ceylon, a Turf Club has been formed, which had its first racing meeting in March last. A Cup and Sweepstakes were run for, mile and a quarter heats, and the course was attended by all the society of Colombo, and many from the interior. The Cup was removed in grand style from the Commandant's house to the race-course, being preceded by four bugles of the 45th foot.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S.

Monday, the 12th ult. was a grand field-day at this celebrated emporium of horses and hounds, and every thing interesting and useful to a sportsman. Amongst the *dons*, the chief attraction was Lord Ranccliffe's, Lord Lyndoch's, and Lord Glamis's studs of hunters—the two first well known in Leicestershire; and the latter, the property of a young Nobleman who has just given up his stag-hounds. Besides several other first-rate hunters, there were also two celebrated trotting horses, late the property of Mr. William Hall, deceased, a gentleman well known in all sporting circles. None of Lord Lyndoch's, nor Lord Glamis's stud, was disposed of; but the following are the names of the purchasers (with the prices given) of Lord Ranccliffe's and Mr. Hall's:—

LORD RANCLIFFE'S STUD.

Haphazard...Mr. Justice.....	£105	0	0
Truffle.....Lord Muncaster	152	5	0
The Artist...Sir J. Mortimer	147	0	0
Cottager.....Mr. Thomas.....	231	0	0
Little John...Lord Muncaster	220	10	0
Seger.....(Not sold)			
Algerine.....Mr. Wormsley...	267	15	0

Total for six horses sold....£1,123 10 0

The above horses are nearly all thorough bred, and three of them have been considerable winners in public. Cottager, Little John, and Algerine, were particularly admired, as being short on the leg, and well adapted, by breeding and power, for Leicestershire hunters. The Earl of

Plymouth was formerly a purchaser of Little John, at the large price of seven hundred guineas! He is got by Orville, and looks like a poney in his stall. One of Mr. Hall's trotters was knocked down to Mr. Aveling, at two hundred guineas. He was described as follows:—"A bay gelding, master of 17 stone, supposed to be the fastest trotter in England, having won several matches, beating Young Fireaway, &c.: has trotted five miles in sixteen minutes. He is also a particularly fast and pleasant walker." The other was sold to Mr. Thomas, for 69l. 6s.

HORSE BAZAAR, KING-STREET.

Alterations and improvements, as stated in our former Numbers, are proceeding at the Bazaar, on an immense scale; and when the whole is completed, according to expectation in the ensuing spring, it will assuredly prove an establishment, which, for splendour, extent, and convenience of every possible description, must stand unrivalled. It will be in unison with our other late, vast, and magnificent improvements, and will help Mr. Cobbett to demonstrate, in Co. with the modern "Upholsterer, or What News?"—how we are ruined by this *win!* Our East India visitors of the Horse Bazaars in Persia, will, on their return home, perceive some difference between an English and a Persian Bazaar.

HUNTING.

The Shropshire Hunt ball was given this month at the Lion Rooms, Shrewsbury, by Bachelors, Members of the Hunt—the Hon. George Forrester, President; Robert Pigot, Esq. V. P.; and Rowland Hill, Esq. Secretary.—We cannot help noticing the great assemblage of old and respectable families which every year attends this long-established hunt ball; and we are also truly glad to hear that Sir Bellingham Graham has extended his hunt to the covers lately drawn by Sir Edmund Smythe or Mr. Mytton, in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury; for, as a correspondent observes, "every inch of so sporting a country as Shropshire should be

hunted.* Sir Richard Puleston, as our readers are aware, hunts the Drayton side of it, great part of which is very good.

TARPORLEY HUNT, 1823.

November 4th.—Produce Match for 200gs.—L. Armstead's Esq. b. g. by Young Alexander, beat Mr. C. Wickstead's g. m. Dido.—The Hunters' Stakes was won by J. F. France's, Esq. c. g. Mercury, by Hambletonian, beating three others.—The Farmers' Cup—No horse entering against Mr. Acton's colt, by Friend Ned, he was paid expences.

Mr. Editor.—By the insertion of the following (the veracity of which you need not doubt), you will much oblige a constant reader of your interesting work:—Mr. Crundell, residing in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, a tanner, who keeps hounds for the enjoyment of the frequenters of that fashionable place, on Monday last, hearing that a fox had been seen in a small copse, he, with several gentlemen, proceeded with the ten best couple of his harriers. As soon as they got into the wood, they were heard to challenge, and in a few minutes reynard was observed to steal away: he took his direction towards the Wells, but, being headed, he turned and directed his course towards Sevenoaks. The scent continued breast high, and he passed through Knowle Park, the seat of the Duchess of Dorset. Leaving Sevenoaks on the left, he directed his course up Madams Court Hill, and continued nearly within a mile of the London road, till the hounds ran in and killed him, within a mile of Bromley, being a distance of twenty miles as the crow flies. What makes this chase so wonderful is, that these hounds have hardly ever run more than ten miles; and, being so small a pack, and not kept in the first order, it may be considered as one of the finest runs this season. Out of twenty equestrians, only three were at the death; but pedestrians, who joined from the neighbouring villages, might be estimated at more than a hundred.

Bromley, January 2, 1824.

In the last week but one of December, Mr. Farquharson's hounds had a

very good day from Broadley, and another from Ashley Wood; and a very excellent day's sport from Bere Wood, which ended in death, after a hunting run of three hours and a half.

The New Forest hounds have had several good days. Between the 1st October and the last day of the year, they killed twenty brace of foxes.

Sir Jacob Astley's fox-hounds had a good run lately. They drew Hocking Wood, from whence a fox was soon started, but the hounds were as speedily whipped off, as reynard took the wrong ground. The cover was a second time drawn, and, after leading the field thrice round the wood, the fox broke cover, and took the country for Mattishall. At first starting his pace was very slow; and, from his appearance, he had evidently been paying his respects to some of his neighbours' fowls. After passing the place above mentioned, he changed his course, again bore back, and ran for Honingham Hall. He passed through the park in gallant style, and made for Morton Hall; from thence through the reeds at Easton, over Cossey Hills, entering the preserves of Sir George Jerningham. The greater part of the field were here at fault. At length reynard, breaking from the cover (though in dreadfully jaded condition), made a rush at the park gate, crossed the road, passed as rapidly as his condition would allow him through the wet meadows, and entered the river at a ford. Here his cunning was put to a most amusing test. Just as he plunged into the water, up came the hounds, on the side he intended to land, and his pursuers, consisting of Mr. Bond, Sir George Jerningham's steward, the whipper-in, and one or two more horsemen, were close to him on the side he entered. For a few moments all eyes were stretched in vain to view him. He was no where to be seen; till at length a small black substance, of about two inches long, was observed to be floating quietly down stream, which proved to be the nose of poor reynard. Mr. Bond, knowing the depth of the ford, immediately rode in, and put the thong of his whip round the exhausted fox's

neck, to bring him to the shore. The fox struggled and bit the horse, which caused him to plunge, and thus for a minute he escaped. He was, however, shortly after taken and killed. Sir Jacob Astley and some of the gentlemen were invited to the Hall by Mr. Jerningham, to partake of refreshment. This run is said to have been the best during the season, and the distance is supposed to have been no less than twenty-one miles in less than two hours.

Mr. P. Hamond's stag-hounds (Norfolk) had a capital burst on Thursday, January 1. A fine red deer was turned off at Hillborough, which, after a gallant chase of two hours and forty minutes, was taken alive, near a farm in the occupation of Mr. Thorne, in Hackford, near Hingham. The run is calculated to have been about twenty-five miles, and both horses and dogs were much distressed.

January 2, the hounds of R. Marsham, Esq. Norfolk, met at Scottow, and had a most extraordinary run: found a hare near Scottow Hall, at half-past two o'clock; ran to Lammas; from thence to Skeyton, where she ran two or three times across that parish; from thence to Hautboys, over Mayton Bridges to Horstead, then to Frettenham. Here she headed back through the plantation and lawn of T. H. Batcheler, Esq. across the Mayton Hall Farm, near the Buxton workhouse, back to Horstead again, where she was ran in to and killed in good style at four o'clock, about five miles in a direct line from where she was found, almost without a check.

The Brighton harriers had a fine run this month of one hour and forty-five minutes, without a check. The stoutness of the hare may be imagined, when it is stated, that she is computed to have crossed full twenty miles of ground. Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. George Blaker, of Patcham, the huntsman, and two or three other sportsmen, were the only parties, out of a field of seventy, that could get in at the death. One horse was killed,

FLOGGING OF HOUNDS.

To the Editor.—Sir—The other day I hunted with a small pack of fox-hounds, which have been a good deal flogged, under a supposition that in drawing they sometimes ran hare: the consequence was, that, when drawing a covert where there were many hares, the hounds were so cowed, that half of them would not quit the huntsman's horse's heels.—I am, Sir, yours, A. B.

January 20, 1824.

SHOOTING PARTIES.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfield-say, Hants; Earl Verulam, at Gorhambury, Herts; Lord Granville, at Wherstead, Sussex; and other Noblemen, &c. have had grand shooting parties this month, at their several country seats. His Royal Highness the Duke of York has been one of the best shots at these parties. The following was the return of game killed at Wherstead:—On the first day (with five guns), 2 partridges, 151 pheasants, 6 woodcocks, 70 hares, and 36 rabbits—total, 265. On the second day (with 12 guns), 4 partridges, 433 pheasants, 4 woodcocks, 320 hares, and 68 rabbits—total, 819—Grand total, 1804. The following is said to have been the number killed by each of the party on the Monday, including the wounded game, which was not picked up till the following day:—

Duke of York...128	Mr. Montague... 70
D. of Wellington 120	Mr. Ponsonby... 66
Lord Granville 48	Mr. Arbuthnot 26
Hon. C. Greville 120	Sir R. Harland, Bt. 40
Hn. Mr. De Ross 107	Rev. Mr. Capper 41
Hon. G. Anson 68	
Hon. G. Lamb 78	Total.....971

COURSING.

Louth Meeting.—This meeting commenced on Tuesday, December 16, and the weather on the first two days proving very favourable, some fine coursing was witnessed. The third day (Saturday) being very wet and stormy, no other courses than those for the Cups and Sweepstakes were run. The principal prize (an elegant Silver Cup) was won by a dog of Mr. Hassall's, of Hartshorn,

Derbyshire; and the smaller prize (a Silver Goblet) by a bitch of Mr. Chaplin's, of Tactwell, Lincolnshire. Several matches were not run, in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather.

At Stokenhall Coursing Meeting, Mr. Goddard's Chance won the Cup.

Coursing Match.—On Wednesday, December 31, a match was run in Westacre Field, Norfolk, between the gentlemen of the Walsingham Club and the gentlemen of Marshland, which was decided in favour of the former. Several other matches were run, which gave great pleasure to a numerous field.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

A four-year-old mare, got by Viscount, now under the management of Mr. Martin, Riding School, York-street, with the breaking apparatus on, leaped over the bar on Saturday last, when between three and four feet high, twenty-four feet nine inches. This was performed in the presence of several gentlemen, who saw her brought out for the first trial.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

POULTRY SHOW.

A List of Poultry shown at Lord Althorp's Farm, at Brampton, on the 18th of December, 1823.

2 Capons, Surrey breed, dead, weight 17lbs.; 2 pullets, ditto, ditto, 11lbs.; 1 capon, ditto, alive, 8½lbs.; 1 ditto, ditto, 9lbs.; 1 pullet, ditto, ditto, 5lbs.—Earl Spencer.

1 Capon, Sussex breed, alive, 3lbs.; 1 pullet, ditto, ditto, 3½lbs.—Earl Spencer.

1 Cock, Bedfordshire breed, 4lbs.; 1 pullet, ditto, 3lbs.—Earl Spencer.

1 Pullet, Normandy breed, 4lbs.; 1 ditto, ditto, 3½lbs.—Earl Spencer.

1 Cock, Althorp breed, 3½lbs.; 1 pullet, ditto, 3lbs.—Earl Spencer.

1 Pullet, 3½lbs.; 1 ditto, 3½lbs.; 1 ditto, 3lbs.—Mrs. Hawgood, Brington.

1 Capon, 8½lbs.; 1 ditto, 8lbs.; 1 game cock, 8½lbs.—Mr. Allibone, East Haddon.

1 Cock, 4lbs.; 1 pullet, 3lbs.—Mrs. Eyre, Chapel Brampton.

1 Cock, 4lbs. bare.—Mrs. Barringer, Brampton.

2 Pullets, 6lbs.; 2 cocks, 7½lbs.—Mr. Bryen, Brampton.

2 Pullets, 6½lbs.; 2 ditto, 6lbs.—John Barfoot, East Haddon.

1 Cock, 4½lbs.; 1 pullet, 3½lbs.; 1 ditto, 3½lbs. bare.—Mr. Grose, Harleston.

1 Turkey, 19lbs.; 1 ditto, 16lbs.—Earl Spencer.

1 Turkey, 12½lbs.; 1 ditto, 9lbs. bare.—Mr. Grose, Harleston.

1 Goose, 13½lbs.; 1 ditto, 13lbs. bare.—Earl Spencer.

1 Goose, 14lbs.—Mrs. Clarridge, East Haddon.

2 Ducks, 11½lbs.—Mrs. Emery, Whitton.

2 Ducks, 10½lbs.—Mrs. Vials, Harleston.

2 Ducks, 10½lbs.—Earl Spencer.

2 Ducks, 12½lbs.—Mr. Grose, Harleston.

Awards.—Best turkey, weight 19lbs. prize 2l. Earl Spencer.—2d ditto, weight 12½lbs. prize 1l. Mr. Grose, Harleston.—Best capon, weight 8½lbs. prize 1l. 10s. Mr. Allibone, East Haddon.—2d ditto, no competition.—Best pullet, weight 3½lbs. prize 1l. 10s.—Mrs. Hawgood, Brington.—2d ditto, weight 3lbs. 7oz. prize 1l. Mr. Grose, Harleston.—Best goose, weight 14lbs. prize 1l. 10s. Mrs. Clarridge, East Haddon.—2d ditto, weight 13½lbs. prize 1l. Earl Spencer.—Best couple of ducks, weight 12½lbs. prize 1l. 10s. Mr. Grose, Harleston.—2d ditto, weight 11½lbs. prize 1l. Mrs. Emery, Whitton.

OLD SPORTSMAN RUN TO EARTH.

Died, on Wednesday the 31st December, aged 90, Mr. Richard Brans-ton, of Whitwell, Rutland, much respected by all who knew him. He was groom to the late Earl of Gainsborough for upwards of forty years, and during that time was a noted fox-hunter with the Cottesmore hounds, then belonging to Thomas Noel, Esq. and the Earl of Gainsborough.

By a strong pack of fleetest years run down, He leaves his whip, where Monarchs leave their crown.

HUNTING ACCIDENT.

Mr. Gulley met with a serious accident by a fall, when hunting in

Leicestershire about the beginning of last month, by which one of his legs was much injured.

FUGILLISM.

Stockman and Cavanagh.—Thursday, January 22, Moulsey Hurst presented one of those scenes of mortification and disgust which have of late years tended to bring into disrepute the prize-ring, and to strengthen those strong prejudices which are known to exist against all public exhibitions of the art of boxing. The attraction was a fight between Stockman and Cavanagh, two little men under the weight of ten stone, who fought twice before, Cavanagh having won the first battle, and Stockman the second. The odds on the present battle were in favour of Stockman, and he was freely backed at 5 and 6 to 4. As the day of meeting approached, some suspicions were excited towards the conduct of persons who were considered good judges, and who were discovered to be taking the odds in pounds; while, as a colour to their supposed opinions in favour of Stockman, they were betting the other way in shillings and half-crowns. Still, however, nothing decisive was said till the morning of the fight, when Spring, who had by this time heard that Stockman was not to win, felt indignant at such infamous treachery, and with becoming spirit went to him and remonstrated against so base an intention. He told him he knew he could win it; and declared his resolution to watch the fighting, and if he found any thing wrong, to take care that he should never enter the prize-ring again. Stockman said, "he should do as he *knowed*." At twenty minutes after one the men entered the ring. Randall and Josh Hudson seconded Cavanagh; and Crouch, the resurrection-man, and Callas, waited on Stockman. From the first to the ninth round, Stockman did as he liked with the Irishman, and the odds were 10 to 1 on him. Had he chosen, he might have finished the battle in another round. In the following set-to, however, Stockman, who had not received a blow worth recording, scratched his head, and looked round

to his seconds, apparently expecting to receive some intelligible hint. Both fell after a close, and Stockman pulled Cavanagh on top of him. From the 10th to the 16th, Stockman continued to make shew of fighting only. The 17th round was an active bustling one, during which something was whispered to Stockman. In a close, Cavanagh fibbed slightly, and Stockman went down, Cavanagh over him. It was at this crisis a guinea to a shilling on Stockman, but in his opinion the proper time had arrived, and when his friend Crouch went to "snatch his body" from the ground, he was to all appearance senseless. Here there was a general laugh, but Stockman was not to be laughed into time: he could not be got to the *scratch*, and Cavanagh, "nothing loth," was declared the conqueror. Confusion followed for some time, and the word *cross* was bandied about from mouth to mouth with great freedom, while some of the *cognoscenti* were forced to confess that the thing was very badly done. Every honourable man was indignant, and most of those on the ground very properly declared that they would not pay their bets. A natural inquiry was made as to the state of Stockman, and it was soon ascertained that "He came, when he found it convenient, to life,"

and then walked off the ground; but as for punishment, that was all on the side of poor Cavanagh, who gained no glory by his victory, and was seen sitting in a tent, alone, over a charcoal fire, without a single friend to congratulate him on his success, or to compliment him on his prowess. —The fight was prolonged for one hour, during the whole of which time it rained incessantly.

SPARRING.

Richmond the Black had a benefit at the Fives' Court this month; when Josh Hudson mounted the stage, and challenged to fight Spring, or any body else, for 200 sovereigns. Spring soon followed, with one arm in a sling, a black eye, and some other marks of warfare. He said he had intended to leave off fighting before

he entered the ring with Neate; but that combat was pressed upon him. He then again declared off fighting; but he was taunted, vilified, and abused so, that he was bound to fight Langan; after which he was determined to leave off. He asked a 300l. stake upon that occasion. He did not wish to fight again; but if any one would fight him, it must be upon his own terms—500l. a side; and he was ready to put down 100l. then to make it, and to fight within three months. Hudson again got on the boards, and said, he did not understand about being backed for 500l.: he knew he could raise 200l. not for Spring in particular, but for any man in the world, to try how they could like him. Spring said he wished to leave off fighting, if the people would let him.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Match from Worcester to London.—A match was made off hand on Friday, January 9, at Worcester, by Captain Shaw, that he would produce a man to start at four o'clock on Saturday morning, to go on foot from Worcester turnpike gate to the end of Park-lane, London, for a bet of 200 sovereigns. It was more than a horse could do, and the match was made. The distance is 112 miles, and the man had thirty-seven hours to do it in. The pedestrian's name is Steer, a Shropshire man, who lately performed 100 miles in 24 hours. His first halt was at Pershore, nine miles in two hours, where he changed his wet clothes, and proceeded on to Broadway, and was half an hour mounting the tremendous hill, a mile and a quarter up. He reached Moreton in the Marsh, twenty-eight miles, at half-past eleven o'clock, and ate a fowl ravenously. His next halt was at Chipping Norton, thirty-five miles, at half-past one o'clock, having performed at the rate of four miles an hour, including stoppages. He reached Yarston, about half way, in sixteen hours, and was fresh and well. The pedestrian mended his pace at Oxford, and did twenty miles in four hours, as if just getting at his work. He halted at Wycomb at eight o'clock

the next morning, leaving himself ten hours to do the remaining twenty-nine miles. He reached his destination soon after four o'clock Sunday afternoon, with much ease, winning by nearly an hour.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A most beautiful silver eel, alive, was exhibited this month at Chelmsford. It was caught in Maldon River, and weighed 38lbs., measured six feet one inch in length, twenty-two inches in circumference, and, from being caught in the freaches, proved of very superior flavour.

A hare, whose colour is more white than brown, was shot lately by John Cotes, Esq. of Woodcote, Shropshire. And in the same county, during the heavy rains in the last week of the old year, were caught in the *Wills* at Caynton Oil-mill, two enormous eels. The largest was 3ft. 11in. long, and in girth 9in. The skin is preserved by W. Briscoe, Esq.

WINNING HORSES OF 1823.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.—Sir—Being now a subscriber to your Magazine, and looking over the number for December, under the title of "Winning Horses, &c. whose Ages are at present unknown," which, I suppose, was intended to have been winning horses, &c. whose sires are at present unknown, I find a gelding of my breeding in two places. He was got by Ambo. He first started as Mr. Underhill's Black Prince, for the Cocked Hat Stakes, at Shrewsbury; next as Mr. Owen's Jovial, at Oswestry. He next ran a match as Mr. Pugh's, for 140 sovereigns, at Montgomery, over the Welch Pool Course. The next day he ran another match for 50 guineas, as Mr. Pugh's Grouse, all of which he has won very easy.—I subscribe myself, AFFLEBY.

VAGIANA.

* * The following letter, from a valuable correspondent, *Vagus*, chiefly in reply to some requests of a friend, privately communicated, we insert, as shewing that our readers may expect some interesting information from the other side of the Channel.

Paris, Jan. 17, 1824.

MR. EDITOR—In reply to yours

containing the flattering demands made on me by your anonymous correspondent, I commence my answer by returning *IGNOTUS* my thanks for the encomiums he bestowed on my humble endeavours to swell the page of the *Sporting Magazine*. I am afraid that I cannot pledge myself to him, to convey to your readers any systematic arrangement of remarks on the various heads of information he enumerates—he “flies at all in the ring,” “*ab ovo usque ad MALUM*,” for, as he demands information on “*charioteering here*,” I may venture on a wretched pun to help me out—*Driving, Shocing, Breeding, &c.* I admit that in this *prejudiced pays* (where, even while they borrow from us daily, they insist on their superiority in every thing), “*much yet remains unsung*,” that may amuse by its comparison with us. It is beyond dispute, that their intercourse with the English nation since 1814 has enabled them to derive many advantages; and I am ready to acknowledge, that I have met with repeated instances, where they have admitted

our superiority, and owned the benefit they have derived from taking example by us. In recalling this remark, I allude to those improvements that fall under the notice of “the man of pleasure, enterprise, and spirit.” As a scribe for the *Sporting Magazine*, I hold as my motto, “*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.” To return to the request of *IGNOTUS* (I hope he will excuse my christening him), I beg leave to assure him, that when, in the course of my rambles, I have consolidated any number of *notanda*, on any given head, which are, either from their possessing interest or novelty, worthy to be admitted into the *New Series*, I shall be happy to present my gleanings; and all the harvest I look for, is the satisfaction of contributing to the amusement of its readers.—Will you excuse my “correcting the press,” as regards a mistake in my *Belgic Chasse*. For *preandau*, please read *fricandau*, in the last sentence but one of the paper. I will trespass no longer, but conclude with being—

Yours always,
Vagus.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must request the indulgence of several Correspondents, particularly “*A GREEN COLLAR*,” “*AUCEPS*,” “*S. R.*” and “*J. M. L.*” whose favours we are compelled to defer till next month.

ERRATUM.—In the “*Winning Horses*,” last Number, Reveller is, by mistake of a figure, called *three*, instead of *eight* years old.

POETRY.

QUEER SONNETS—No. I.

BEING SOMETHING PISCATORY.

FAIN would I tell you a pathetic story,
Which I *Smelt* out about a man and
Maid—

She *Patty Pike* was call'd, and he *John Dory*,

And both were in the *Sprat* and *Mack'rel*
trade.

He lov'd her much as some love *Shrimps*
and *Salmon*,

But she was queer and *scaly*—quite a
Crab :

She made believe to love him, but 'twas
gammon.

He sought her *Sole*, but only got a *Dab* !
He had no *Plaice* to *Perch* on in her
bosom :

Her-ring she would not have—the slip-
p'ry *eel*.

'Twas thought, if he had senses, he would
lose 'em,

Torpedo like she made poor *Dory* feel !
He mourn'd, poor *Sole*, that ever he had

found her,
And died as fast, nay, faster, than a
Flounder !!!

J. M. LACEY.

A NEW SIMILE,
ADDRESSED TO THE SOFT SEX BY A
SUFFERER.

WHAT simile can we discover
That will fit
A humble, tame, and married lover?
This is it—
He is like an instrument
His wife's keen fingers stray'd on,
Passive and obedient,
Only to be play'd on.
Be she cross, or be she kind,
He still bears
(For 'tis useless not to mind)
All her airs.
He must ever be in tune
When the lady takes him:
If he's sharp—ah! very soon
Flat enough she makes him.
What instrument? *Piano Forte*?
He? Ah, no!
He must always be, in short,
Pi-a-no.
For that simile still worse
If with *fort* he meddles,
She soon *piano* will enforce,
By treading on his *pedals*.
Then a *Harp* does he resemble,
Sweet and soft?
'Tis true she makes his heart-strings trem-
ble,
Much too oft:
But in her arms her harp still stands,
When she plays so clever;
While he oft comes too near her hands,
But near her arms—Oh, never!
Then like a *Flute* to sooth and sheer he?
No!—'tis hard,
But to her lips he ne'er comes nearer
Than a yard.
Flutes are chiefly *box*, we see;
And we, with far more fitness,
May say *she's* made of *box*, not *he*,
As both his ears can witness.
Then is he like a *Violin*?
In tones and shapes?
That is it!—He's often in
Horrid scrapes.
He's sure as *empty*, too, to win
A wife that is love's riddle;
For oft, alas! she'll make him grin
Like head of an old fiddle.
January 2, 1824.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

MR. EDITOR,
IF the following song of Ben Jonson's is
worthy of a place in your valuable Ma-
gazine, it is at your service. I by chance
found it in a curious old work a short time
since, after a day's hunting; and it so

amused me, that I thought it might also
amuse others.—I am yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin, I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here:
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In ev'ry corner where I go,
I will o'er see,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with he, ho, ho.
More swift than light'ning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, decry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry "Goblins!" where I go,
But Robin, I,
Their feats will spy,
And see them home, with ho, ho, ho.
Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge
home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet
And call them on, with me to roam
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho.
When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine,
Unseen of all the company
I eat their cakes and drink their wine;
And, to make sport,
I — and snort,
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss:
They shriek, "Who's this?"
I answer nought but—ho, ho, ho.
Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep, snort, —, and feaze,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still:
I dress their hemp, and spin their towe:
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho.
From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus timely revell'd to and fro,
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellow.
Friends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So Vale, Vale, ho, ho, ho.

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Embellished with,

L. BRIO, the Property of Colonel Teendale.

IL MAGPIE, a celebrated Covert Hack in Leicestershire.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

THIS highly-respectable meeting was established in the year 1767, and was chiefly promoted by the late Earl of Grosvenor, then in the zenith of racing celebrity. Although under the denomination of a Hunt, *racing* was its principal object, and Holywell was one of the first places where gentlemen-jockies displayed themselves. The number of members has always been confined to fifty—each ballotted for by the club, two black balls being an exclusion.

The dress uniform of this Hunt is a scarlet coat with a plain gold embroidered vellum button-hole,

and gold button: a white cloth waistcoat, with the same button and hole, with cloth breeches of the same. The undress is a plain scarlet coat, with the button of the Hunt, and a red velvet collar. The rules of the club are extremely strict, and rigidly enforced: as a proof of which, any gentleman being in office (on the committee, for instance), and absenting himself without such an excuse as shall be approved by the Hunt, shall be fined 25 guineas each year. Neither can any member leave the Hunt before the week is expired, without the leave of the president, under

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forfeiture of three guineas. The committee has long consisted of the following gentlemen—viz. Edward Morgan, Esq. (father of the Hunt), Sir Thomas Mostyn, and Sir Edward Pryse Lloyd, Barts. A ball is given to the ladies on the Wednesday: the club find their own wines; and the conviviality of the meeting is proverbial. If any member marry after his election, he pays 20 guineas to the fund.

The meeting of the year 1817 was a jubilee, the club having been established fifty years. A cup, called "the Jubilee Cup," was given to be run for, and was won by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's ch. filly *Venus* by Ditto, beating Lord Grosvenor's Passamaquoddy, and two others. As a specimen of the respectability of the members, we cannot do better than give a list of them in the jubilee year:—

- 1782 Edward Morgan, Esq.
- 1787 Earl Grosvenor.
- 1789 Rev. Dr. Wynne.
- 1790 Sir Edw. Pryse Lloyd, Bart.
Bell Lloyd, Esq.
- 1793 Griffith Howel Vaughan, Esq.
Edward Lloyd Lloyd, Esq.
- 1794 Sir Watkin Williams Wynn,
Bart.
- 1795 Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart.
- 1798 Rev. William Cotton.
- 1802 Rev. Thomas Pennant.
Richard Parry, Esq.
Thomas Fitzhugh, Esq.
- 1803 Richard Butler Clough, Esq.
Sir John Grey Egerton, Bart.
- 1804 Cynric Lloyd, Esq.
Sir Henry M. Mainwaring,
Bart.
- 1805 Francis Richard Price, Esq.
Thomas Hanmer, Esq.
- 1806 John Madocks, Esq.
Edward Lloyd, Esq.
- 1807 Sir Richard Brooke, Bart.
John Heaton, Esq.

- 1808 Lloyd Bamford Hesket, Esq.
John Wynne Eyton, Esq.
- 1810 Thomas Whitmore, Esq.
Sir Thomas S. M. Stanley,
Bart.
Pryse Pryse, Esq.
- 1811 General Grosvenor.
William Edward Powell, Esq.
- 1812 Martin Williams, Esq.
Vincent Corbet, Esq.
John Wynne, Esq.
J. B. Glegg, Esq.
- 1813 John Cresset Pelham, Esq.
- 1814 Richard Miles Wynne, Esq.
Fred. C. Philips, Esq.
Thomas Lloyd, Esq.
- 1815 Viscount Belgrave.
Edward Mostyn Lloyd, Esq.
John Mytton, Esq.
John Douglas, Esq.
- 1816 Lord Grey.
- 1817 Smith Owen, Esq.
J. V. Lovett, Esq.

In the year 1819, his Royal Highness the Prince Cobourg honoured this meeting with his presence, in his tour through Wales, and in the following year the Cobourg Stakes of 50gs. each was run for, and walked over for by the Earl of Grosvenor's Belvidere, by Thunderbolt. There are also, the Chieftain Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. A Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each. The Taffy Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds. A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds. The Mostyn Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. The Halkin Stakes of 200 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. The Cobourg Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. The Hawarden Castle Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles; and two Handicaps.

As a proof of the increasing prosperity of the turf, we have to

observe; that in the year 1802, there were only two stakes and one plate to be run for at this meeting.

The *Mostyn Stakes* (generally a very betting race) are so called in honour of Sir Thomas Mostyn; the *Hamurden Castle*, of the late Sir Steven Glynn; and the *Chieftain* were proposed by the late Cynric Lloyd, Esq. in honour of a gentleman well known in that county, by the chivalrous appellation of the "Mountain Chief." Wednesday, in this meeting, is devoted to coursing: a cup, &c. are given, and the best dogs of the country attend.

HINTS TO BREEDERS OF RACE HORSES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Take the liberty of enclosing you an extract of the number of winning races by horses bred from the following stallions in the course of the last seven years, by which it will appear that Rubens claims 285; Orville, 203; Walton, 195; and Comus, 162. In the course of the preceding year, Comus claims 65; Rubens, 43; Orville, 22.—Your obedient servant,

An Owner of Race Horses.

1816.

Camillus	38
Dick Andrews	38
Gohanna	22
Orville	25
Rubens	29
Selim	24
Sir David	34
Sorcerer	25
Walton	28
Waxy	24

1817.

Camillus	21
Dick Andrews	29

Orville	4
Rubens	34
Selim	21
Sir David	21
Sorcerer	25
Walton	40
Castrel	19
Remembrancer	18

1818.

Camillus	21
Dick Andrews	22
Orville	33
Rubens	37
Sorcerer	22
Thunderbolt	24
Walton	29
Waxy	26
Selim	19
Stamford	18

1819.

Haphazard	28
Orville	20
Rubens	33
Selim	22
Thunderbolt	26
Walton	26
Soothsayer	18
Sorcerer	18
Camillus	17
Comus	16

1820.

Comus	29
Haphazard	33
Orville	22
Phantom	21
Rubens	48
Selim	29
Smolensko	20
Stamford	26
Thunderbolt	28
Walton	30

1821.

Comus	24
Haphazard	42
Orville	23
Rubens	48
Selim	26
Smolensko	27
Stamford	31
Walton	22

H h 2

Octavius	18
Thunderbolt	17
1822.	
Cervantes	24
Comus	28
Don Cossack	21
Haphazard.....	40
Orville	39
Rubens	56
Walton	20
Whalebone.....	20
Woful	28
Partisan.....	19

REMARKS ON THE PERFORMANCES OF REVELLER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

HAVING read in your *Sporting Magazine* of this month the pedigree and performances of Reveller, in justice to the candid statement of the owner, Mr. Pierse, who informs us where, and by whom, his horse was beat, I solicit the insertion of the following particulars:—

Reveller, it appears, was beat by the Juggler, at York, in 1820, in a four-mile race; by Doctor Syntax, at Preston; and by Mr. Lambton's Borodino, at Doncaster.

In the first of these races, Shepherd was on Reveller, and winning easy: when about 100 yards from the end, the Juggler made severe play, and came up. Shepherd was not aware that the Juggler was so near him, and began flogging and spurring: by the sudden exertion Reveller made, he sprained his hip, and was lame for four months afterwards. The Juggler won the race by a head. Shepherd is an honest jockey, but an old one, being nearly 60 years of age.

With regard to the second race, over the Preston Course, Scot was

on Reveller, and R. Johnson on the Doctor. About a distance from the end there is a turn in the course: the near side is roped in, and a crowd is collected on the outer to see the play made round the corner. At this point, the Doctor was on the whip hand of Reveller, who was alone to the ropes, and Fair Helen was some way behind. Johnson saw Scot was passing him, and bored him towards the ropes. Scot perceiving this, pulled up, and relying on the speed of his horse, intended to pass the Doctor on the other side, in which he had nearly succeeded, when Johnson crossed the course, and drove Reveller into the crowd. Both the horses were stopped, and several people in the crowd knocked down. Fair Helen came up and passed them both. The Doctor, who was nearest the course, got in, and beat Fair Helen. Reveller lost 50 yards, but ran in second. The Doctor and Reveller have met four times, and this was the only race in which the Doctor was successful.

In the race over Doncaster, when Borodino beat Reveller, Reveller carried 8st. 12lb. and Borodino only 7st. 7lb.—I am, Sir, your's, &c.
EBORENSIS.

* * * Our Correspondent has a postscript to this letter, which, from the personal allusions it contains, we must decline publishing.
—ED.

CAUTION TO YOUNG BETTERS ON THE TURF.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

AS a subscriber to your Magazine from its very commencement, I can no longer withhold my acknowledgments to that de-

cided thorough-bred sportsman NIMROD, for his truly practical Letters on Condition, and Riding to Hounds. His communications on the hunting countries are also both highly instructive and amusing; and I, in common with many a brother sportsman, sincerely hope he will long continue his useful labours.—The racing part of your readers are also much indebted to OBSERVATOR for his early communications and remarks on the events at Newmarket. May he also steadily pursue his course, it being most amusing to your subscribers! and the joint efforts of two such contributors must in the end prove highly beneficial to you, Mr. Editor.

At the instance of a young turf friend, I am about to solicit a favour of OBSERVATOR. It is well known the legs bet round (with that no fault is to be found), and *young ones* are induced to throw away their five or ten (as the phrase goes), on outside horses, in the hope of some day or other getting a grand pull: indeed, many adopt this foolish and desperate plan to a very considerable extent. Now we, who have had some summers' experience in racing matters, well know, that before the Craven and First Spring Meetings, most, if not all the young horses that are named in the Derby and Oaks, have been tried in all ways, and at all weights; and many of their owners determine, at an early period, not to send them for either of those Stakes: this gets wind in a certain quarter, from whence it is instantly communicated to the legs, who from that moment are most indefatigable in prowling about to catch the *youngsters*, who are known to lay out their five, as I have described, by offering tempting odds against the very horses

they well know are never intended to leave Newmarket. When in my novitiate I remember the losing a pretty stake in this manner. Now the request to be made of OBSERVATOR is, that he, or some one else, will use his endeavours to obtain early information on this head (as he appears to be capable of accomplishing such an object); and by apprising the young aspirants to turf fame in the March or April number of this Magazine of the horses that it is presumed are never intended to come to Epsom, he will not only oblige the *young ones*, but disappoint the legs of great part of their plunder, and render the turf an essential service, by rescuing it from a part of the unmerited censure that is too unsparingly heaped upon it.

If your sheets will allow the insertion of this, you will oblige yours,
OLD TURF.

WINNING GREYHOUNDS IN BERKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

FOR some time past I have observed that the success of the winning greyhounds in Berkshire has been almost entirely ascribed to the portion of *Champion* blood which may form a part of their composition, and in no instance more whimsically than in that of *Harebell*, the winner of the cup at Ashdown, in November last. It is true, *Harebell* was got by Hogarth, whose dam was by *Champion*, but she was bred by Edward Lloyd, Esq. of Ragat, North Wales, and out of a blue bitch of his called *Heroine*, whose pedigree had no more affinity with *Champion's* than the Man in the Moon's.

Now, though I do not profess to

entertain a similar opinion to that said to be expressed by a certain Noble Lord, of coursing celebrity, relative to Champion—viz. that “he has been the progenitor of more bad greyhounds than any dog in England” (for I think his blood crossed with a more fiery sort must be valuable in any kennel)—it is impossible I can approve of the practice, which has gained so much ground, of tracing ALL the excellence which the Berkshire greyhounds may be supposed to possess to this individual animal.—Yours truly,

FAIRPLAY.

Oxford, Feb. 17, 1824.

A LETTER FROM MR. CORCORAN, IN REPLY TO NIMROD.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

YOUR correspondent NIMROD having brought my horse and self before his brother sportmen and the public, is the reason of my troubling you with this scrawl. He has said enough of me, but *not half enough of my horse*. I am anxious that his good deeds shall accompany his name to posterity—a faithful servant, who never deceived me, nor turned from any fence that I had courage to face him to; nor on my part, did I ever dismount from him, or turn him over a leap of any description—always ready, and no day too long for him. NIMROD has got his pedigree, but not his name. He is known in Surrey, as well as to Mr. Tattersall, by the name of *Miller*, having bought him from a miller. Neither is Mr. NIMROD exactly correct in my name. However, in my horse is strongly verified the old adage—viz. “When down, down with him.” He was once so low in the world, as to be

obliged to plough and harrow for his living, and might then have been bought for eighteen guineas, at which price a gentleman at Beddington might have bought him. Times are altered—all *Lombard-street cannot buy him now!!!*

I wish NIMROD had said nothing about the new almanack, &c. Although I have often joked about such matters, when with a jovial friend or two, I never had any idea of its being put forth to the world: however, having said it, let it pass—I care not. I might perhaps have some pretensions, having sometime back five children alive under six years of age. But all this is not my boast: no, my boast is, keeping a good place in the hunt, and afterwards, my best endeavours to save the stag. Amongst the many of such endeavours, perhaps Ray Common may be remembered: I am sure it is by Charles Morton, as also many other such times. I considered it a duty.

The story of the hurdle and the doctor needs no correcting; and the challenge about the five-feet fence may also be correct. From what I know of myself, there is no man more likely to say so; but then, it must have been provoked by some observation. His information about the time I began to hunt is pretty correct; and at the present I have just stepped into my 73d year; but what of that, so long as I don't feel it? Miller and I are as young as ever.

Now, Mr. Editor, giving NIMROD credit for his very superior abilities, it appears to me he has come into Surrey on purpose to quiz us, and I shall call him “Quiz,” unless he pays me a visit, at my cottage on Croydon Common. I'll have a sporting friend to meet him. We'll talk o'er the chace, point out

the best place for the old horse's head, and he shall see the *children* (the *almanacks* I have not preserved). We'll be merry. Adieu. Mr. Editor, pray excuse this.—Yours respectfully,

BRYAN CORCORAN.

Croydon Common, Feb. 2, 1824.

For the Sporting Magazine.

COL. BERKELEY'S HOUNDS.

THIS crack pack of fox-hounds, whose well-earned celebrity is generally acknowledged throughout the kingdom, usually hunts in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, in the months of November, January, March, and part of April. Thus the winter season is much enlivened by the arrival of the members of this celebrated Hunt, and various other eminent sportsmen, who are attracted by the excellence of the field recreations in the immediate vicinity, and the central situation of Cheltenham, from the diffe-

rent kennels in the counties of Worcester, Warwick, Leicester, Oxford, Wilts, and Gloucester. The Berkeley hounds are kept at the sole expence of Colonel Berkeley, whose sportsmanlike conduct is highly esteemed. The other members of this establishment are mostly gentlemen resident in the surrounding country, and who are connected by the ties of friendship, devotion to the chase, and the conviviality of their meetings over the bowl. They give a ball annually, which generally occurs in the month of February, and is always thronged with an assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion. The present huntsman has gained much credit for the excellent condition of the pack; and hounds more fit for their work are not to be found in the kingdom.

The Hunt meet at the following places. Affixed are the number of miles they are distant from the kennel at Cheltenham, and directions for finding the covers.

Covers, &c.	Miles.	Directions.
Queen Wood	3	Up the Winchcomb road.
Dixon Wood	7	Up the Winchcomb road, four miles then to the left, over Nottingham Hill.
Dumbleton Wood	11	Through Cleeve to Beckford Inn. Here turn to the right to Dumbleton.
Greet Grove	8	Through Winchcomb.
Broadway Kennel	18	Through Winchcomb, a direct road.
Mr. Canning's, of Foscote	26	Through Broadway.
Weston Park	21	Through Broadway.
Buckland Wood	12	Through Winchcomb and Stanway.
Bourton Wood	20	Through Winchcomb, up Stanway Hill, then leave Snowhill close on the left, and by Spring Hill to the covert.
Lady Northwick's Park ...	22	Through Bourton-on-the-Hill.
West Wood	6	Through Shacklespike, up the hill by Mr. Agg's, then turn to the left for the covert.

Covers, &c.	Miles.	Directions.
Guiting Woods	10	{ Pass West Wood, and leave Charlton Abbott's close on the left, then through Roel Gate to the Wood.
Wyniatt's Brakes	12	{ Up the Stow road, the covert lies on the left.
Dowdeswell Wood	3	{ Up the London road.
Hazelton Grove	9	{ Up the London road eight miles, then turn to the left.
Chedworth Wood	12	{ Up the London road $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, then through Withington for Chedworth Park.
Chatcomb Wood	$4\frac{1}{2}$	{ Through Charlton, up the Windlass Hill.
Cowley Wood	5	{ Through Charlton, up the Windlass Hill.
Coombe End.	9	{ Through Charlton, by Chatcomb Wood, and through Colesbourne.
Moor Wood	11	{ Through Colesbourne, leaving Rendcombe Park on the left for the cover.
Short Wood	4	{ Up the Bath road.
Side Bottom	11	{ Up the Cirencester road nine miles, then turn to the right, about two.
Down Hatherly	5	{ On the Gloucester road $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, then to the right, about half a mile.
Highnam Park	12	{ Through Gloucester, and two miles on the Ross road.
Corse Grove	12	{ Up the Tewkesbury road six miles, then to the left, through Apperly, and over the Haw Passage. A shorter road from the Horse Shoes along by the Canal, when the water is not out.

HARRIERS.

There are two excellent packs of harriers kept in the vicinity by Dr. Townsend, of Cleeve, and Mr. Barnard, of Whitefield.

MAGPIE.

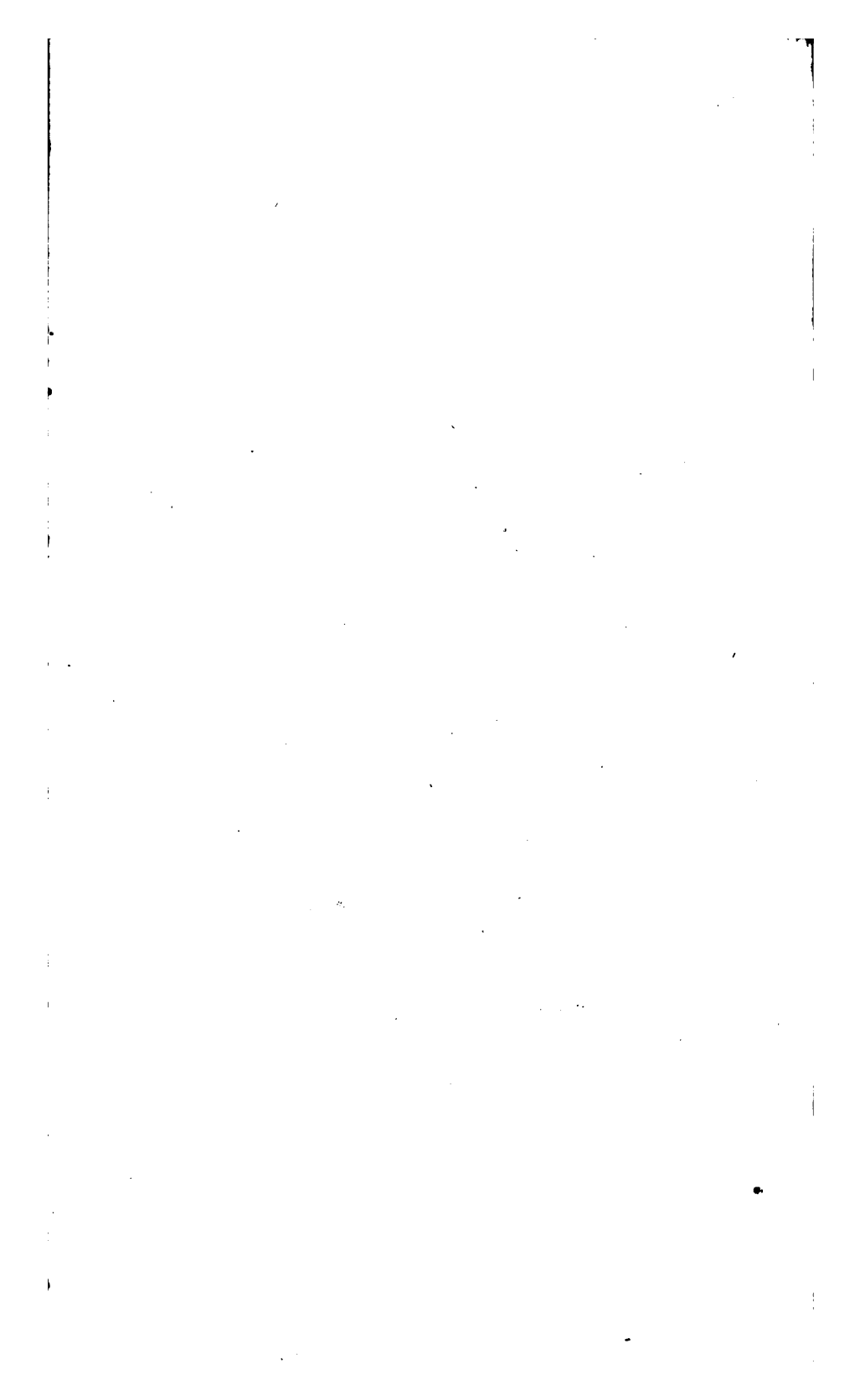
Painted by LARPORTE, and engraved by WEBB.

MAGPIE, a piebald mare, got by Vivaldi, is a well-known covert-hack in Leicestershire. She is a remarkably high leaper, and, without exception, one of the best-actioned little mares ever

known. It is to be recorded, that she has many times leaped over Melton turnpike-gate; and will now, when loose, go over a bar so high, that in returning she can run under it. These qualifications, combined with her singular colour, make her worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Magazine*. She is now the property of Mr. Adam Elmore.



MAGGIE.



ON THE RABBIT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

OF all the animals accounted as objects of the chase, low as it is often held in the scale of sporting estimation, few, on investigation of its habits and propensities, seem to interest more than the *rabbit*. What though the higher orders of sportsmen eye it with disdain, as affording pastime, forsooth, for children, or, at the best, for such striplings as occupy the awkward medium between the boy and the man, there are, nevertheless, in the history of this little agile creature, many traits calculated to amuse a contemplative mind, independent of the improved entertainment it is capable of affording, when justly appreciated as an object of pursuit.

The rabbit may be deemed a general citizen, inhabiting most parts of the world, those cheerless regions alone excepted possibly, entitled *hyperborean*. When in large societies, they commonly prefer upland or rising ground, as best calculated for vigilance, exclusive of other considerations relating to them as a body. I have known them, though in the neighbourhood of a rich champaign, prefer burrowing in sand-hills, by which many of them eventually became blind, moist situations being unfriendly to their constitutions. I am of opinion, that most of the rabbit-skins lately imported from Holland, to such amount as to lower the price in the market, were originally brought from Germany.

From the ease with which colonies of rabbits may be planted, some may express wonder as to why more encouragement is not given them. This, however, will

cease, when we reflect on the mischief at times occasioned by them, where numerously assembled:—plants, shrubs, and undergrowth of every description, within their reach, experience injury; cattle will not feed after them; and vain are the hopes and efforts of the husbandman, where they abound. On these accounts, small islands, of an irregular surface, on which they can experience the protection of man, seem the best places for their reception—if we look to profit.

Of their multiplying in situations of this description, even without such protection, so as to excite surprise, did not our country give proof, it would be amply furnished from what took place formerly at Saldanha Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope. Here, about the year 1796, the very numerous sick of a Dutch fleet, under Admiral Lucas, of nine⁶ sail (some of the line), were disembarked on a small sloping island, about a mile and half in circumference, where the rabbits were so numerous as to afford fresh provisions, not to the sick only, but a great part also of the armament on board, for many days; notwithstanding which, such numbers of them were there found by the English who subsequently arrived, as called forth expressions of wonder and astonishment.

In none of the *feræ naturæ*, constituting the objects of the chase, are promptitude and readiness of resource more conspicuous than in the rabbit. A community of them having been long established in a certain coppice in the county of Devon, a party of badgers attacked their hold, with the view of turning them out, and peopling their abode with their own expected

progeny. On this intrusion, and by such superior force, one would have thought the legitimate inhabitants would have been so panic-struck as to be without help or remedy. Not so: on the badgers commencing to widen the holes for their admission, the rabbits one and all began digging also, as appeared from their having, in the course of very few days, completed a new mansion, further up on the ascent, after throwing behind them so much earth and dirt, literally in the face of their enemies, as caused them to desist from their attempt, and to look out for quarters elsewhere.

Manifold, however, as are the resources of the rabbit, in whatever country situated, they do not surpass the conforming qualities of its disposition. Few creatures can find subsistence on such a variety of soils: no one under the sun, possibly, can accommodate itself with such ease and address, to circumstances of complicated hardship and distress. The following account may serve to illustrate the latter position:—A couple of young rabbits were taken out of their native earth, some years since, by some sailors, who put them, in the hurry of re-embarking, into the stern sheets, so called, of a man of war's pinnace. In this circumscribed compartment, destined, with the addition of a few boards, as their future residence till arriving at full growth, they were hoisted on the deck preparatory to the ship's sailing. The bustle over, usual on putting to sea after a long detention in port, these little creatures excited much interest amongst the crew, who vied with each other in placing before them whatever it was in their power to procure, as suited

to their palates. Universal, however, as had been the esteem for them, their versatility, on the falling off of all vegetable resources, when long at sea, drew forth the enthusiastic admiration of the sailors, accompanied at times with some of the most sounding oaths in their whole vocabulary. "I say, Davy," said one of them on a certain occasion, peeping to his messmate, who was under the deck. "Here, boy, come up quickly. *My eyes and odd joints*, Davy, if here an't one of the *bunnies* sitting on the boatswain's shoulder picking a bone!" A supply of drift sea-weed, casually procured for them, and on which they had feasted a long time, being exhausted, and their accustomed portion of hard biscuit, peas, and oatmeal, failing, from an apprehension of all hands being to be put on short allowance, they had been offered, it seems, as a *dernier resort*, the remains of a boiled fowl, whence this bone was taken, as the offals from a dinner in the wardroom. To say that they partook of these would be using language but faintly expressive of their performance: they devoured the eatable parts thereof with avidity, to the astonishment of a crowd collected on the deck to witness so strange a spectacle.

From such an accommodating trait in their character, added to the consideration of their hardiness, and such fecundity as is proverbial, one would suppose that few countries are so sterile as to deny them support, and that, with the exception of "*coathing*"—a malady contracted on certain moist soils, and which, like a scourge, carries off thousands on thousands of them annually—they would multiply anywhere and

everywhere. It must be admitted, however, that in very many places, whatever be the nature of soil in the neighbourhood of their haunts, however calculated to promote their increase, these little creatures have enemies to encounter, which, collectively considered, appear as a host. In addition to their being plagued and teased, when above ground, by dogs of almost every description—for every dog that will hunt vermin will hunt a rabbit (one reason, probably, why they are so lightly esteemed by first-rate sportsmen)—hawks, gleads, and other birds of prey, meditating an unerring dart, hover over the young during the hours of feeding; whilst both old and young are watched and waylaid by foxes as a choice food, or are gradually tormented to death, even in their subterranean retreats, by the polecat, the martin, or that relentless little blood-sucker, the stoat or weasel. Guns, gins, and various engines of human device, in addition to nets of various web and woof, not forgetting the fatal hay-net, fill up the measure of what tends to their destruction.

Surrounded as these little animals are, in many places, by snares and enemies, yet is the period of their extermination, if it ever take place, probably remote indeed. In addition to their amazing fecundity before mentioned, whence it rarely happens but that some survive all hazard, they are instinctively gifted with a great degree of subtlety, heightened surprizingly by an auxiliary not sufficiently dwelt on by naturalists. Incredible, if not satisfactorily proved, would appear the keenness of the olfactory organs of the rabbit. Its nostrils, when pausing, as beset and doubting which course to take, may be seen working up and down,

as questioning even the air it breathes, whilst the red flesh on the cartilage of the nose, visible at times from the high state of anhelation, from its contrast, gives a beautiful and animating tint to the picture.

One or two proofs I shall mention, as illustrative of this intense susceptibility of smell in this creature.

In my younger days, I was helping a gamekeeper in destroying some rabbits which had injured a young plantation, when a coal-black one, as constantly as found, eluded our dogs and guns, by taking to a string of earths in an adjoining hedge-row. After having in vain endeavoured to compass this sable specimen by fair means, we explored every avenue to the burrow, and prepared a wire for the mouth of each, without exception, as we thought, which wires, contrary to the advice of the keeper, were carried to the scene of action *in the pocket*. Arrived on the spot, and our snares laid with the utmost care and precision, we began beating, when our black friend once more popped out of a brake in which it had been often found, and made off in the usual direction at full speed, from the shouts and halloos attending him. In the very nick, however, of his bolting, as we hoped, into the earth, he stopped short, then jumped up the bank, and after trying a second hole, and pausing for a moment, he set off at full stretch for a distant cover. Two other rabbits, afterwards driven to the same earths, refused to enter one of them twice, and at different holes. Further, I once saw a rabbit, whilst on bolting from a ferret, stop suddenly, run his nose all round the planted wire, which had been inadvertently carried in the

pocket, and afterwards, by as nice and cautious manœuvring as could not but challenge admiration, actually creep through the wire to the effecting his escape above ground.

Here it may not be improper to introduce another instinctive trait, worthy of note in these animals, as exemplified by the mode in which they commonly order a certain aperture in each set of earths, for the sole purpose of escape in the event of siege being laid to their underground abodes. No mound whatever appearing before this postern, warrants the supposition as to all the earthy matter loosened in the formation of it, having been conveyed quite through the habitation, however complex and winding, to the outer avenues which constitute the common entrance. This postern, too, whilst in being dug "*internally*," is concerted with such a subtle view to concealment, as equals many an admired specimen of human ingenuity. Thus, when every apparent hole is carefully netted, the shivering ferret entered, and the subterranean thunder causes the youthful breast to throb with expectation, how common the case, that the wily little creature pops out where least expected, possibly from beneath three or four ivy leaves crossing each other, or a cobweb covering of moss, or a tuft of flaxen grass, issuing apparently from one root only, the upper part of which, as favouring the deceit, wantons in the wind like the forelock of a horse's mane!

To this may be added, what results from such nice conveyance as is occasioned by the fine formation of the ear, in no instance more discernible than in covers, during feeding time of a summer's evening. Does the crackling of the smallest spray under foot, or the distant scream of the jay, or chat-

tering of the magpie, intruding on the stillness of the scene, indicate the approach of an enemy, the well-known "*tap*" of the foot, given by some sentinel, summons all to their retreat. Useless then is the gun of the fowler, who may fain solace himself in his disappointment by listening to the soothing coo of the wood-dove, or the lulling tinkling of the distant folds. The signal once given, not a rabbit will stir from its hiding place till the sun, after streaking the sky with gold, is merged far in the west, and the droning of the beetle proclaims approaching darkness.

As endeavouring to rescue this little creature—whose endowments, when compared with its failings, are of such preponderance—from the obloquy at times assailing it, I would state, as before hinted, that it is capable of affording much higher gratification than is generally experienced from the pursuit of it. With a cry of dogs, duly bred and trained for the purpose, and with such only as are so bred and trained, delectable is the sport in fairly hunting them where thinly scattered, having also but few earths, and those previously stopped. Of several packs of rabbit "*hounds*," if I may be allowed the expression, which could be enumerated, one kept in the highest state of discipline some years since, by a gentleman in the county of Dorset, is well worthy of description. This pack consisted of seven couple of the most diminutive of the blended blood of the beagle and the harrier, as *prima facie* exemplified in the round pending ear, generous dark spots, edged with a finish of tan colour, a feathered tail arched over the back when the animal was in motion, and above all, in such assumed consequence in the gait and carriage of the senior part of

them, at least, as failed not to attract observation and interest. Their general size may be conjectured, from a prevailing report as to the whole pack having often received a full meal from a common wash-hand basin once filled. One, however, as an inch or so taller than the rest, and which would have been drafted but for his inestimable qualities, was loaded with a shot collar of two or three ounces weight, to prevent his being too forward when in chase. Upwards of four hundred couple of rabbits, I have been told, they killed in one year, and that one hundred pounds were once offered for the pack, and refused. Whether so or not, the feats performed by these *tiny chiders*, for several successive seasons, drew forth resounding plaudits from sporting spectators of the first rank in the kingdom, together with many a justly-merited eulogium on their proprietor, by whose sole skill, judgment, and perseverance, they were brought to a state of unrivalled perfection.

AUCEPS.

ON THE ERRORS AND PREJUDICES OF THE DAY, RESPECTING PUGILISM.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

THE late deliberate and atrocious murder of Weare, a crime rather of Italian or Spanish, than of English character, has been eagerly laid hold on, in order to decry and run down indiscriminately, our ancient national practice of boxing, by those who, however well-intentioned, are rather actuated by prejudice and false delicacy, than by any well-grounded and distinct knowledge of the

subject. The practice is condemned without reserve, as vicious in principle, unproductive of any moral benefit; its patrons, and the actors in it, stigmatised as the most vicious and contaminating of the human race; and loud and urgent calls are made upon the Legislature, for a legal prohibition and putting down of the pugilistic system.

One of our weekly newspapers has lately attempted to edify its readers with a grave lecture to this effect, in which lofty moral pretensions and stimulating diatribes alternately make a conspicuous figure. But the most ostentatious display of this kind, as all former experience has demonstrated, unless attended by a calm and discriminating appeal to the reasoning faculties of men, can have no other possible effect than to lead them astray, to nourish their prejudices, confirm their ignorance, and, in fine, to leave things in their old course, however objectionable and vicious that may be. Says the writer, perhaps Mr. Editor himself, "When this folly (boxing) will end, or to what pitches of madness it will carry the nation, it would be idle and bootless to inquire; but, if Mr. Justice Park, who seems so much afraid of the encroachments of the press, would transfer his vigilance to the gentlemen of the fancy, he would go far, in our opinion, to do the state some service. The ring, unquestionably, is the great nursery of blackguards: there the thieves assemble in such numbers, and do so much execution, that they are seriously believed to tamper with the boxers to get up a set-to when their trade is slack."... "The transition from a bruiser to a pickpocket, or from a pickpocket to an assassin, is not

only easy, but almost 'natural'; and hundreds who have begun their career as betters at the ring, or brawlers in a pot-house, have ended with a trial at the Old Bailey."... "The common, and the only argument advanced in favour of professed boxing—namely, that it tends to keep up the old English character, and serves as a protection against brute strength—when properly viewed, is no argument at all."

Well—I shall not dispute the truth of much, perhaps the greater part of the above; but a man who has lived long in the world, discovers in the end, that a succession of naked truths may be artificially or scientifically strung together, and yet, on a fair logical analysis, prove to be mere naked nothings. It is undoubtedly true, that an excess in the attendance on sports, to the prejudice and neglect of the serious and bounden duties of life, must necessarily have the effect of relaxing the human mind, and replenishing it with inclinations and desires altogether alien to serious occupation or moral utility—equally so, that play, formerly styled gambling, the ring, and the course, may have proved preparatory schools to many, for the Old Bailey and the gallows. So have the theatres, the alehouses, the fairs, and every place or species of recreation and amusement, which can be named. Ought, in consequence, and as the only remedy, all sports and recreations to be put an end to, and, in a rich, populous, and luxurious country like this, man to be arbitrarily doomed to find his only recreation in his most serious duties? But no Government of England, in the present state of society, could possibly be invested with powers equal to such

a reform. The Long Parliament, indeed, in former days, really effected something like this; but it soon bred disgust and hatred in the great body of the people, and was naturally succeeded by the extreme of licentiousness. Our modern fanatics—fanatics truly of a different description, and actuated by very different views—have been for many years playing a similar game, with exactly the same success.

Within the last thirty years has commenced the renewed dominion of the Saints, in Britain. The grand object of this spiritual oligarchy, unreservedly accredited by Government, and in which neither influence, exertion, nor expence has been spared, appears to be an entire change in the national character—to contract the freedom and openness of the English heart, that they may the more easily reduce it to, and retain it in subjection—to repress all ideas of relaxation from sportive enjoyment, so congenial with the national character, this more especially with the *lower classes*; and by mere force of law, *espionage*, a brow-beating, all-pervading influence, and a standing army of police, to compel men to assume a sanctified exterior in mien, in words, and in conduct; and to adopt a system, in which religious recreations are not only to take precedence (their due), but to supersede every other. These reformers seem entirely to have overlooked the ancient, well-known, and proved truism, that *forced prayers are not good for the soul*. Their system has introduced a compulsive sabbatical observation of the Christian Sunday, by virtue of which, though, seemingly to their regret, they cannot make men fast, they have,

at any rate, contrived to compel them to make their doors fast, and thereby to give up more of their rights and their freedom of action, than Englishmen, in former and more social times, were wont willingly to part with. A reluctant compliance has certainly been given to all this; and the externals, the least essential parts of religion, have been universally promoted: but, in a commensurate proportion, has been engendered an interested and time-serving hypocrisy, affectedly rigorous in all the non-essentials, but woefully deficient in all the essentials of moral and civic virtue. The result, warranted by all former experience in systems of hypocrisy, during the above-mentioned period of unexamined light and intelligence, and with the public mind under the guidance and tuition of the dominant societies, has been a series of the most horrible enormities and crimes that ever stained the British annals; and a too general and increasing corruption and laxity of principle seems to have taken deep root in the country. The only remedy contemplated for this, now chronic disease in the body politic, appears to be legal compulsion and external religious observance. It seems not yet to be comprehended that the freedom, not the slavery of the human mind, is best calculated to capacitate it for the reception of the most beneficial instructions; and that with the vulgar, more especially, the mind is too narrow, at once to retain and make use of, both factitious and genuine rules of morality. But the new drop, and its never-ceasing activity, will afford the best illustration of all which has been said—indeed, render all other illustration unnecessary. A criminal of the deepest dye is

brought to justice. He has saved, or is furnished with, the means of providing an advocate. He pleads "Not Guilty," has the benefit of all the quirks and quibbles and technicalities of the law, which he supports with the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, invoking his God, and implicating his religion in their truth. He fails, and his guilt is clearly proved. He is then committed to his cell, taken into great favour, coaxed, caressed, and invited to commit a fresh perjury, by a confession of his guilt. (The chief view, in this place, is the relation of simple facts.) He is then absolved of all his guilt by his Protestant confessor, and freed from all those dismal apprehensions he was formerly taught to entertain; and, buoyed up by present assurances of future happiness, he boldly takes the leap, a saint of the first water! Then comes abroad a bulletin of his confession, or non-confession, but generally of his sighs and tears and sensibility—of the sincerity of his contrition, and the undoubted reality of his religious conviction. Now all this must make a certain very obvious impression on the minds of those engaged in guilty courses. It also serves to announce to the people, and to remind them of the immense and important influence possessed by a certain body in both worlds.

Speaking through the pages of a publication, which, during such a long course of years, has been the unwearied advocate of the moral fitness and the decorum of sports, as well as of the sports themselves—I trust I shall not, whilst defending the cause of pugilism, be suspected of favouring the blackguard, dissipated, and barbarous practices with which, always in old times, and too often in latter, it has been usually

accompanied. No: my intention—not a novelty, notwithstanding the necessity of repetition—is to assert the public utility and benefit of the pugilistic system; and to insist that its concomitant disadvantages are in about an equal ratio with those, which unavoidably attend every other good; that they arise rather from misconception, injudicious meddling, vacillating and uncertain law, and inefficient police, than from any radical vice in the nature of the thing itself.

It may be well wondered at that the term *pugilism* has been adopted so lately in our language, and that it was not introduced in the classical days of the virgin Queen and her learned and chaste successor, when every thing was latinized, and when the literary page, on whatever subject, was amply larded with latin phrase and quotation. The ancient Romans were great pugilists, and we find the word, with them, was much in use, together with numerous derivatives. The old *boxers*, Tony Jones, Slack, Broughton, Hugh Wright, Auger or Ripshaw, would have stared at the appellation of pugilists. The *ars fistica*, or the fistic art, is, no doubt, of Roman origin, and has been, during centuries past, so mixed up with the manners and habits of the English people, that it has become one of those national prejudices, which submit the latest to either force or adverse instruction. It has been long since refined, in this country, from the grossness and cruelty of ancient barbarism. No lacerating or stunning additions have been allowed to the naked fists, these being held the only lawful weapons. Foul blows have been particularised and interdicted, and an unimpeachable system of *fair*

play established, too universally known to need repetition. If any objectionable point of usage yet remains, it is *kicking the legs*; but is that practice yet retained? We have nationally and universally imbibed this principle. It has proved a grand moral lesson, not only in its peculiar practical application, but, from the necessary approximation of congenitive ideas, the necessity or propriety of *fair play* comes uppermost, in even the otherwise untutored mind, through the various concerns of life. Hence, personal safety has been generally more certain in this country, than in any other. The Scots were formerly far behind their southern countrymen, in the fairness of their fistic combats, allowing blows to be heaped upon the fallen combatants; and the Anglo-Americans, even yet, in some parts of their country, disgrace pugilism by the most barbarous and detestable practices, a description of which, already too well known, would soil the page. The *Sporting Magazine*, gradually making its way through the United States, I trust will prove an antidote to this moral poison.

Individuals, like bodies of men, or states, must have their disputes, their quarrels, and their battles: it is the sad, but natural and unavoidable condition on which human, indeed all animal life is held. There must, then, be some mode through which the infuriate passions, when roused, from whatever cause, may be assuaged and put to rest. And surely in this case, the fists, as most natural and harmless, are also the preferable instruments to the knife and the stiletto. There can be no objection to restrict this position to the vulgar and inferior classes of society, where sensibilities and resentments cannot be sup-

posed so refined, so rational, and so permanent, as those of their high-born and educated superiors. With respect to these last, we submissively give our assent to the indispensable use of the pistol and small sword, and to the unquestionable rationality of affording to that man who has injured another in the highest degree, the opportunity of conferring on him the inferior injury of depriving him of life. But our business is only with the pugilistic classes, and the natural weapons; and in order to form a correct judgment in the premises, it is necessary for travellers, and those who read books of travels, to reflect on the different modes of assuaging the revengeful passions, adopted by the lower orders on the continent, and in this country and its dependencies. The fist and the stiletto tell different tales.

It will doubtless be urged, that pugilism, as a national practice, and an occasional occurrence, may be tacitly allowed, discretionally prohibited, or punished, as occasion may require; but that gymnastic schools, and pitched battles, from their experienced ill effects on the habits and morals of the people, ought to be immediately suppressed. Granting the *necesse*, it will not be quite so easy to effect the *posse* of the case. And could the latter be compassed, in a presumed choice of evils, I fear we should not have chosen the least. To pugilistic schools, and regular combats, we owe the whole of that noble system of ethics, or *fair play*, which distinguishes and elevates our commonalty, and which stern, impartial, and cold-blooded reason herself, must hail as one of the glories of Britain. I will not answer for the purity of the congregation at a *gymnasium*, or *Fives Court*; but I am bold to

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risk the opinion, that a blackguard is more probable to acquire a sense of justice and fairness there, than at a love-feast in the recesses of Methodism. Agriculture, commerce, manufacture, the arts and sciences, constitute the real value of human life; and yet a nation exclusively devoted to those, such is the flaw in the *magna charta* of humanity, must exist in an uncertain, dependent, and slavish state. Among the inhabitants of such a country, a portion must be selected, whose profession and duty it must be to defend and secure the liberties and property of the whole. Here we have the military and naval professions. But in order to fit the people for these, and to prevent the too general indulgence of effeminacy and dread of enterprise, or the contagion of fanatical quietism, it is necessary to encourage the manly and athletic sports and contests, which invigorate the human frame, inspire contempt of personal suffering, and enable men to defend, as well as to enjoy. Englishmen have learned regular and fair boxing, as they have learned other arts; and were the pugilistic schools to be shut up, and the practice discouraged, at the fiat of the communion of our modern saints, the manly spirit of fair play in our combats might soon degenerate, and the English people lose entirely one of their fairest characteristics. A retrospect of the last twenty years will prove that these are not the times to incur such a risk. How much soever we have had of the fist, we have indeed had too much of the bludgeon and the steel.

Pugilistic exhibitions are said to harden the heart, to induce a ferocity of character and conduct, and generally to be attended by the

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most abandoned, the very scum of society. It cannot, and need not, be denied, that hitherto such has been the case. The principle only and its utility, perhaps necessity, not the former or even the existing meliorated practice, it is the purpose of these lines to defend. But at any rate, since suppression appears to be an unattainable object, an unreserved acknowledgment of the right, not the present see-saw, uncertain, and ridiculous toleration, and a reform of the practice, are the things needful. The gallows, it is said, has been supplied from the ring, which means nothing more, in substance, than that those two venerable institutions are contemporaneous. Pugilism includes nothing essentially vicious or immoral; and if we must reason and decide from abuse, mercy on us, where are we to halt? and what is to become of the bench of Bishops? Men are not to be cured of their evil habits and propensities by the mere arbitrary force of law, and by being vilified and condemned. Contempt and rigour will rather excite in them a passion of revenge, confirming those irregular and obnoxious inclinations, which a conciliatory treatment might subdue. Teach men to respect themselves—the first step to the respect of others. Let this be applied to the ring, an indispensable national institution, which, and we have the warrant of long experience, may become worthy of national support and patronage, under the general superintendence of the respectable Mr. Jackson. It is with much pleasure that I quote from public report, the fair and honest character of THOMAS WINTER, who has assumed the name of Spring; and there is no doubt, that a considerable addition might be made in the line

of decent and good reputation, from the pugilistic ring.

I propose the following plan:—An unrestricted allowance to pugilistic schools and regular battles. No battle to be fought without giving notice thereof to the Magistracy of the district. All rioting on these occasions, breaches of the peace, or unlawful conduct in the ring, to be punished with exemplary severity. A strict *surveillance* from the police, of notorious characters. The regulation and management of the national pugilism would naturally devolve on that portion of the Corinthian orders who are amateurs of the science; and a PUGILISTIC CLUB, on the plan of the Jockey Club, might be instituted, with much propriety, or rather would be highly expedient. From this Club all orders of regulation might issue, and thither all disputes might be referred. A grand pugilistic theatre, in a central situation, would prove a useful and needful ornament to the metropolis; and the spirit of private adventure would soon add to the number of such, in various provincial towns. The modern reformed pugilistic system should be entirely disavowed, and kept sacred from the detestable and infamous adjunct of the old Broughtonian school—namely, the baiting or torture of brute animals—a practice equally degrading to man, as an indulgence in “the classical taste of antiquity.” The enjoyment derived from witnessing the voluntary contentions and gallant self-exposure to intense sufferings, whether of man or animals, compared with that which is experienced from beholding the slow and lingering tortures, and listening to the sobs and sighs and dying groans, which wretched

beasts are staked down to endure, in the view of reason, common sense, and the common feeling of men and animals, is heaven compared with hell.

Our *gymnasias*, on the presumption of such necessity, might be licensed, as a Government possesses a power of expedient regulation, where it may not have the right absolutely to interdict. But as political economy and free trade are now the order of the day, why not free boxing, and leaving genuine pugilistic morality to find its natural and proper level? Boxing, and boxing schools, as free Britons, we must have. Let us, then, found them on the nearest possible approach to genuine and liberal morality. There is an adjunct, however, which we cannot dis sever. There will, and there must be, *PLAY*. It is an interest in human nature, which no principle from the beginning of the world (to make use of a solecism), to this hour, has ever been able to neutralise or expel; and our well-intentioned conjurors, who are at present making the hopeful attempt, *vi et armis*, as their predecessors have periodically done, are simply re-acting the farce of old Tommy Goss, ***** against the moon. Talk of play, indeed, at this day! The times are gone by and forgotten, but I, as a looker-on, have not forgotten them, when little Cauty's Pharaoh table in Pall-mall was opposite to that held by Lord R. —, and the Right Hon. C. J. F. I cannot dismiss this subject without sporting a few words on the *slang*, or flash language, appropriate, by custom, to the concerns of the ring—that “little rum tounge vich ve calls *slang*,” wherewith the *trap*, or *prig*, I have forgotten which, “queered

old Full-bottom (Lord Mansfield.)” We knowing coves of the present day, are under infinite obligation to Pierce Egan, for numerous additions to, and emendations of, the old vocabulary, which, it must be acknowledged, was grounded on that of *another ring*; and hence the affinity, or cousin-germanship, which the sly ones are so ready to affirm between the two.

On the whole, I see no reason to question the practicability of establishing an unexceptionable system of national gymnastic exercise or pugilism. It is absurd to assert that such must necessarily be a school of profligates and thieves. As to the latter, it is with shame and regret I repeat, that long habits of observation and reflection have convinced me that we have a regular national nursery for them. I can tell a story that may obviate the necessity of further explanation. Many of my readers will recollect the name of “Young Morgan,” perhaps our last “royal scamp,” and his farewell ditty—

“Methought I heard the people say, as I
pass’d through the City,
That such a clever youth as I to die it was
a pity.”

When Morgan was in bloom, but not quite ripe, I had occasion to send a servant, who knew him personally, to Smithfield. From thence, as he afterwards told me, he went on his own occasions to (as I recollect) the Windmill, in Turnmill-street, in those days a flash house. There he saw Morgan drinking with two police officers. He waited, listening to their discourse until they parted, when, shaking hands with Morgan, they bade him adieu with significant looks, and “Good luck to you, my boy!” to which he replied, “Aye, aye, I understand you: I know you’ll have me when I weigh my

weight!" Such was then our police.
A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

A SPECIMEN OF THE "LARNED."

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Have sent the enclosed literal copy of a letter lately received, being well worth insertion in your next.—I am, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

February 3, 1824.

SIR—I am inform by your beloved friend Mr. Thos. Jenkins at Tynewidd Cwystwith to acquaint you that we both desire to obtain the goodness of you to persuade John the post huntsman at or near Llanbeder particular to come here immediately with his hounds for to kill the savage Foxes—We shall want him here for two or three weeks and as this provance being a very mistical land wel want his Tarriers I hope that your moderation and constitution being proportionable to our offence in Serving our Intrest of persuad the said Huntsman that two shillings for Each day will be sefiscent wages and free him here off from all expence for provitions and free him here from the cost of feed his dogs—Please of being appunctual in persuad the said Huntsman to come here as soon as possible to the house Called Dderw or to Mr. Jenkins house called Tynewidd—Yet in consequence believe that I have all dominion of Mrs. Jenkins your beloved Sister to beg you will with the first opportunity direct the said huntsman to come here immediately.—Your most obedient servant

THOS. JONES of Deirw
n^r Hafod Cwmystwith.

For the *Sporting Magazine*.

THE SHOOTER'S GUIDE.

THE art of shooting, and every thing relating to dogs, guns, and game, have undergone such wonderful changes within the last twenty years, that were a sportsman of the middle of the last century to rise from his grave, he would be all astonishment and wonder. Instead of being pretty well contented with his day's sport if he found three or four covies of birds, a leash of hares, and one or two brace of pheasants, he would now see them walked up by scores in almost every field or brake, and the help of dogs, in many instances, useless. Extremes of all sorts are bad; and, speaking as sportsmen, we think the vast quantity of game which modern preserves give birth to, is a considerable drawback from the otherwise interesting pleasure of shooting.

Fresh publications, however, still issue from the press on the above subjects; and we have just noticed the seventh edition of Mr. Thomas's *Shooter's Guide, or Complete Sportsman's Companion*, in which every thing relating to the gun and its appurtenances is fully and ably treated of. He commences with instructions to the tyros in the art; and we think his remarks are good, particularly as relating to the hare, which, he properly says, should never be shot at at a greater distance than twenty-five or thirty yards, as there is no certainty of their being killed, even presuming the aim to have been taken correctly. Supposing none of her legs to have been broken, a hare will carry away a vast quantity of shot in her hinder parts; and even if the wound be eventually mortal, she will be able

to get quite out of the reach of the shooter, before she is obliged to stop, so that he is none the better for the attempt, and the feelings of humanity are violated for nothing. Mr. Thomas recommends aiming at the head, as one or two shots will stop an old hare in that vital part.

Mr. Thomas has a long chapter upon dogs, their different sorts, and their diseases, as also on the various ways of breaking them, partly compiled from various authors, and partly from the *Sporting Magazine*. The matter, however, is well selected, and most of the recipes are good. That for the bite of a viper is similar to the one recommended by us in our Number for October last, p. 19—viz. an immediate application of olive, or (if not to be had) sweet oil, taken internally, as also bathing the affected parts with the same.

The following observation is worthy of remark:—"Partridges lie much better to dogs that wind them, than to those that follow them by the track—(we should have said foot.) The dog that winds the scent, approaches the birds by degrees, and with more or less caution, as he finds them tame or shy, which he is enabled to discover by the scent which they emit when they are uneasy; besides, when they see him hunting round them, they are not so much alarmed, because they do not perceive that he is following them. Nothing disturbs birds more than for them to see a dog tracing their footsteps. When a dog follows them in this manner down wind, he generally springs them; for he is not able to take the scent properly till he is upon them, and then they will not lie. Dogs that carry their heads high, will always find the most

game."—(See p. 75 and 8.)—The above just remarks shew the advantage of giving pointers the wind, a point not sufficiently attended to by sportsmen in general.

Among the recipes, which are numerous, we extract the following, as new to us:—

"To recover the sense of smelling."
—Two drachms of agaric, one scruple of salgammæ: beat these into powder, and mix them well with simple oxymel, making a pill as big as a nut. Cover it with butter, and force it down the dog's throat, if he will not take it without." The balls to be given a few weeks before shooting, are good.
—"One pound of antimony, four ounces of sulphur, and a sufficient quantity of syrup of buck-thorn to give it a proper consistence: divide into balls, each weighing seven drachms, and give one every second or third day."

The admirer of grouse-shooting will find some useful information in this volume, together with a reference to the laws of Scotland, to which every sportsman becomes subject, who goes so far north for his sport. It appears that the only means by which strangers can lawfully sport in Scotland, is by obtaining the permission of persons who are qualified by the laws of Scotland, and such permission only extends to the lands of the party granting it. The certificate is equally necessary in any part of the united kingdom.

As might be expected in a work of this sort, Mr. Thomas goes deeply into the subject of guns, with all the varieties of locks, &c. but whither our limits will not allow us to follow him. He then gives some long extracts from the game laws, which are highly use-

ful as well as interesting to the sportsman.

We conclude our remarks with one observation. Mr. Thomas is of an opinion that a chimney-sweeper, with money in his pocket, has as good a title to shoot a partridge as any other man. Here we must differ from him. So long as the land supports the game, to the land should the game belong. It is well known that the Earl of Coventry (as well as some other noblemen) allows some of his tenants 100*l.* per annum for damage done by his game. Could this game in any way be called the property of the chimney-sweeper? Mr. Thomas may say, they are *feræ naturæ*: we contend they are *feræ ejus*—the property of the man who rears and preserves them. We are far, however, from thinking that the game laws should be strictly, or vexatiously, resorted to; and are quite of Mr. Serjeant Cockell's opinion, who told the Jury at York, "that he hoped there was not a Magistrate in the kingdom who would put the penalties in force against a gentleman who sported honourably."

PISCATORY CHIT CHAT.

LETTER III.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Am afraid I shall be rather late with my *Chit Chat* this month, but the intervention of Christmas must form my excuse. Christmas of itself is such a source of chit chat of another sort, such a getter-together of song-singers, conundrum-crackers (not to say nut-crackers), together with friends, relations, and good fellows of all sorts; and then, there is so much plum-pudding and roast beef, so many boiled tur-

kies, nests' tongues, mince pies and other pies (not forgetting the beautiful *pattys*), to be discussed and enjoyed; so many fair friends to be kissed under the mialetoe; in short, there are so many good and kind things to be eaten and done, that a man can hardly be blamed who should a little neglect other matters. These things then, Sir, I plead to you in justification of being somewhat later in my communication; and to your readers I plead them (hoping and trusting they have been well employed in the same way), as an excuse for its being rather short; for be it known, that, although some folks say that Christmas is over, I am this very night engaged to join a merry party, and as I shall have to furbish up a song for the occasion, I really have but little time to write.

Now, then, to the proposed continuation of piscatory matters, and particularly the great and very just complaint there is of the scarcity of fish in the river Thames. That fish are scarce in that noble stream, is allowed on all hands—every body is agreed in that particular; but as to the cause of scarcity very few argue alike, and I by no means premise that any opinion of mine may be more correct than that of another man. It is thought by some that the establishment of locks upon the river, for the purpose of facilitating the navigation, has assisted in making the fish fewer, by interrupting the strength of the stream, and that, in consequence, it will become, or has become, shallower. Others, again, think the steam-boats do injury to the fishery; and some complain of the deleterious effects of the discharge of water, through which the gas has been passed,

into the Thames. These are the most usual topics of complaint; and, with regard to the last, I think there can be little doubt of very serious injury having been done by the allowing of such a horrible liquid to flow into the river, not only in the destruction of the fish, and the driving of them away, but also in the bad effect it must have upon the water, which is afterwards used for domestic purposes. It may be said, where is the proof of the latter? Perhaps it would be very difficult to shew any immediate evil result having been known to proceed from it, but it may have a slow and undermining effect upon the constitutions of many, which may even ultimately tend to shorten life. My opinion, as an humble individual, may be of little weight, but it is, that it ought not to be suffered. With respect to its injuring the fish, a case has come to my knowledge within a few weeks, decidedly in point, except that it was not in a tide river, or indeed a running stream at all, but still quite sufficient to shew the poisonous nature of the gas water. In what were formerly known as the Hackney, or Cat and Mutton-fields, now covered with houses and other buildings, a large gasometer has been built, on ground purchased of Mr. Rhodes, the great brick-maker. I need not tell many London anglers, that in those fields there were, and still are, several very fine deep ponds, supplied by springs, in which were many roach, perch, eels, and some other fish. One of these ponds is situated near this gasometer, and the refuse water from it, whether by permission or not, I cannot say, has been conveyed to the pond spoken of; and the consequence was, a short time back, that the fish were taken at

the sides of the ponds, by the boys and men of the neighbourhood, in a sick and dying state. Whether they were afterwards eaten I cannot say; but I confess I would not have ventured to partake of them. I merely introduce the circumstance, to shew the bad effects of this impure water being suffered to flow into wholesome water.

As to the injury done to the fishing in the river Thames, by the passing to and fro of the steam-boats, I take it to be an idle complaint: the fish may be frightened for the moment, but no more. Neither do they travel sufficiently above London, to injure the sport in the part now spoken of. The other complaint, of the injury done by the construction of locks, I think almost as idle: it is pretended that the parts confined between the locks can be more easily fished, and that they prevent the scaly people from roving about as nature intended they should. I really cannot see the force of this reasoning, as applying to the diminution of the quantity of fish: indeed, I know several small navigable streams that are good for nothing except at the deep holes about the locks, which are upon them, and the back waters near them; and as to its having any influence upon their instincts, there is but little fear of their not following the law of nature—they will “increase and multiply,” like other beings.

It has always been my opinion that fresh-water fish have been fewer ever since the time of scarcity, some five-and-twenty years back. Bread, meat, and every possible article necessary for the support of man, were then so dear, that many poor persons could hardly obtain any food beyond potatoes: the consequence was, that all the

men and boys of this description, who lived in the neighbourhood of a stream or pond, where there were any fish, immediately became poachers of the waters, to answer the pressure of the times, and their necessities. Night-work of all sorts was resorted to for the entrapping of fish. These people finding they procured more than enough for their own consumption, became dealers in the article; for, although before this time even poor folks would have turned up their noses at a dish of *bony* fresh-water fish, their betters now became willing to buy, at a reasonable rate, any thing, however small, that would save meat. I have seen the operation of this in many inland counties, and I have no sort of doubt that the same thing first originated the scarcity in the Thames; and it is to be observed, that men who have once acquired a habit of this sort, never leave it off: like all other habits, good or bad, it sticks close to them for the rest of their lives. The fellows who fish with improper nets in the river Thames, may be seen perpetually at their nefarious avocation, and taking and carrying away the smallest possible bleak, dace, or gudgeon, that a fair angler would throw in again. This is the root of the evil, unquestionably. The gas-water has done injury in the immediate vicinity of London; the steam-boats *may*, by possibility, do some mischief to the spawn; but the practice of improper netting, in all its multifarious branches, has done the mischief; and I am afraid that all the water-bailiffs, lords of manors, gamekeepers, and their deputies, in this game-keeping country, will never be able now to prevent it entirely. If it is ever cured, it will be by the

cheapness of articles of the first necessity, which has had this effect already in parts remote from London; but while our fishmongers encourage persons in the taking of small fish, it cannot be expected to cease with us; and that they do so, is pretty certain. How else could they have for sale the poor little perch, pike, roach, &c. which may be continually seen at this time of the year on their stalls? Some of these gentlemen treat the cockneys now and then with a sight of live fish in their leaden troughs. I saw some of these a few days back at a shop in a court near Red Lion-street, Holborn; and amongst them were two little pickerells, about eight inches long, or not quite so much, and which perhaps weighed as many ounces, certainly not more: with them, too, were roach, about the length of mine, or the reader's middle finger, all of which were dying by inches in this notable trough, of about six inches deep.

I find that after all my apologies at the beginning of this bit of *Chit Chat*, it has nevertheless extended itself, in some unaccountable way, to a tolerably *fair* length, in speaking of *foul* water, and *foul* fishing. How far it may be esteemed tolerable by your readers, or yourself, is another matter; but as I began with an apology, I will e'en finish in the same tone, and beg you all to take the will for the deed.—I am, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

January 24, 1824.

GOODWIN'S SHOE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Am rather surprised that none of your correspondents have

brought under the notice of your readers, Goodwin's malleable cast-iron shoe, or, more properly, shoes, since he makes them of various patterns, and of small gradations in size, from the poney to the largest cart horse. I have now used them for several months, with an increasing degree of satisfaction; and so much pains has been taken with the patterns, that a great majority of feet may be fitted without any alteration of the shoe; and when alteration to fit is necessary, it may be effected at a very low temperature, quite as easily as with forged iron.

When I was last in London, I saw at the Bazaar, and one or two other places, a sort of prospectus, but this don't give the information one would wish for, and I should therefore recommend every sportsman, mindful of his horse's feet—and what sporting man is not?—to do as I have done, try them, and judge for himself.

Since I commenced their use, Goodwin has very judiciously opened a forge in Duck-lane, off Broad-street, Golden-square, where any failures by previous MISAPPLICATION (and accidents of this kind will every now and then occur to every good thing), may be put to rights.—I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

A GREEN COLLAR.

Surrey Hills, Jan. 20, 1824.

PREJUDICE AGAINST THE SQUIRREL.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IT is an unfortunate thing to have a bad name, and prejudice once imbibed, it is difficult to eradicate it. This detraction is not confined to man alone, but alights with death-like vengeance on many inoffensive animals. The beautiful *squirrel*,

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whose presence gives an additional charm to our groves and woodland bowers, is at present singled out as one of the unfortunate. Wherever seen, the "thundering tube" is levelled at its life. And why? Because it is said they suck the eggs of game. Now allowing this, for the sake of argument, are they not more likely to destroy those found in trees and high bushes, such as crows and magpies, since the squirrel inhabits trees, and could there destroy with impunity? If the imputation against them be even well founded, the balance is in their favour, and they should be preserved instead of destroyed, for it is well known that the magpie and crow are particularly destructive, both to the eggs and the young broods of game.

The squirrel is seldom on the ground, except in nutting time, when "bright from their cups the rattling acorns fall." It is then they lay in their winter store, such as beech-nuts, hazle, &c., and when those are exhausted, they feed on the cones of the firs. I will bring further evidence in their favour, if silence can be evidence:—Birds of prey are never clamorous at the presence of the squirrel; but if a stoat or polecat make its appearance, the cry of these birds is vehement.

It is very easy to trace the origin of this persecution. Keepers are usually paid so much per head for all *destructive* animals, which is very proper. To increase their list, and add a few sixpences to the account, they persuade their employers the squirrel destroys the eggs of pheasants, &c.—they "caught them in the fact." That is enough—destruction follows. This is not the only innocent animal that has suffered by *blood money*.—Yours, &c.

S.

D. L.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE NEW ROYAL MEWS AT PIMLICO.

AMONG the numerous good qualities which our present Majesty inherits from his late Royal Father, is his regard for that noble animal the horse, and which continues unabated to the present hour. The vast expence he has incurred in erecting stables so eminently adapted to their health and comfort, fully bears us out in the sentiments we have expressed on the subject. A little sketch, then, of his various equestrian establishments, may not, perhaps, be altogether uninteresting to our readers.

Of the superb Royal Mews now building at Pimlico, we can at present only give an outline, but promise to furnish our readers with a correct account, when further advanced towards completion. This grand edifice, which presents so magnificent a feature in the neighbourhood where it stands, is built on part of the Queen's gardens (as they are called), and adjoining the Queen's old riding-house at Pimlico. It forms a splendid quadrangle of 200 feet, and contains stalls for 150 horses. To secure it against fire, the utmost precautions which ingenuity could invent have been adopted. Not only are the pillars, racks, beams, and rafters, all made of cast iron, but the floors of the numerous rooms above are laid with a patent composition, having the exact appearance of stone. These rooms are all intended for the accommodation of the Royal servants belonging to this part of the establishment, and are admirably adapted to cleanliness and comfort. There was one circumstance which particularly attracted our notice; and that was—a window in one of the groom's bed-rooms looking into

each of the stables, so that he will be able to see every horse in it, as he lies in his bed. This, we conclude, is to guard against accidents, by horses being cast in their stalls, or getting into any other difficulty. At the suggestion of Mr. Roberts, state coachman to his Majesty, the stalls in the stable in which the state horses are kept, are made sufficiently low to enable them to *see each other*, as, being all stallions, they are by that means rendered more quiet, and less disposed to be savage towards each other. It is well known that, on the Continent, the greater part of the post and coach horses are entire horses, but they seldom molest each other, because they generally stand together.

There are three very good houses detached from the Royal Mews—One for Colonel Quentin, equerry to the Crown stables; one for Mr. William Goodwin, veterinary surgeon to the King; and another for Mr. Parker, clerk of the stables to his Majesty. There are also stables for from forty to fifty horses, for the use of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, which are also detached from the Royal Mews; but we did not perceive any apartments for domestics belonging to this establishment.

The stables for the state horses at Pimlico are not so high as those at Carlton Palace, from which an inconvenience arises. The windows, being just over the horses' heads, cannot be kept open without risk of their catching cold, in addition to which, the light strikes too directly on their eyes, which must be injurious to them. These stables are also *double*, which prevents proper ventilation, as air, from below, should be admitted, where one row of horses must now stand. We also think these stables are too large, as there are no less

than twenty-four stalls in one, and thirty-two in the other. In all, there are standings for about 150 horses, with nine excellent loose-houses. The single stables are, certainly, on a most comfortable and superior scale.

Of the coach houses we cannot speak so highly as we could wish. In the first place, they front the south, which will prove injurious to the carriages, by their being exposed to the sun. Secondly, that side of the building is too shallow to admit of their being a proper depth; for there ought to have been room for a coach and four horses to stand under cover, in case of their having to wait for his Majesty in bad weather. The house for the state coach is also too small, there not being sufficient room for the servants to clean it conveniently. The doors of the coach houses are also single, which will, of course, occasion difficulty in getting in a second carriage. We wonder if these objections escaped the observation of so good a judge as the present Master of the Horse, or whether they may be attributed to some of those *nashional* errors which we have now and then heard of. The composition with which the floors are laid is at present most offensive to the smell; and we confess we are not without our doubts as to that nuisance being removed.

Our readers, most probably, are aware, that the Royal Mews at Pimlico is built with a view to the Palace at Buckingham Gate being hereafter the chief residence of his Majesty, in the first place; and in the second, in consequence of the old Royal Mews being about to be pulled down, to form the new line of streets in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Church,

by which that elegant and classically-constructed building will be more open to the public view. As we understand this plan was determined upon eleven years ago, we are somewhat surprised that the new stables are not in a more advanced state. We cannot also help lamenting that so noble an edifice should be buried in such a low situation as Pimlico; and that it had not been erected somewhere in the neighbourhood of Messrs. Tattersall's, where it would have formed a grand feature in the entrance to that part of the Metropolis.

For the size of the establishment, we despair of ever seeing stables, and all appendages belonging to them, so complete as those of Carlton Palace, which consist of only about fifty stalls, and seven or eight loose boxes; but when the advantages of size, light, water, cleanliness, and wholesome atmosphere, are duly appreciated, they stand unrivalled in his Majesty's dominions. Being on an inclined plain, they are so well drained, that no unwholesome air can arise, as the urine runs into a gutter which is swilled down every morning by a large flow of water, forming what is called "a stink trap." The thirteen-stall stable, built in the form of a crescent, is, without any exception, the most elegant and convenient we ever witnessed, as a person standing in any part of it can see the entire form of any individual horse in it. The coach houses and harness rooms are also on the best construction, and admirably adapted to their intended purposes. The latter is a sight well worth seeing. The splendid brass harness used by his Majesty on all occasions short of going in state, is kept in one of

these rooms, and, from the profusion of its ornaments, has a dazzling appearance. It is twenty years old, but in the highest state of preservation.

(To be continued.)

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IF you think the following observations on riding to hounds worth inserting in your very excellent Miscellany (to which I am an old subscriber), they are at your service. If not, just put them behind the fire, and, as I have paid the postage, all you will lose will be the time thrown away in the reading my lucubrations.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

NIM NORTH.

I HAVE been very much amused, as well as instructed, by your correspondent NIMROD's very excellent description of the countries in which he has hunted, and his directions in riding to hounds. NIMROD, without exception (in my humble opinion), is the best writer in your Magazine, and I shall be very sorry when he ceases to be a contributor to it; and I hope that no attack that may be made upon him for his opinions will induce him to withdraw from the arena, where he shines "the foremost and the best."

Although I cannot hope to reach the powers of his pen, yet, having always been enthusiastically attached to fox-hunting, and having had some little experience in that line, I have endeavoured to throw a few hints together, that may be useful to a beginner. I must first premise, that the country I have principally hunted in is as different

from Leicestershire as possible—deep clay ground mostly ploughed, large double fences, generally to be taken at twice, seldom a flier except at stone walls, and not many brooks, but sometimes very large drains, with boggy ground on each side—by the way, the worst thing you can ride at.

I shall not attempt any method in my observations, but write them down as they happen to suggest themselves.

It is certainly a great point to get a good start, but, instead of galloping about the cover, taking it out of your horse before his time, in nine covers out of ten there is some place where the fox generally breaks, or that the whole cover can be commanded from, and to which you will see the knowing ones resort. If you are a stranger to the country, inquire who is the best man out, and attach yourself to him till you get fairly off. Indeed, in some countries that are full of ravines and bogs, or if you get upon hills where you cannot keep with the hounds, it is the safest plan to stick to some good one who knows the country; but avoid pressing too hard on him, or you may possibly get a similar salute to a gentleman who selected Lord D. as a leader, who, after endeavouring for some time in vain to shake him off, at last turned round in a pet, and said, "One would think, from the way you are riding, that you were trying to catch me, and be d—d to you!" When I mentioned there is a place in most covers where the fox often breaks, I do not mean you to place *yourself* there, as by that means you will head him back into cover, and most probably spoil your day's sport; but put yourself where you can command it, and as close

into the cover as you can, as the fox will be less likely to observe you in that position than if you stand at some distance from it. When you see the fox break, do not begin bellowing "Tally-ho!" as if you were out of your wits, as you will head him back if you do; but wait till he gets fairly off, then, if the hounds are not at him, you may halloo till you are sick. Never speak to a hound, either to rate or cheer (unless you see him running riot close to you, when, of course, you will be doing a service to stop him), as there is nothing a huntsman dislikes so much as to hear strangers interfering with his hounds. Do not ride too close on the tail of the hounds; and if a hound is getting through a fence, do not jump on the top of him, as I have seen some do. Avoid riding too far forward at first, as you will most likely press the hounds beyond the scent, and get a hearty d—ning for your pains. Wait till they get steadily settled to their fox, and then, if it is any thing of a scenting day, there will be little danger of your over-riding them. When you ride at a place that has the appearance of being boggy, if it is not wider than you can get through at a couple of strides, the sharper you go at it the better (at the same time keeping your horse well in hand, as you will have to hold him up), and the impetus will get you over; but if it is a wide place, and you must be through, jump off, and get him across as quick as you can, as the less time you are about it, the less liable will he be to stick. I have, indeed, seen some horses that would wade through a bog like a cow; but they belonged to people who lived upon the hills, and, in all probability, were in a bog every time they

went out. When you get into a bog, wait till the horse has done plunging (which he will do violently at first), before you jump off, as, by throwing yourself off while he is plunging, you will most likely get trod upon and hurt. You need not be afraid of a place, however boggish it may look, provided there are green rushes or stones in it; but if it is covered with a sort of green fog, and lumpish at the top, you may be certain it will not carry.

In the northern part of Northumberland, you very often, at the end of a run, find yourself at the foot of the Cheviot hills, and have to climb them when your horse is half done. It is the most killing work I ever saw: in fact, none but a real good horse can do it. In riding on the hills, the best plan (if not too much out of the line of the hounds) is, to ride round them; but if you have to follow the dogs over them, in climbing you must hold your horse very tight in hand, and do not press him too much until you have got to the top: then give him his head, still, however, lightly feeling his mouth, and let him go straight down as quick as he chooses. There is little danger of his falling, unless by his hind legs slipping on one side from under him, which most likely will happen if you attempt to take him slanting, or check him by taking too hard hold of his head. Never ride upon a sheep track on the hills: they are not wide enough for a horse, and he is either continually slipping off them, or, if they are worn into a rut, are very apt to catch a horse's foot, and dislocate the fetlock joint, as happened lately to a valuable mare, belonging to Mr. Baillie, of Mellerstain, when his hounds were

running on the hills. When you are riding on the side of a hill, be prepared, and the moment you feel your horse going, double up the leg that is towards the hill, by which you will fall clear of him. You need not be afraid how much your horse skates in going down the hill, provided you keep him moving, and straight down. It certainly requires a little nerve to do this; but a little practice will soon get you up to it.

In our country it is seldom possible to take the gates in stroke. The ground is mostly so deep, and cut up on each side, that a horse cannot spring. In general, however, if you look sharp before you come at it, there will be a place within a few yards either to the right or left of the gate, which will be practicable, and you will lose much less time by going a little out of your line than by pulling up to open the gate. Sometimes, in old gates, the top rail is broken off about half way across, in this



manner, which will tempt you to ride at it. If your horse should go too near the post on either side, do not throw your leg back to avoid it, as you will infallibly come off if you do, but lift it forward on his shoulder, which will clear your leg as effectually, and the motion throws you back into the saddle, instead of over the bows.

Never endeavour to ride fast through a gate that is swinging to, as most likely you will be caught between it and the post, and the least thing that can happen is to knock the horse's stifle out of joint. Never ride at a gate that another man is in the act of opening. I recollect going at one that a friend

of mine swung open just as the mare I was riding rose at it. She luckily tucked up her hind legs and cleared it, but it was a very nervous operation. When riding in company, and it is absolutely necessary that you must go through a gate, do not ride forward to open it yourself, but let your comrade do it, as you can step through when he pulls it open, by which you get the lead, and at the same time it gives your nag a pull. In order to open a gate with expedition (although I cannot too often repeat that you should never try to do so, if it can be leaped, or the fence is any way practicable on either side), and to prevent any body taking advantage of your opening it to step through before you, you must observe the following directions:—If it opens towards you, the hinges being on the right-hand side, ride up to it with your horse's left shoulder to the fastening, the shoulder being just clear of the gate, so that when it opens you are the first person that can get through. If it opens from you (the hinges to the right), then your right shoulder must be to the fastening. If the hinges are to the left hand, reverse the above directions. In fact, all you have to avoid is, having to pull your horse back, which few horses are willing to do, particularly when the blood is up with the heat of the chase.

Two of the main points in fox-hunting are—decision and perseverance. NIMROD has said enough about decision—therefore I shall only mention perseverance. If you get a bad start, or lose your place, or even the hounds, by a fall or any other accident, never be discouraged, but get in as quick as possible without blowing your horse, and it is a hundred to one that

there will be a check or a turn that will let you in ; and if ever you lose your place, or get pounded, through your not doing the trick as you think you ought to have done, after the run is over recal the circumstances to your mind, and profit by the lesson, not to make the same mistake again.

In galloping along a road, which is to be avoided as much as possible, get upon the side of it, as it is generally much softer there ; but in going home after dusk, always keep the middle, as there are frequently heaps of broken stones laid upon the side for the repair of the road, and which, from being of the same colour, will not easily be distinguished, and which will bring you down to a certainty. Ditto in travelling in a gig at night. In going at fences that are to be taken at twice, do not take him at it too hard, or you will, most likely, land in the ditch on the other side ; and if there should be any person before you, and it is an awkward place, give him time to get over and away, as it is not quite so agreeable to be rode over.

When there is a rail run on one side of a fence and ditch, you must cram him at it as hard as you can rattle, or he will not clear it. In going at a double post and rail, it depends a good deal upon the horse you are riding, and the width between the rails, whether you should take it at twice, or fly it altogether. If I was riding a very high-couraged horse, I would prefer the latter, and spin him at it ; but, on a steady quiet one, which was a good standing jumper (notwithstanding NIMROD's sneer, a very useful thing in some countries), I would take it at twice.

In going at flyers, brooks, &c. I have always, when within forty or

fifty yards of them, pulled my horse rather off his speed, and then given him the persuaders, and let him go at them freely. This depends a good deal upon the horse you are riding. I have a horse at this time that can jump any thing ; and yet, if you touch him with the spur, he will draw up his back and stop immediately.

In Berkshire and East Lothian, there are a great number of fences that have a hedge and ditch on one side, and are faced up with stone on the other, so as to be something like a sunk fence. When going at them on the faced side, you must not be in too great a hurry, and the horse will soon get the method of just touching them and going away again. You lose little or no time in doing this, and you are quite certain of clearing the ditch on the other side, and landing safe in the next field. When you get half-way across a field, fix your eye on the next fence, and determine the place you intend to take, *and never change your mind*, without some very good reason, and be as quick as possible in getting over and away.

In some parts of the country the ditches are made with sods cut from the moor-land, which very soon get rotten. When you suspect this, do not (if you can avoid it) go at the same place where another has gone before you, as, though they will carry the first horse over, yet the next man often comes neck and crop over. Where the fence is thick strong thorns, go at it as hard as you can, as, the more impetus, the more chance you have of getting through. You should dismount to lead over as little as possible, as you lose an immensity of time in so doing ; but, if it is actually such a place as you

can get over by leading, and it is not practicable any other way, why my idea is (if I may be allowed a bad pun), if you can get on by getting off, you had better do that, than lose time by seeking another place, or jumping your horse into a place which he may possibly get out of by your not being on his back, but in which he would infallibly stick if you were. This may be unintelligible to the Melton flyers (although, from NIMROD's last letter, I see that even there they *sometimes* dismount to pull down a rail), but any man who has hunted in the sort of country I am describing, will know what I mean. When you get a fall, endeavour to keep hold of the reins, as there is no part of the hunting vocabulary that sounds worse than, "Pray stop my horse!" which few people will be goodnatured enough to do; although, if the hounds are not going very hard, if another man's horse should happen to get away from him and come up to you, it will be just as kind, if you will take hold of his reins; and if there is a gate or rail near you, to throw them over the post, which will keep him till his owner comes up. I say this if the hounds are not going fast, and that you will not lose your place by so doing.

When you see the hounds suddenly turn down a hill which they seemed to be climbing, or that the scent first lies on one side of a fence and then on the other, and *that* two or three times in a field, you may depend upon it the fox is just done. In the first case he finds himself blown, and therefore dares not continue to take the hill, and in the last he is endeavouring as much as possible to foil the hounds by threading the fence. You will see the old dogs get forward, and all the hounds

run nearly, if not entirely, mute, and instead of the lobbing slinging sort of way in which they seemed to be going, they will change their pace into a vicious determined eagerness, with their sterns bent down and their bristles staring like boars. When you notice any of these symptoms, however much your horse may be done, endeavour to keep on, as you may be certain they are running in to him, and that the run is near at an end, to which I shall also bring my epistle, which has grown, under my hands, into a most unconscionable length.

Feb. 3, 1824. NIM NORTH.

RUN WITH SIR JACOB ASTLEY'S HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,
ON Friday last, February 6, we had a right good day with Sir Jacob Astley's hounds, from Snoring Gorse. The hounds killed their fox at a quarter past twelve, in the Swanton Forty Acres—found again directly, ran for thirty minutes, and lost. The hounds were then thrown into the Swanton Great Wood, and unkennelled their fox at fifteen minutes before two. Reynard broke in an easterly direction, with the hounds close at his brush, looking healthy and ready for work. They ran him ten minutes, and came to a check, where the wily animal's cunning had nigh baffled his enemies, when, by a skilful cast, the scent again was owned, though faint and cold. The hounds feathered up to Gibbon's Wood. Here the music became general, and improved much o'er Stockheath, where we witnessed some *very pretty* hunting, which, combined with the romantic scenery of the Bayfield

Hills, was truly delightful. He then crossed over to Briney Wood, where he was viewed away by Sir Jacob, and—after “Hold hard!” &c. “Pray give ‘em time: let ‘em settle to it!” from an old sportsman—we went away at a killing rate; for we’d a rare scent, and a “hell of a pace they did go, to be sure,” by the Thursford coverts, where he tried the earths, but finding them shut against him, and the hounds pressing him desperately, made the best of his way through Kettlestone, and by Briney Plough, to the Swanton Great Wood. The country was heavy, and the running very sharp. Here the hounds stuck *well* to their fox, and carried the scent through three hundred acres of wood without a check, in a style which highly gratified the field, and proved them to be in correct hands. He was then viewed away, taking a southerly direction for Hindolveston Wood, but was headed back, by some travellers on the road, into Fulmondeston Severals. He tarried not a moment, but passed over to Stibbard’s Grove, where the hounds running rank at him, he broke away, having started a new course, steering direct west, and, after running for twenty-five minutes, over a fine hunting country, towards Langor Bridge, by Kettlestone Gibbet, where he was viewed, in apparent good trim, twenty minutes before us, making Horningtoft Wood, and (to take a hint from your valuable correspondent, NIMROD), this gallant fox, like the sun, having commenced his course in the east, finished in the west; for, from the approach of night, it was thought expedient to take the hounds off the scent, having ran, with only two checks, and at times *hard*, for three hours and a

quarter, affording an excellent day’s sport to a numerous and well-mounted field. I have witnessed many good runs in other counties, but I must say I was as well pleased with this day in Norfolk, as with many that I have seen in the shires with long-established packs. One great improvement I observed in Sir Jacob’s turn out—“a civil, *particularly* civil, huntsman.” He rode well up to his hounds, and had two good horses. He is a Yorkshireman, and has been years in a kennel. There were two whips, neat, civil, well-mounted, and good riders, well-bred, and nine stone six pounds near their weight. Sir Jacob rode a fine chesnut horse, who understood his business well, and as did many horses in the field. The turn out, in a word, is *good*, and the whole thing *well* done, and deserving of encouragement from the neighbouring gentlemen, to whom the principal woods belong. Sir Jacob has got a good stock of foxes, consequently, I should judge, but few enemies; and I heartily wish him and the country joy—the former as the promoter of a noble sport, the latter as deriving both advantage and amusement.

TALLY HO.

MR. PEAT’S NEW STIRRUP LANTERN.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

MY saddler, Mr. Peat, of Piccadilly, having lately invented a Stirrup Lantern, from which I have experienced much comfort and convenience, I am desirous of recommending it to the notice of travellers generally, through the medium of your Magazine.

M M

The Stirrup Lantern is a small square lantern, fixed at the bottom of a stirrup by means of two screw rings on each side. They serve also to unscrew it, whenever it may be required to detach it from the stirrup. The lamp part is so contrived that no oil can be spilt, nor the shady light, which is thrown across the road before the horse's feet, be at all impaired by any motion of the horse. The front part is of glass, through which are seen the lamp, burner, and wick: behind these is placed a reflector, for transmitting the light to the front. It is supplied with a constant current of air by means of apertures, in a sort of double casing, which are so disposed as to prevent any gust of wind from affecting the light.

Conceiving this invention, Mr. Editor, to be one of some merit, and of great utility to all nocturnal travellers, I am desirous of recommending it to my brethren of the stirrup, through the means of your intelligent Magazine.

By giving publicity to this, you will much oblige your constant reader,

VIATOR.

SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF TREATING GLANDERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

THIS formidable disease, which has hitherto baffled every attempt of cure, and been so destructive amongst all classes of horses, particularly those of the cavalry, ordnance, and, indeed, in all situations where horses are kept in great numbers, has, I am happy to state, been very successfully treated, in a yet limited number of cases, by Mr. Sewell, Assistant Professor at the Veterinary College.

Mr. Sewell's mode of treatment

consists in the exhibition of the sulphate of copper internally, in very large doses, and in the introduction of setons adjacent to the parts affected.

The sooner that Mr. Sewell shall lay before the public a detailed account of his novel and promising plan of treatment, the more advantageous will it be in securing to himself the credit due for so important a discovery; whilst it will enable others to give the practice a fair and decided trial. When Mr. Sewell first pointed out to the world the great benefit to be derived from the nerve operation, several ineffectual attempts were made to rob him of the merit he so justly deserved for that discovery; and I am sorry to learn, that on this occasion some individuals, high in the veterinary profession, have, without the least foundation, made unjust endeavours to claim that which so decidedly belongs to Mr. Sewell.—Such conduct cannot be too strongly reprobated. VERITAS.†

London, Feb. 1824.

For the Sporting Magazine.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

ON Friday, January 2, a poney, the property of Mr. Francis Grace, of the Crown Inn, Charlbury, Oxon, while carrying his son, a youth of 9st. 5lb. with the Duke of Beaufort's fox-hounds, cleared a brook nearly six yards in width; but, owing to the banks being rotten, the space he covered proved, by actual admeasurement, to be upwards of eight yards. What renders this leap more remarkable is, the fact of the poney having been with the hounds, in a good place, for one hour and twenty minutes, at their best pace.

THE GAME OF HAZARD.

When 7 is the main, the caster has—

Changes in favour of the caster 398

The person who plays against the caster has a chance of throwing 2 in the first throw, and

Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 280

chances of throwing

Chances in favour of the caster 38
Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 28

Chances in the two throws 129

The advantage in favour of the centre is about 1·63 per cent. or 8s. 11½d. in the pound.

When 6 is the main, the caster has—

4 chances of throwing 6 in the first throw, and 36 chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ..	144
.....	86
.....	26
.....	25
.....	16
.....	9
.....	9
.....	3
.....	10

Chances in favour of the caster 364

The person who plays against the caster has—

1 chance of throwing 3 in the first throw, and 36 chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ..	36
.....	72
.....	72
.....	36
.....	36
.....	34
.....	20
.....	20
.....	16
.....	16
.....	12
.....	12

Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 320

There remain—

6 chances of throwing 7 in the first throw, and 36 chances of throwing 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ..	146
.....	146
.....	135
.....	135
.....	112
.....	87
.....	87
.....	29
.....	29
.....	10

Chances in favour of the caster 712
 Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 284
 Chances in the two throws 1296

The advantage in favour of the person who plays against the caster is about 9½ per cent. or 1s. 11d. in the pound. When 6 is the main, the number of chances is the same.

When 6 is the main, the caster has—

1 chance of throwing 12 in the first throw, and 36 chances of throwing	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ...	36
5	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ...	180
6	7 in the second ..	36
6	8 ..	25
6	9 ..	16
4	10 ..	9
3	11 ..	9
3	12 ..	9

Chances in favour of the caster 327

The person who plays against the caster has—

1 chance of throwing 3 in the first throw, and 36 chances of throwing	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ...	36
2	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ...	72
2	3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second ...	72
2	6 in the second ..	30
6	6 ..	25
6	6 ..	25
6	6 ..	25
4	6 ..	20
4	6 ..	20
3	6 ..	15
3	6 ..	15

Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 305

There remain—

6 chances of throwing 7 in the first throw, and 25 chances of throwing	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second	150
5	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second	180
4	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second	108
4	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second	108
3	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second	84
3	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, in the second	84

Chances in favour of the caster 664

Chances in favour of the person who plays against the caster 327

Chances in the two throws 1396

The advantage in favour of the caster is about 32 per cent. or 8d. in the pound.—When 8 is the main, the number of chances is the same.

HUNTING IN SURREY—(Continued from p. 179.)

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

BEFORE I proceed in my account of hunting in Surrey, I must make my acknowledgments to your correspondent in your last Number, for his "Hints to NIMROD." Advice well intended should ever be well received; and no man should reject a friendly hint. "*Verbum sat*," is my motto here; but it would ill become me to add, "*sapienti*."

Your correspondent thinks I have descended in my style, and have dwelt on trifles unworthy of my pen. It may be so: we all run riot now and then, and perhaps my stars are more to blame than myself. I may be like Fielding's facetious, but not over-discreet *Partridge*, who, having conceived a joke, was sure to be delivered of it, let the consequences be what they may. But what is life without a joke? "and a pretty girl, too," says Horace. Fancy will be busy, and ever since the day that John kissed Nancy, the little sprite has hovered about our path, and about our bed, and has brought many a brave man upon his knees. Even a philosopher of old confessed its power; for when he sat down to write, he addressed it thus:—"You are come, O Fancy! according to your usual custom. Angry with you I am not: only be gone!"*

Your correspondent refers me to my former letters, as my model for the future, and honours them by a comparison with the great Mr.

Beckford. The style of one gentleman generally resembles the style of another—each being formed on what was whipped into him at school: but I have one reason why I must disown Mr. Beckford as my pattern; and that is, because it is now above twelve years since I have even looked into his book; and since I have attempted to write on subjects similar to his own, I have carefully avoided doing so, and for this reason—Whenever it has happened that my eye has been attracted to any observations on hounds, or hunting, which have lately issued from the press, I have invariably found them to be copied *verbatim et literatim* from Mr. Beckford's Letters, which, when once read, cannot be forgotten. When, therefore, I may presume to offer any remarks to the public on this difficult subject, those remarks shall be genuine, whether right or wrong. They shall be "*bonâ fide* the property of the subscriber at the time of naming," as we say upon the turf, and not copied from Mr. Beckford. The ground may be difficult, but I will go till I fall.

When on the subject of "cabbaging," as we called it at school, I have a word or two to say. On taking up a certain sporting publication for the last month, my notice was drawn to an article on *driving*, by Tom Whipcord; when, to my surprise, I found a page and half on coupling together coach horses, copied, word for word, from

* Fancy exerts her influence over all descriptions of persons, and not even sportsmen are exempt. A worthy friend of mine, who has kept fox-hounds these thirty years, and who will gallop as fast as any one, thus accounts for his not being able to ride over fences:—"I do not believe," says he, "that my horses would put their feet into the ditches, but I cannot help *fancying* so, which is all the same thing."

one of my letters on "The Road." Now, ever willing to give a brother sportsman a lift, I said, "Never mind, it's all right;" but, on maturer reflection, I cannot help thinking that the editor of this work might as well have said, *Vide Nimrod's Letters*, as, in case these letters should be published, which most probably they will, a reader of this part might exclaim, "Where now, Mr. NIMROD? This ground has been worked over before."

What I have now mentioned, puts me in mind of a story when at school. The exercises of the fifth form being too numerous for one master to correct, they were parcelled out amongst them all. It so happened that the river being in good order for fishing, one of the boys had preferred an evening's sport among the gay scenes of nature, to making a dull theme in his study, and had copied that of his friend. It unluckily fell out, in consequence of the sudden illness of one of the masters, that an extra number got into the hands of the rest, and the unfortunate duplicates were submitted to the same critical eye. "How is this?" said the pedagogue, on sending for the boys whose names were subscribed to them: "Here are two themes exactly alike; and I must punish you both, unless you tell me which is the original." The guilty plagiary of course came forward, and said—"This is my theme, Sir: it is very like the other, I confess; but you know, Sir, the subject is a common one, and *authors will sometimes clash*." The master was tickled with the joke, and only commanded that it should not be repeated.

Now as nothing can be more common than the King's high road,

I conceive the editor of the work I alluded to thought there was no harm in following another, if he could not go first; but in future I shall expect he keeps his own side, as there is plenty of room for us all, without *working double*.

However, to be serious—I have had a hint or two from another quarter, and I shall take it. Colonel Jolliffe, with that manly good-nature for which he is so distinguished, told me, that, though his hat was fair game, he thought I had been a little hard on some gentlemen who rode out with hounds for their health; "for," said the Colonel, "there must be masters of madhouses as well as masters of fox-hounds, particularly as there are so many mad people in the world; and if a man likes to ride a hunting in white trousers, there is no law against it." Another gentleman, I am told, is a little angry at my comparing him, who weighs 17 stone, to Harlequin; but I am sure he will forgive me, as it is impossible that I could have the least intention of offending a good sportsman. As to the veteran Corcoran, *I know* he has forgiven me from the very bottom of his soul, though he says he wishes I had left out the story of the child and the almanack, and I wish so too. All that I can now say is,

"I did not mean to touch so nice a wound."

Pleasure, and not pain, being the object I have in view, I will promise to restrain my pen; and should it ever forget, that, however tempting it may be to explore the regions of fancy, it cannot soar too high without danger of a fall, I will strip it still closer of its plume.

A harmless joke, however, must not be denied me; for fancy will sometimes tickle us till we laugh

when we should not do so; but the laughing philosopher lived to a great age. Man is not born a sportsman, though he may a poet, but if he fancies himself either one or the other, it is all the same thing; and had not one of the best poets of his day fallen asleep as he was tending his father's flock, and dreamed that he was a poet, the world would have lost much beautiful poetry. Thus it is with sportsmen. There must be a beginning to every thing; and nothing but the pleasing illusions of a dream could have sent some of those into the field whom I saw on my first arrival in Surrey, but whom, I suppose, I shall never see again. "What a beautiful *buzzum* she has!" said a gentleman one day to his friend in my hearing, by the covert's side. Conceiving, of course, that he was speaking of a woman, I listened, with the hope of finding out who this Venus was; but guess my surprise, when I found it was a wealthy ship carpenter descanting on the beauties of a dun mare, with long white tail and mane, on which he was mounted, and which was caparisoned fit for the Great Mogul!

Now I have ever been of opinion, that the word *bosom* should never be applied to a horse, a mare, or a man, but that it belongs exclusively to a woman. It is one of the softest and most sympathetic words in the English language, when properly pronounced; but when distorted and metamorphosed into *buzzum*, we might as well make a *bosom* of it at once.

The fixtures of the *Union hounds* being generally wide for me when I was in Surrey, I was only out with them twice—each time at Fairmile, between Kingston and Cobham. The first was a very

rough day; but the hounds brought their fox well away from Prince Cobourg's coverts, where they found him, over Leatherhead Common to Newton Wood, in which he hung for some time, but at last went away at a very good pace over the open, about two miles to the right of Epsom race-course, and we lost him in a large covert called the Nore. The scent over the country was indifferent; but in covert it was as bad as it could be. The next time I saw the *Union* was at the same place, when, after drawing some of the Prince's coverts without finding, we were hallooed to a fox that was viewed away over Bookham Common, and we soon got on terms with him. Kitt (the huntsman) having been ill, the hounds had not been out for some days, and were at first a little wild and blown. They, however, soon got their heads down, and ran very hard for an hour, with only one check, when their fox got to ground, just in time to save his life. The scent on this day was very good, and the country very severe. The ditches, I think, were as deep as any I ever rode over in my life, and the fields, for the most part, small. In short, this part of the country can only be crossed with comfort or safety by a hunter who can leap when wanted, but who will also creep, and look well under his feet.

The gentlemen who subscribe to these hounds are almost all strangers to me, and I have not seen enough of them to speak of their individual merits over a country. From what I saw of Mr. Hankey and Mr. Henry Kingscote, I have no hesitation in setting them down as first-rate performers, and the latter is well bred to ride. Mr. Bolland, I thought, seemed well

inclined to get to hounds; and Mr. Bray, who was not out, but is a subscriber to this pack, I am told, rides hard. Mr. Bolton is got heavy, and has slackened his pace, but I understand that he was at one time a very forward rider. He carries a horn to his saddle, so, of course, takes an active part when wanted, and is considered a good judge of hunting.

On the first day of my being out with these hounds, I had a good opportunity of seeing them hunt—the scent, as I before mentioned, being indifferent. Our fox made much work for them in Newton Wood, but they appeared to be a match for him. I was particularly struck with a hound called *Galloper*—a nine-years' hunter—as also with a beautiful bitch called *Virgin*, now in her eighth season. What is remarkable, these hounds seem to combine the qualities of old age and youth; for when nose and perseverance were wanting they displayed them to admiration, yet still appeared not to lose their places in chase. If my memory serves me, *Galloper* was got by the (then) Prince Regent's *Galloper*, and is the sire of many of the Union hounds, amongst which were two very clever ones—Grosvenor and Gainsborough—both out on that day. *Virgin*, as I before observed, is a remarkably handsome bitch, and all over a fox-hound. She was bred by Mr. Villebois, and got by his *Vexer*. She has bred, but none of her produce have yet been entered, though her own sister (whose name I have forgotten) is the dam of several good hounds in the pack. They have also got some of the blood of the Duke of Beaufort's celebrated *Hermit* in their kennel, out of their *Hoyden*, who was by *New Forest Justice*, a near relation

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of the famous *Jason*, which *Shaw* pronounced to be the best hound in England of his day.

From the conversation I had with my old acquaintance *Kitt*, I have every reason to believe he will soon get the Union hounds to his wishes. He has, however, always been accustomed to be well assisted in the field, without which, little good can be done. I was glad to hear him say he set his face against buying foxes, as one of the worst methods of stocking and preserving a country; "for," says he, "though we may purchase them as foreigners, it is not improbable but they may come out of our own country at last." "If they live to breed," added he, "they may be of some use, but they are fit for little else, and there is no credit in killing a *Piccadilly fox*."

I saw some clever horses with the Union hounds—particularly a chestnut of Mr. Hankey's, and a bay horse of Mr. Ladbrooke's, which I afterwards saw him ride with Lord Derby's stag-hounds. The latter may be called a model to carry weight, having the appearance of being put together as if he had been screwed up in a vice. This horse I understand was purchased by Mr. Ladbrooke from a Mr. Manning, a farmer and salesman, residing in Northamptonshire. Mr. Manning is generally in possession of a good hunter, and sells for very large prices. A few years ago, the late Sir Charles Mordaunt gave him 450 guineas for a very clever bay horse, which he was so unfortunate as to kill with Lord Middleton's hounds, the famous *Ditchley* day, of which I shall give an account at another time.

"Stag-hunting," says the author of the *Sporting Dictionary*, "is one of the most rapturous and en-

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chanting pursuits within the privilege or power of the human frame and mind to enjoy!" This comes very well from a good London apothecary, but it would not do for NIMROD. Were he to prefer stag-hunting to fox-hunting, he would lose all his credit with his brother fox-hunters, and what little reputation he may have gained with them, would be no more. Each is very well in its way; but the former has few such encomiasts, or the latter few such defamers, as the late Mr. Taplin, the writer of the work I have alluded to. Though he unfortunately touches on the most vulnerable part of his subject, his enthusiasm on stag-hunting is most amusing. "When the chase," says he, "is suspended, and the hounds are at bay, the exhilarating sound of the horns, and the impatience of the hounds to proceed, constitute a scene so truly rich and extatic, that the tear of excessive joy and grateful sensibility may be frequently observed in almost every eye." Now, with the deer sobbing, and the sportsmen crying, what a piteous scene must this have been!

"The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase."

In proportion to this gentleman's admiration of stag-hunting, is his dispraise of fox-hunting, which he pronounces not fit for a King. Independent of the horrors of "a long and dreary day through the gloomy coverts of a dirty country, without a single challenge, or one consolatory chop (he might as well have said *steak*) of drag," it was, in his opinion, "a degradation of Majestic dignity to be making its way through the *bushy brambles of a beechen wood*." The last idea is truly poetical; but unfortunately

there are few brambles in beechen woods.

Until I came into Surrey I had seen but little of stag-hunting—three days (one of them a very good one) with the late King's hounds, having been the extent of my experience in that department of sporting. Having lately seen several runs with Lord Derby, I am now able to form some opinion of its merits, which I shall reserve to another opportunity. In the mean time, I will give your readers an account of a run which I saw with his present Majesty's stag-hounds, on Friday the 6th instant, from the Magpies, on Hounslow Heath.

The time of meeting was half-past ten, and Lord Maryborough arriving soon after, the deer was turned out with not more than ten minutes' law, before the hounds were laid on him, in the presence of, at least, an hundred and fifty horsemen. A Meltonian or two, as usual, pressing them a little at first, they did not settle immediately to the chase, and it was, perhaps, full twenty minutes before the hounds began to run hard. To this, perhaps, were we indebted for the fine run this gallant deer shewed us, as he had time to get well away from the crowd, and make his point to a country before the hounds could get up to him to alarm him. At one time we thought we were going over that fine grazing country between Uxbridge and Harrow, but when within half a mile of the former place, he made a turn to the left, pointing to Gerrard's Cross, when, after a run of one hour and three quarters, *with only one check after they once set to to run, and no "stop,"* as it is termed, he was fairly run in to in a small covert, close to Stoke Common; and, what is very

unusual, died a short time after he was taken. Being a perfect stranger to the country, I am unable to describe it; but the greater part of it might be termed "a fair sporting country," and the latter half, very severe. What is also extraordinary, this gallant deer ran for some miles in sight of water in different parts of the run, but never offered to take soil. He was, I understand, a havier from Richmond Park.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that I had never before seen my Lord Maryborough in the field; but his Noble Brother was not more successful at Waterloo than his Lordship was on that memorable day. He was polite to a degree towards every one who came into contact with him in the run, and rode well up to the hounds. I was sorry to see him get an awkward fall over a stile, and, being close behind him at the time, I saw his mare put her foot on his breast. I said to him, "My Lord, I am afraid you are hurt."—"Not the least," was the reply.—"Your mare put her foot on your breast," added I.—"Oh, no!" said his Lordship, "she did not." The fact was—as these noble animals always avoid hurting us, if it be possible—she had trodden as lightly as she could, but the mark of her foot was visible, and I heard that his Lordship felt something from it afterwards.

Lord Maryborough, I understand, hunted in Leicestershire in early life, and I wanted nothing to convince me that he is a sportsman at heart. When the deer was taken, there was not more than one-third of the horsemen who started with the hounds, the rest having been defeated by the severity of the country, and the pace. Lord Maryborough addressed him-

self to the Meltonians, and told them they had no occasion to go into Leicestershire, if he could shew them such sport as they had seen on that day, and he appeared much pleased with the finish. "On Monday next, Gentlemen," said his Lordship, "we meet at Iver Heath, when I hope to have a good deer for you, and no STOPPING OF HOUNDS. If the deer will not run, they are of no use to us, and we will kill them, if they do not afford us sport."

Either the speed of the hound is increased, or that of the deer diminished, since the days of Virgil; or *Aeneas* pursuing *Turnus*, and not able to overtake him, would not have been compared to a hound pursuing a deer, and "catching at the empty air." Of the comparative speed of the deer, the fox, and the hound, I shall speak at another time; but certainly the deer which afforded us this day's diversion, went more in the style of a fox than any that I had hitherto seen, having been only viewed twice during this long run; and the finish, with the exception of the who-hoop, was quite that of a fox-chase. He ran up and down the covert in which he was taken, with the hounds close to his haunches, and sank before them at last, from distress.

Not having hunted in this part of the country, most of the field were strangers to me; but I recognised a few whom I had seen before. Among these were, Messrs. Frederick Berkeley, Douglas Kinnaird, and Captain Montague, who are always in a good place when hounds run straight. At the end of this run, however, I fancied Mr. Douglas Kinnaird had the best of it, and I saw him take a very good fence just at the last, when the greater part of the horses that

were up were become too weak to leap. In passing through Chalfont Park, the pace was a killing one. There was sad destruction of the hurdles, and numbers kissed their mother earth.

It being the object of these letters to mention any thing that may occur worthy of observation or remark — any thing that may amuse or instruct—I go a little out of my way to state the following circumstance. It is not for the sake of introducing myself, but to submit it to the judgment of your readers.

In the course of this run, about eight or nine of us followed the hounds into some gentleman's park. When we came to the gate at the opposite end of it, which was about eight feet high, Mr. Frederick Berkeley said, "Now if this is locked, we are done." It was locked, and the question was—"What is to be done?" We rode up to the pales, but we did not like them. They were new and strong, and we were turning from them to see for an easier place, when there was a cry of "CHARGE!" from about a dozen of the field, who were galloping along the turnpike-road.

Having been a dragon when I was a boy, I naturally obeyed the word, and got over, though not without a scramble for it, as my horse rather hung towards the others who were going away. There was then a cry of "*Well done!*" from the same party; but with deference I submit, whether these gentlemen, who were galloping at their ease down a gravelled walk, ought to have given the "word of command?" But, as *Falstaff* says, "'Tis no matter: honour pricks us on;" yet, as the Knight observes, "If honour pricks us off (which was nearly my case), can honour set a leg? No. Or an arm? No."

I hope to see these hounds another time, and indeed it was my intention to have seen them the following Friday, when I hear they had another capital run; but I must not lament it, as Lord Derby's hounds shewed me "*a trimmer*" on that day. The only observation I am now enabled to make is, that I think his Majesty's hounds carry a very good head, with a beautiful cry. Davis, the huntsman (who was mounted on a magnificent mare), appears to give great satisfaction; but I did not think his whippers-in were where they should be. With stag-hounds they form a most essential part of the establishment. There is none of that trumpeting which we used to hear with the late King's hounds, as Davis only carries a straight horn to his saddle; and nothing on this day, save once viewing the deer at a check in a village, about half an hour before he was taken, could have reminded the most bigotted fox-hunter that he had not a gallant fox before him. There were no flourishes on the trumpets; no swimming in fishponds; no hauling with ropes; no running into pantries; no breaking of crockery; no knocking down old women; which too generally mar the finish to an (otherwise) excellent run. That little "*who-hoop*" will never be equalled!

Having occasion to cross Ascot Heath, on my hack, the Monday after this run, I took the liberty of looking at his Majesty's kennel, which I had never seen. I was fortunate in meeting Mr. Sharp just coming out of it, and he was kind enough to shew me every part of it. It would hold a regiment of soldiers; and, in point of conveniences, exceeds any that I have ever been in, but it is very un-

healthy for hounds. This is accounted for by its being built on ground whose subsoil is a bog, and, of course, the damp is exhaled. Sharp told me that hounds which had been so lame in this kennel as to be obliged to be wheeled out of it, recovered soon after being removed to another. On the Surrey hills, for instance, hounds might lie any where.

It may be presumptuous in me to offer a remedy here, but if I were the manager of these hounds, I would try the following plan:—I would have a space of ground adjoining the lodging rooms *boarded*, and raised a small distance from the ground, and the boards should be close. The hounds should go into the grass yard (which is the finest I ever saw) for two or three hours in the day, if the weather be fine, but they should always be accompanied by a feeder or whipper-in, and kept *gently moving*; that is, so as not to suffer them to lie down. They should never set their feet on a brick or stone in that kennel, if I could help it; and I have good reason to believe that forty couples of hounds thus managed, would do the work of fifty-five, as the case now stands. They have a very short kennel at this time—not exceeding thirty-eight couples of hunting hounds.

After taking my leave of Mr. Sharp, thanking him for his civility, and wishing him a speedy return of the blessing of health, I mounted my hack, and, bent on being a stag-hunter, pursued my course towards the Surrey hills, to be ready for Lord Derby on the following day.

As I rode through the park, I saw two red-coats at a distance, from which I concluded the sport of that morning with the King's hounds was at an end; and I had

scarcely passed the gate, when I saw them returning over Englefield Green. Though Davis and myself were strangers to each other, I turned my horse's head around, and rode about two miles up the park with him, to hear what sport he had had, and also to treat myself with a sight of his hounds, but which I must not dwell on now. "You have a beauty there," said I, pointing to a bitch called *Famous*. "Yes, Sir," said Davis: "Old Grant says that is the handsomest hound that ever was whelped." I need not tell the greater part of your readers that Grant was the late Duke of Richmond's huntsman, from whose kennel this pack came, about ten years ago. "I will shew you the King's favourite hound," said Mr. Davis: "Yonder he goes across the road"—pointing to a light-coloured hound called *Minos*. On trotting up to look at him, I found him a hound of great power, and *length where it should be*, with every appearance of a high-bred fox-hound. From his manner of carrying his stern, he comes under the denomination of "a gallant-looking hound," and, with the exception of colour, put me much in mind of Lord Middleton's celebrated *Vanguard*. I forgot to ask his pedigree, but, *of course*, he is got by somebody's Jupiter.

"His Majesty is a good judge of hounds, I dare say," said I to Mr. Davis. "The King knows a hound *well*," was his reply; "but," added he, "I think his Majesty has the quickest eye to a horse of any man in England." "Very likely," said I: "they who see the best of every thing, generally have a good model before them."

"I see you are like the rest of your neighbours, Mr. Davis,"

said I, "for you have a hound or two too fast for you."—"Which are they?" answered he.—"I know them not," said I; "but I saw two light-coloured hounds running away from the rest, two or three times, on Friday."—"Why, it is very extraordinary," replied he, "but an old hound, called *Spanker*, did get forward in a very wonderful manner on that day, but it was merely owing to luck: every turn was in his favour, and being always at work, he made the most of his chances."—"Ah!" said I, "there is not more luck in purchasing a good lottery-ticket at Mr. Biah's, than in all descriptions of hunting."

Recollecting the circumstance of his Majesty's hounds having been all destroyed a few years since, on account of the hydrophobia in their kennel, I asked Davis how he had contrived to preserve so much of the Goodwood blood? when he told me that he was indebted for it to about ten couples of young hounds which had escaped this dreadful malady. When we met in the Park, as I before observed, Mr. Davis and Nimrod were unknown to each other; but I hope they will be better acquainted, as I mean to see his hounds again before the season is over.

I have before observed, that his Majesty's hounds had another superior run on the Friday following the day of which I have just been speaking, but which I had no occasion to lament, as the Earl of Derby shewed us a triumper on that day, the consequences of which more than one who was out, had no small reason to rue.

Our place of meeting was Purley Down, about two miles from Croydon, where a large field of

sportsmen were assembled. The deer went off in gallant style, and in twenty minutes the hounds were laid on by Jonathan, on his Irish horse Paddy, and went off, as usual, with a burning scent over Riddlesdown, where he crossed the Godstone road. From hence he went through Foxley, to Ninwood; over Coulsden Green to Farthing Downs; where, fortunately for the horses, there was a check, as the pace had been severe, and the country *killing*. Here, after making some work for the hounds, he bent his course to the left, crossing the Brighton road at Hooley, by Chipstead Church; bearing to the right, for Stagborough, through Chipstead Bottom, and away to the old Warren, near Walton Heath. Here he was headed; and, bearing rather to the right, he went back again to Chipstead Bottom, from thence to Fanshaws, where he made a turn to the right for High Hurst Farm, and was taken, in the building; after a run of fifty-five minutes.

In a better country this would have been considered a pretty good thing; but not satisfying such decided Nimrods as those who hunt the Surrey hills, Lord Stanley was applied to for a second deer, which, unfortunately for many of them (myself amongst the number), he immediately obtained, and he was turned out at the gate of his paddock.

This gallant deer did not, at first, appear like a runner—the hounds having got up to him near Ewell, just as we thought he was about to face the Kingston country, after having given us a very sharp ring by Woodmanstone, Banstead, and Potter's Lane End. Here, after being viewed near the hand-post on the Cheam and Ewell road, he be-

gan to think he must mend his pace, and, taking the enclosures close to Cheam, he again re-crossed the Downs to Banstead—from thence to the park by Chiphouse, Highhurst, Mugs Hole, to the Duke of St. Alban's park at Upper Gatton, where a stile in going in, and the pales in getting out, made the field select, not more than four or five approving of them, at that hour of the day.

From hence the hounds ran hard by Lower Gatton park, and over the deep meadows at Merstham, bearing away for Bletchingley, where he was headed back to Mersham windmill; from thence, to the right near to Pendhill, under the chalk-pit, where he gallantly faced the hill. Finding this too severe (and fortunately for what few horses were left), he again descended into the flat, and was taken near Blackbush Shaws, after a most severe run of two hours and three quarters.

Not more than eight of the field were present at the taking of this gallant deer. The two whippers-in never came up at all; but Jonathan—after trying all expedients, on foot and on horseback; after finishing a half tired one of Mr. Maberley's, and returning to his own, which was quite tired; and after running some way on his feet, and begging for either a poney or a donkey—did contrive to get in by the time the deer was taken. Poor Paddy carried him home; but, alas! nature had said "Enough," though he was too good to own it, and he died on the following day.

I have before observed that there were only eight in the field whose horses carried them to the end of this terrible run. These were, the gallant Captain Harvey (who with

only one hand can beat nine out of ten of those who have two); Mr. Williams (brother to General Williams, who was once the hardest rider of his day); Mr. Williams, junior; Mr. Young, Mr. Penfold, Mr. Tapley, Mr. Atkins, and Jonathan. My horse broke down just after the check at the handpost, and I had an agreeable walk home. Captain Harvey's horse fell down immediately on getting into his stable, and was indebted to me for his life, by taking preventive measures with him the next day, as inflammation was making rapid progress. Mr. Maberley lived almost to the last, but his three horses were planted, and left at Merstham for the night.

Were I to hunt regularly in Surrey, I should not be anxious for a second deer, after such a run, *over such a country*, as we had had with our first; and particularly so—as was the case with almost all in the field—if I were to ride the same horse. This, however, was not my case: I had a second horse, but all would not do. Surrey hills, and *the pace*, ill agree with a doubtful leg. I know not how often the Noble Earl indulges his friends with a second deer; but if he makes a practice of it, it would be well if his groom would keep some servants' horses without their water till two o'clock; for it must be remembered that servants' horses are at work, when those of gentlemen are getting a puff. *Condition*, however, that *sine quâ non*, is too often wanting in second runs, some lamentable instances of which have presented themselves to my observation, since I have been in Surrey.—Thus end the "*Diversions of Purley*."

NIMROD.

BIBO, A SETTER,

The Property of Colonel Teesdale.

Engraved by SCOTT, from a Painting by Town.

THE account transmitted us of this dog is a very limited one.

We can only state, that *Bibo*, for his excellent qualities, both in finding and bringing his game, was highly celebrated, and deemed worthy of a portrait by his possessor; and for the same reasons it has been transferred to the pages of this Magazine.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

EVERY one that has attended the Bath harmonic meetings will vouch for the life and pleasure they afforded. It was the rule of the club to retire at a certain hour; and on no account was this regulation to be infringed. One evening, a gentleman, not a member, who had been introduced by the late Sir Charles Bamfield, entered so warmly into the hilarity of the scene, as most earnestly to beg for half an hour's extension of time; and so warmly did he plead, that the voices of many of the company were won to his cause, and it only depended upon the chairman to give a longer loose to mirth. Assured now of success, since Sir Charles was his particular and bosom friend, he appealed with perfect confidence to him. "Gentlemen," said the inflexible Baronet, "all that the gentleman has said, all that you wish, is quite natural and pleasant enough; and I think it a pity we, and the good things about us, should so soon part; but there is one, only one, very good reason, why it must so be ordered. We are an harmonic society; and upon my word, Gentlemen, I cannot see how *harmony* can be any where, without we *keep time*." The answer was complete, and the law triumphed.

A LADY, known as well for her

good nature as her large family, was expatiating to a worthy bibliophile, in the West of England, on the comparative ease enjoyed by those of her acquaintance who had but a few olive branches to twine and prune up in "the way they should go." "For mine own part," she concluded, "and I hope I am not very sinful in doing it, there is not a night arrives but I earnestly *pray* that I may have no more." "Ah, madam," responded the joking bookseller, "prayers will be of little avail, unless you *fast* also."

It was more witty than discourteous of a young lady, when to a pert coxcomb who was pester-ing her with unmeaning attentions, to his question of "What then shall I call your face, if you will allow me constantly to gaze upon it?" she replied, "a looking glass—for then will it reflect plainness and effrontery."

THE late R. B. Sheridan being once on a Parliamentary Committee, happened to enter the room when most of the Members of the Committee were present and seated, though business had not commenced; when, perceiving there was not another seat in the room, he, with his usual readiness, said, "Will any gentleman move, that I may *take the chair*?"



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

THE time is fast approaching, when the knowing speculations of those who have been making up their books on the different great events of the turf will be put to the test. The favourites still keep their places; but on account of the indisposition of Lord Clarendon, in whose name Swiss stands for the Derby, some alarm is created in the betting ring, as, in case of a fatal termination, all bets on that first-rate horse will be void. Mr. Pierce, for instance, who bred Swiss, stands heavy upon him, in the way of a double event—having taken 4000 to 100 on his winning the Champaigne at the last Doncaster Meeting (which he did in a canter), and the Derby at Epsom. The betting against him, taking all chances, is 9 to 2; but only 3 to 1 if he starts for the Derby. He has no engagement between Epsom and Doncaster. Grenadier and Osmond are also creeping up as favourites for the Derby, and the Duke of Grafton stands first for the Oaks. Betting has proceeded but slowly as yet, between the owners and the public—the former, either not having arrived in town, or waiting to see that all goes well in their stables. Colonel Cradock left town last week for Newmarket, for the purpose of seeing Barefoot, who, though an enlargement still remains on one of his knees, is nearly recovered from his accident. It is supposed he will be able to start at Ascot, after which, being in a stake at Doncaster, it is probable he will travel north, as company for Swiss.—*Feb. 23, 1824.*

STATE OF THE BETTINGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine
SIR,

Several trifling alterations have occurred since the publication of your last Number; and as the Newmarket Meetings are fast approaching, we shall have still greater changes; but on the whole the betting ring remains in the same dull state as it did at the

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commencement of the season.—Yours,
Z. B.

Tattersall's, Feb. 16, 1824.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 3 to 1 agst Reformer.
- 4 to 1 agst Rebecca.
- 5 to 1 agst Katherine.
- 7 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
- 9 to 1 agst Lynnessa.
- 10 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 11 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
- 20 to 1 agst Reserve.

DERBY.

- 4 and 5 to 1 agst Swiss.
- 6 to 1 agst Reformer.
- 10 to 1 agst Grenadier.
- 13 to 1 agst Osmond.
- 14 to 1 agst c. out of Jesse.
- 15 to 1 agst Reticule.
- 18 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
- 20 to 1 agst Hurly-Burly.
- 25 to 1 agst Cydnus.
- 25 to 1 agst c. out of Bess.
- 25 to 1 agst c. out of Pantina.
- 25 to 1 agst c. by Skim.
- 28 to 1 agst c. out of Cressida.
- 30 to 1 agst Dactyle.
- 30 to 1 agst Myrmidon.
- 35 to 1 agst Lynnessa.
- 35 to 1 agst Silkworm.
- 35 to 1 agst Elephant.
- 40 to 1 agst c. out of Reserve.
- 40 to 1 agst Sir Gray.
- 40 to 1 agst Sister to Arbutus.
- 40 to 1 agst c. out of Petronilla.
- 40 to 1 agst Vesta.
- 45 to 1 agst Longwaist.
- 45 to 1 agst c. by Captain Candid.
- 45 to 1 agst Mony Musk.
- 50 to 1 agst c. out of Charcoal.
- 50 to 1 agst Edward.
- 50 to 1 agst c. out of Miranda.
- 200 to 3 each was betted agst Myrmidon, Idle Boy, Miranda, Sister to Prince Leopold, and the Brother to Cardinal Puff.

OAKS.

- 3 and 4 to 1 agst Rebecca.
- 6 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
- 7 to 1 agst Lynnessa.
- 9 to 1 agst Barossa.
- 11 to 1 agst Miss Jigg.
- 13 to 1 agst Tiara.
- 16 to 1 agst Mr. Prendergast.
- 20 to 1 agst Specie.
- 20 to 1 agst Miss Forester.

ST. LEGER.

- 10 to 1 agst Altisidora.
- 10 to 1 agst Swiss.
- 15 to 1 agst Rosanne.
- 16 to 1 agst Reformer.

O o

17 to 1 agst The Miller.
 20 to 1 agst Ringlet.
 23 to 1 agst Miss Cranfield.
 25 to 1 agst Brutandorf.
 25 to 1 agst Equity.
 27 to 1 agst Osmond.
 30 to 1 agst Streatham.
 30 to 1 agst Lisette.
 30 to 1 agst Oswestry.
 30 to 1 agst Elephant.
 30 to 1 agst Diadem.
 30 to 1 agst Alfred.
 30 to 1 agst Young Catton.
 30 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
 30 to 1 agst Confederate.
 30 to 1 agst Helenus.
 35 to 1 agst Canteen.
 35 to 1 agst Victress.
 38 to 1 agst Moll in the Wad.
 40 to 1 agst Shepherds.
 40 to 1 agst Bess.
 40 to 1 agst Trulla.
 40 to 1 agst Robin Hood.
 45 to 1 agst Farnsfield.
 50 to 1 agst Irenhoff.
 50 to 1 agst Dactyls.

Six to 5 on The Field agst Altisidora, Swiss, Rosanne, The Miller, Miss Cranfield, Ringlet, Young Tinker, and Equity; 100 to 8 The Field agst Alfred, Streatham, and Canteen; 9 to 1 agst Mr. Houldsworth's stud; 9 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's stud; 9 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's stud; shillings for guineas given for choice, Swiss agst Altisidora.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1824.

Thursday. — Extra. — Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. D.M.—The Duke of Grafton's Posthuma, 8st. 6lb.; the Duke of Rutland's Scarborough, 7st. 10lb.; and the Duke of Grafton's Cinder, 7st. 9lb.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

First Day.—Lord Kelburne's Jock the Laird's Brother, 6 yrs old, 9st. agst Colonel Yates's Mendax, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. one mile, 200 sovs. each, h. ft.

Third Day.—Lord Kelburne's Jock the Laird's Brother, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. agst Lord Kennedy's Negotiator, 7st. 12lb. one mile, 1000 sovs. each, h. ft.

The Hambleton Hunt races take place Tuesday, April 20, on Sober-ton Down. H. P. Delme and G. Morant, Esqrs. are the stewards.

It is now finally arranged, that in all times coming the Edinburgh races are to commence upon the third Mon-

day of June. The stewards for the present year are, Lord Elcho, Lord Strathaven, Sir James Baird, Sir James Suttie, and Mr. Johnstone, of Stratoun.

Croxton Park races have been fixed for Wednesday, the 7th April.

A plan has been made for a new race course at Cheltenham. The ground selected is in Prestbury Park; and the course, if adopted, is to be one mile and a half in length, and thirty yards in width.

York Craven Meeting.—We observe with pleasure that the Stakes for this Meeting have already been announced; and from the number of horses in training, the lovers of the turf are likely to be gratified with an excellent day's sport. We trust that the stand directors will not persist in their refusal of the stand on this occasion, and thus deprive the ladies of the accommodations which this building would afford. The races will take place on Monday, the 5th of April next, when the following Stakes will be run for:—The Craven (Handicap) of 5 sovereigns each; the Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovereigns each; and the Liberty Stakes of 3 guineas each; and also a Gold Cup, value 100 sovereigns.—*York Chronicle.*

HORSES AND COVERING STALLIONS.

Good horses continue extremely thin-sown in the metropolis, and, according to the concurring accounts of the dealers, equally so in the country: prices, in course, very high.—At TATTERSALL'S, on the 16th this month, several hunters and thoroughbred horses were sold at high prices.

Sir J. Malcolm's Arabian, *Sultan*, and Sir William Keir Grant's Arabian, *Imaum*, are advertised to cover at the Bazaar, at the usual rate of ten guineas, and half-a-guinea the groom. His Grace the Duke of Grafton has an Arabian to cover the ensuing season.

The proprietor of the White Barb, at present exhibiting in Pall-Mall, proposes, if a subscription can be obtained for a certain number of mares, that the horse shall cover during the present season, either at Newmarket, or within a few miles of London.

Hunting.

The DUKE OF BEAUFORT's hounds have had an unusually fine season's sport up to the present time. We are sorry to hear that their huntsman (Philip Payne) has been disabled from hunting them, by an accident, and that Will Long, the first whipper-in, has been officiating in his place. Philip was in the act of leading his horse over a fence, when a person rode against him, and broke three of his ribs. This is not the first time he has been thus roughly handled. Payne is reckoned one of the first kennel huntsmen in England.

Sir THOMAS MOSTYN's hounds have been attended by very numerous fields this season, and their sport has been excellent. There were lately upwards of seventy horses from Oxford, in the town of Bicester, in one night, to be ready for the ensuing day.

The WARWICKSHIRE are doing the thing in capital style, and Wood (the huntsman) gives universal satisfaction. In consequence of Lord Middleton having no further occasion for his services, they have got Zac for their first whipper-in, whose first-rate abilities in that situation are too well known to dwell upon here. Mr. Shirley, who has the management of this pack, does ample justice to his fine country; and, from his gentleman-like deportment in the field, is most deservedly popular among all classes of persons.

Mr. WM. GROVE's harriers, of Melbury, near Shaftesbury, have had some good runs of late in the Iwerne Vale. It was Mr. Grove who, for three years, kept the Cranborne Chase fox-hounds, and had such a series of good runs from the Great Chase. It is much to be regretted that he gave them up.

Mr. YEATMAN's harriers, of Stock House, Dorset, we learn, are as prime as ever. Report says, he has refused 400ga. for twenty couple of them.

Mr. STANDEN's harriers, of Silver Hill, near Hastings, have had some good days within the last month. These hounds have frequently large fields, and are attended sometimes by

the ladies as well as gentlemen of Hastings.

We are sorry to hear that the NORTH SOMERSET FOX-HOUNDS are not likely to be continued after the present season, unless the subscription increases, which we wish it may.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—Sir—In riding through the New Forest the other day, I happened to meet the fox-hounds. I had previously heard much said in praise of this pack, and I must say they exceeded my most sanguine expectations, for I never beheld a finer pack of hounds in my life. They had but an indifferent scent, but they appeared to be working well for their fox.—I am, Sir, yours,
VIATOR.

Feb. 7, 1824.

On the 23d of January, Sir B. GRAHAM's hounds had a famous run from High Onn Wood, Staffordshire, into Shropshire. They found immediately, and went off with a high scent, at the very best pace, in a tolerably straight direction, for forty-five minutes, without a check. Very few persons were with them till they came to a check by some men hallooing the fox near Woodcote mansion: after a little confusion they went off again to the Rough Park, and ran hard through all the Sheriff Hales Woods, round by the Canal, back to Woodcote, from thence cold hunting towards Chethell, Heath Hill, and to the old Park, near Sheriff Hales, over the Walling-street road, near Wellington, running hard towards Prior's Lee, back to Horton Plantations, crossed the Shrewsbury road, towards Peter's Finger, and back to Inning Paper Mills, where he was viewed, and ran in to on Brims-tree Hill, after a chase of two hours and forty minutes.

Chase Extraordinary.—On the 22d of January, Mr. HORLOCK's hounds started a fox at Box Pitts, which they ran through Collett's Bottom to the village of Corsham, where reynard, being hard pressed, took refuge on the thatch of a blacksmith's shop, where he grinned defiance to his foes. One of the dogs being holsted to his place of refuge, reynard bolted down the

chimney into a bed-chamber, where he was taken, and afterwards afforded a good run for a considerable time, to the gratification of a numerous field of sportsmen.

On Monday, February 2, Colonel SMITH's harriers had an almost unprecedented run. They found a hare near Hales Owen, and after crossing Tronkley Hills, made for Northfield, leaving the church to the left. They then went in the direction for Harborne, but shortly turned to the left for King's Norton, which they left about a mile on the left, and took the direction of Weatherick Hill, where they killed, after a severe run of one hour and twenty minutes. The distance in a straight line from the place where the hare was found to the place where it was killed was more than eight miles, and a great part of the country they crossed was very heavy. The hare was a remarkably small one.

The THORNDON HOUNDS, Essex, on Saturday the 7th of February, so pressed their fox, as to induce him to seek refuge in the cottage of Mrs. Freeman, at Heron Gate, by dashing through a glazed door. Reynard made his way to the parlour, from whence, however, he was soon ejected by his followers, who drove him through a window into an orchard, where they ran in to him, and he paid dearly for the trespass which he had from necessity committed.

MR. EDITOR.—As NIMROD wishes to hear something from far distant counties of their hunting, and as he deserves every thing from us who are fond of the most noble diversion of fox-hunting, I take the liberty to send you an account of a chase which was run yesterday in this our far-distant-from-Leicestershire county, Devonshire.—Mr. PODE's fox-hounds un-kennelled a fox from Stall Moor, near Hillson's house: the chase went over Metherell Hill, crossed the Yealm river, broke over the wall by Dendall's Corner, up the hill and over the partition wall into Hawns; broke over the wall by Highhouse Corner on to Penmoor, by Penbeacon; up the valley to Trowlesworthy rocks; then

turned over Rakestein, and the whole length of Tolchmoor; crossed the Tavistock road into Whitehill, over Torrycomb Tor, Torycomb Wood, crossed the Tory Brook, through Colland, over a part of Crownhill, down into Hookspray, through Fernhill Wood, Newnham Park, Elfordleigh, Heath, into Cann Woods, where he made a great deal of work; then ran by the side of the Plym river, through a great part of Shaugh Wood; crossed into Bishley Wood, through Fancy, to Buckland Down. Reynard here made a turn back, having gone far enough for his convenience, through Common Wood, crossed the river Plym by Cann Quarry, and retraced his steps through Cann Woods, Heath, Fernhill Wood, went through Bude, over part of Crownhill Down, through Smallhanger, over Headon, through Brimmage Wood, Cholwichtown Marsh, Rook Wood, Rook Tor, Penmoor, Hawns and Dendalls, Stall Moor, to Pyles, where he went to earth, after running a circle of twenty-six miles in three hours and twenty-four minutes. Captain PODE, Mr. King, Captain Lempriere, and Mr. Derry, were the only ones whose horses lived all the way with the hounds. Mr. Phillipp's and the huntsman had fresh horses during the run, and saw the finish.—I have the honour to be, the mighty NIMROD's great admirer,
A Peep of Day Boy.

Plymouth, Feb. 21, 1824.

Lord ANSON's hounds had a severe run on Wednesday, February 17, from Narborough Bogs. They met at Whetstone, and did not find. The hounds were afterwards thrown into a small osier bed, when Reynard made his appearance almost instantaneously, and faced the whole field: he was not to be stopped or headed, but brushed along with a full determination to make no joke of it, and traversed over Enderby Warren, through Tooley Brake, nearly to Kirkby; then turned about, ran through Peckleton village, nearly up to Newbold; turned to the right by Mr. Grundy's almost to Tooley Park, bending his course still further to the right, skirting Peckleton a second time to Newbold Plantation, leaving

Desford to the left, through Lendridge Wood, and was run in to in fine style in Osbaston Field. The run lasted one hour and twenty minutes. There were but few up at the death. It was calculated there were 800 horsemen present, 250 of them in scarlet, which is supposed to be the largest field since the days of Meynell.

The COTTESMERE hounds on one day this month threw off at Burley, near Oakham, and soon started into chase, held on for an uninterrupted burst of an hour, until they killed in the town of Stamford, about one o'clock, the fox having taken shelter in a stable of Mr. Smith, farmer, in Scotgate, where the hounds ran in to him. The brush was presented to the Countess of Lonsdale, who was up at the death, after a severe run of ten miles.

Gallant Chase with the Badsworth Fox-hounds.—On Monday, the 9th instant, the hounds met at Stapleton Park, the seat of the Hon. E. R. Petre, and after trying the covers without success, they proceeded to the old celebrated cover at Went-hill, but still did not find, to the great disappointment of a numerous field and several ladies that were present. The hounds then drew Grove, Wake Wood, Cridling Park Woods, blank, much to the surprise of all present. About one o'clock, at Shackleton Spring, a fox broke gallantly away, and made his first point at Grand Spring, over Womersley Gale, leaving the village on the left, and then pointing for Stapleton Park, where he was headed by some people coursing. He then made for Grove Wood, tried the drains, but finding himself disappointed, he then crossed the high north road towards the town of Pontefract, from thence to Cobler-lane Quarry, where the earths were open: reynard peeped down the Quarry, with the hounds close at his brush, and finding some men working, he bent his course to Knottingley Quarry. At this period they unluckily changed foxes, which was immediately observed by several gentlemen forward in the run: the huntsman, who had been up with the hounds previously,

at this period unfortunately had a severe fall, which prevented him from being present at the critical moment, or otherwise the original fox would have been pursued. The hounds persevered in their staunch pursuit over Baln Moor, turned to the south, leaving Womersley Covers to the right, bearing up to Stubs Walden, and the Grange, by Smeaton village, when they ran him to ground at Barnsdale. When at Womersley village, two old sportsmen found the bottom of one of those drains that all are anxious to avoid, and re-appeared in the field with an outer coat of black upon the scarlet. Every gentleman that knows the country from Shackleton Spring to Pontefract, must be aware that it tried much the mettle of the horses. The hounds were at this moment running breast high, when a desperate leap was taken by Mr. F. Leatham, who was then leading (upon his bay horse by Firelock), measuring, from beating to lighting, eight yards and a half. One or two horses that attempted to follow were seriously injured, and being near, could not be pulled up, and the intention of their riders was frustrated. The hounds hunted their fox to William Bridge beautifully, and had it not been for gentlemen being too forward on the road, as usual, there is no doubt but reynard must have fallen a prey. Out of a numerous field, the following only were up—John Richards, the huntsman, the Hon. E. Petre, Mr. F. Leatham, Mr. Sackville Fox, Mr. Pascoe, Mr. Carter, Major Wood, Mr. Watkins, Captain Ramsden, and Mr. Vansittart, who rode very hard during the run, which lasted two hours and a half. We are sorry to say that Jack's horse died in the field, and many of the remaining horses that were up required the lancet.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

SUBSCRIPTION PACK IN SHROPSHIRE.

A meeting of gentlemen desirous to establish by subscription a pack of fox-hounds in Shropshire, took place this month, at the Lion Inn, Shrewsbury. From twenty to thirty sportsmen of eminence were present. Wm. Lloyd, of Aston, Esq. was requested

to take the chair; and he read a list of subscriptions amounting to 1350l. R. Benson, Esq. recited a conversation between Sir Bellingham Graham and himself, on the subject of hunting the county, in which the Baronet expressed his assent to undertake the management of a subscription pack of fox-hounds, if a sufficient subscription were obtained. Mr. Benson eulogised Sir Bellingham's character as a sportsman. "No man," he said, "will more earnestly devote himself to forward the object of the subscribers, nor pay less regard to any trouble or fatigue that may devolve on himself." Sir E. Smythe, Bart., J. A. Lloyd, Esq., J. Mytton, Esq., J. Wingfield, Esq., R. Slaney, Esq., J. Emery, Esq., J. Eaton, jun. Esq., and T. Harries, Esq., took part in the conversation; and it was ultimately agreed that the Chairman should wait on Sir Bellingham Graham, to learn on what terms he would undertake to hunt the county.

Courseing.

ASHDOWN PARK.

FIRST DAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1824.

For the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Leicester, beat Mr. Palmer's w. d. Adonis, late Lord Rivers's Regent; Mr. Briscall's br. and w. d. Bronti, beat Colonel Newport's blk. and w. d. Nonpareil; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blast, beat Lord Craven's (Lord Mollineux's) r. and w. d. Medley; Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Glowworm, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. Harold; Mr. Phelipp's brin. b. Rachael, beat Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Miss; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Everlasting, beat Mr. Pettatt's blk. d. Pantaloon; Sir H. Vivian's bl. and w. d. Vanguard, beat Mr. Capel's blk. and w. d. Juggler; Mr. J. Long's blk. and w. d. Lomentillo, beat Mr. Cripps's brin. b. Capsicum.

For the Craven Stakes.—Mr. Goodlake's y. b. Golden Locks, beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. Vulcan; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Joan, beat Mr. Palmer's w. b. Arachne; Mr. Briscall's blk. and w. b. Breeze, beat Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Lufra; Mr. Heathcote's r. d. Hubert, beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Ebony.

Lambourn Stakes.—Mr. Cripps's brin. d. Consul, beat Dr. Meyrick's y. and w. d. Magnus; Mr. Pettatt's blk. b. Pigeon, beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Becky, late Lord Rivers's Rebecca.

Matches.—Sir H. Vivian's Vite, beat Mr. Capel's Jessica; Mr. Pettatt's Phantom, beat Mr. J. Long's Lopes; Mr. Biggs's Burleigh, beat Mr. Palmer's Alonzo, late Lord River's Romulus; Mr. E. Cripps's Eagle, beat Mr. Briscall's Barsac; Mr. Cripps's Careless, agst Mr. Heathcote's Harper—undecided; Mr. Briscall's Brenda, beat Mr. Cripps's Capra; Mr. C. Long's Leda, beat Mr. Pettatt's Prattle, late Lord Rivers's Rattle; Dr. Meyrick's Mabell, agst Mr. E. Cripps's Elegant—undecided.

SECOND DAY, FEBRUARY 4.

First Ties for the Cup and Goblet.—Rachael beat Vanguard—Glowworm beat Bronti—Blast beat Everlasting—Lomentillo beat Leicester.

First Ties for the Craven Stakes.—Breeze beat Joan—Golden Locks beat Hubert.

Main of Lambourn Stakes.—Pigeon beat Consul.

Matches.—Lord Craven's (Lord Mollineux's) Medley, beat Mr. Phelipp's Racer; Mr. Goodlake's Gawrey, beat Mr. Capel's Jessy; Lord Craven's (Lord Mollineux's) Mary, beat Mr. Capel's Jet; Mr. C. Long's Lais, beat Mr. J. Long's Lapwing; Mr. Goodlake's Glum, beat Sir H. Vivian's Vulture; Mr. Cripps's Clio, beat Mr. Phelipp's Rattle; Mr. Biggs's Becky, beat Mr. Briscall's Belinda; Mr. Heathcote's Harold, beat Sir H. Vivian's Vampire; Mr. Cripps's Czar, agst Mr. J. Long's Lash—undecided; Mr. C. Long's Lancaster, beat Mr. E. Cripps's Elizabeth.

THIRD DAY.

Second Ties for the Cup.—Blast beat Rachael—Glowworm beat Lomentillo.

Main of Craven Stakes.—Golden Locks beat Breeze, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Biggs's Bertram, beat Mr. C. Long's Lattitaz; Mr. Goodlake's Gondola, beat Mr. Pettatt's Pearl; Mr. Pettatt's Pet, beat Sir H.

Vivian's Vapour; Mr. J. Long's Loadstone, beat Mr. Capel's Juggler; Colonel Newport's Nonpareil, beat Mr. Cripps's Capella; Mr. Cripps's Capsicum, beat Mr. Capel's Joanna; Mr. J. Long's Lancer, beat Mr. Cripps's Consul; Mr. Briscall's Belinda, beat Mr. E. Cripps's Everlasting; Mr. C. Long's Lesbia, beat Mr. Pettatt's Prattle; Sir H. Vivian's Vite, agst Mr. Pettatt's Puzzle—undecided; Mr. Pettatt's Pleasure, beat Mr. Cripps's Capra; Sir H. Vivian's Vulcan, beat Mr. Biggs's Berghem, late Lord Rivers's Rubens; Mr. C. Long's Leopold, beat Mr. J. Long's Locust; Mr. E. Cripps's Eagle, beat Mr. C. Long's Lenox; Mr. Goodlake's Glum, beat Sir H. Vivian's Valiant; Mr. Goodlake's Gawrey, beat Mr. E. Cripps's Elegant.

FOURTH DAY.

Glowworm and Blast ran two well-contested, but undecided, courses; when the owners agreed to toss up for the Cup and Goblet. Mr. Biggs won the toss.

(Remarks by a Correspondent.)

Glowworm and Blast were so nearly equal in speed, that both courses were given undecided. The first was short, and the last a very long severe one, so much so, that it would have been cruel to have run them a third time. It was proposed, by the umpires and stewards, to Mr. Biggs and Mr. Goodlake, to toss up for the cup, when the latter gentleman, with the greatest condescension, said he would agree to whatever arrangement they thought proper. Glowworm certainly ran the courses from the beginning to the end in a very superior honest style, although he was a year older than Blast: they were both got by Mr. Pettatt's celebrated stallion dog, Platoff. We now must look upon Mr. Goodlake as having the best kennel of greyhounds in England, having been challenged by the Wiltshire confederate party three times, and beat them twice out of the three, which now proves the old saying, that the Berkshire greyhounds are superior to the Wiltshire. It was likewise so thirty years ago, in the day of the celebrated courser Captain Hatt, whose breed of grey-

hounds was far superior to all the greyhounds brought to Ashdown Park from almost every county in the united kingdom. The renowned Snowball was out of Phillia, a Berkshire bitch.

It appears very singular that sporting men should purchase draft greyhounds, from a certain Lord's kennel, with an idea that they are to win at Ashdown Park, against some of the best-bred greyhounds in Europe: their eyes must now be opened, as not one of the drafts won a course.

Great credit is due to Mr. Biggs, as a young courser, for his method of training, feeding, and the fine condition he brings his dogs into the field, which has been the cause of his winning so many cups, sweepstakes, &c.

SPRING MEETING OF THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE COURSING CLUB.

DUMFRIES, MONDAY, FEB. 9, 1824.

First Ties for the Cup.—Mr. G. Young's bl. wh. d. Valiant, beat Mr. Scott Elliot's brin. wh. b. Sylph; Mr. Leny's bl. d. Vich Ian Vohr, beat Mr. Crichton's yel. wh. d. Souther; Sir J. H. Maxwell's brin. b. Swallow, beat Mr. D. Murray's dun d. Scud; Mr. Beattie's brin. d. Bronti, beat Lord Queensberry's bl. b. Phantom; Mr. Curil's blk. b. Swallow, beat Mr. James Menteth's yel. wh. d. Spring; Mr. Riddall's blk. wh. d. Stafford, beat Mr. Babbington's br. b. Bess; Captain Graham's brin. d. Grimaldi, beat Sir William Jardine's r. wh. b. Swallow; Mr. Staig's bl. wh. d. Blue Bonnet, beat Mr. R. Taylor's r. b. Fly,

Match for 20 sous. each, p. p.—Mr. D. Murray's blk. b. *Spell*, named by Mr. Windham, beat Mr. Crichton's yel. wh. b. Flora Mac Ivor, named by Lord Queensberry.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10.

Second Ties for the Cup.—Mr. Leny's bl. d. Vich Ian Vohr, beat Mr. G. Young's bl. wh. d. Valiant; Sir J. H. Maxwell's brin. b. Swallow, beat Mr. Beattie's brin. d. Bronti; Mr. Riddall's blk. wh. d. Stafford, beat Mr. Curil's blk. b. Swallow; Capt. Graham's brin. d. Grimaldi, beat Mr. Staig's bl. w. d. Blue Bonnet.

Third Ties for the Cup.—Mr. Leny's bl. d. Vich Ian Vohr, beat Sir J. H. Maxwell's brin. b. Swallow; Mr. Riddall's bl. wh. d. Staffld, beat Capt. Graham's brin. d. Grimaldi.

Deciding Course.—*Vich Ian Vohr* beat Staffld, and won the Cup.

For the Members' Stakes.—*First Ties.*—Mr. Beattie's din. d. Buff, beat Sir W. Jardine's bl. b. Nimble; Mr. D. Murray's blk. b. Spell, beat Mr. Crichton's brin. wh. b. Swallow; Mr. James Menteath's yel. wh. d. Spring, beat Mr. G. Young's bl. wh. d. Valiant; Sir John Heron Maxwell's yel. b. Countess, beat Lord Queensberry's din. d. Fox.

Second Ties.—Mr. D. Murray's blk. b. Spell, beat Mr. Beattie's din. d. Buff; Sir J. H. Maxwell's yel. b. Countess, beat Mr. James Menteath's yel. wh. d. Spring.

Deciding Course.—*Spell* beat Countess, and won the Stakes.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11.

For the Open Stakes.—*First Ties.*—Mr. H. Fergusson's blk. wh. d. Jumper, beat Mr. Staig's br. b. Bess; Lieutenant-Col. B. M'Murdo's blk. d. Trailflat, beat Capt. Graham's blk. d. Glory; Lieutenant-Colonel C. Maxwell's brin. d. Star, beat Mr. Hunter's blk. b. Janet; Mr. Crichton's brin. wh. b. Swallow, beat Lord Queensberry's din. d. Fox; Mr. Leny's brin. b. Guess, beat Mr. D. Young's blk. d. Dart; Sir J. H. Maxwell's blk. d. Marshall, beat Mr. James Menteath's yel. wh. b. Nell; Mr. Beattie's bl. b. Bluebell, beat Sir W. Jardine's blk. wh. d. Royal; Mr. Alex. Carruthers's r. d. Crust, beat Sir John Gordon's brin. d. Bronti.

Second Ties.—Lieutenant-Colonel B. M'Murdo's blk. d. Trailflat, beat Mr. H. Fergusson's blk. wh. d. Jumper; Mr. Crichton's brin. wh. b. Swallow, beat Lieutenant-Colonel C. Maxwell's brin. d. Star; Sir J. H. Maxwell's blk. d. Marshall, beat Mr. Leny's brin. b. Guess; Mr. Beattie's bl. b. Bluebell, beat Mr. Alexander Carruthers's r. d. Crust.

Third Ties.—Mr. Crichton's brin. wh. b. Swallow, beat Lieutenant-Colonel B. M'Murdo's blk. d. Trailflat;

Sir J. H. Maxwell's blk. d. Marshall, beat Mr. Beattie's bl. b. Bluebell.

Deciding Course.—*Marshall* beat Swallow, and won the Stakes.

Several matches were run upon the last day of the meeting, and the runs throughout were extremely good. The Club dined together on Monday, eighteen in number, besides several strangers, when Members' Stakes were formed to be run for at the Autumn Meeting in November next; and several matches will also be decided at the said meeting in autumn.

John Newall, Esq. and Francis Hunter, Esq. of Barjarg, were admitted as new Members.

The Stewards appointed for next season are—Alexander Murray, Esq. of Broughton, Presses; G. Scott Elliott, Esq. of Lariston, V. P.; and John Riddall, Esq. of Kinhervey, Treasurer.

NEWMARKET COURSING.

TUESDAY, FEB. 17.

First Chevelu Field.—*For the Couples.*—Mr. Wilkinson's Cogniac, beat Mr. Redhead's Lapwing; Lord Huntly's Viscount, beat Mr. De Burgh's Quorne; Lord Rivers's Ronald, beat Mr. Scott's Ino; Admiral Wilson's Uxbridge, beat Lord Dunwich's Eleanor.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18.

Chippenham Field.—*For the Couples.*—Lord Huntly's Viscount, beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cogniac; Lord Rivers's Ronald, beat Admiral Wilson's Uxbridge.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19.

Bottisham Field.—*For the Couples.*—Lord Huntly's Viscount, beat Lord Rivers's Ronald, and won the *Couples*.

This meeting took place too late in the month to permit us to give the matches, of which 69 were run.

MALTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, FEB. 17.

For the Cup.—*First Class.*—Mr. Lumley's dun d. Catton, beat General Bosville's bl. b. Bluebell; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pan, beat Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. Rufus; Mr. Lumley's dun d. Doctor, beat General Bosville's r. d. Hesel; Mr. Lumley's blk. d. Clermont, beat Sir J. Johnstone's

r. d. (pup) Ebor; Mr. Lowther's bl. d. p. Paris, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Violet; Mr. Best's red d. Streamer, beat Major Bower's blk. d. Blackcock; Mr. Best's blk. and w. b. Tulip, beat Mr. Fox's blk. and w. b. p. Thetis; Major Bower's blk. d. Balloak, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Nimble.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. to be run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday, B. F.—First Class.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Pilot, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. p. Namesake; Mr. Fox's bl. d. p. Toaster, beat Mr. Lumley's bl. d. p. Romulus.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday, B. F.—First Class.—Mr. Best's bl. d. p. Guy, beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Pluto; Mr. Lumley's dun d. p. Corsair, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. p. Nike.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18.

Twelve matches were run this day.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19.

For the Cup—Second Class.—Catton beat Tulip—Balloak beat Pan—Doctor beat Paris—Streamer beat Clermont.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday, B. F.—Second Class.—Toaster beat Pilot, and won the Sweepstakes.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Second Class.—Guy beat Corsair, and won the Sweepstakes.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, to be run in Classes on Thursday and Friday, B. F.—First Class.—Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. Rufus, beat Mr. Lumley's dun b. Ceres; Mr. Best's blk. and w. d. Tartar, beat Mr. Fox's blk. and w. p. Thetis.

Friday.—Mr. Best's r. d. Streamer won the Cup.

ATTERTON PARK COURSING.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21.

There was a strong muster at this Meeting, and some excellent runs took place. The Silver Cup was won at three runs by Mr. Hammond's Brush; and the Cover was adjudged to Major Andrew's Fly. The Park Bowl was won by Mr. Forrester's Tulip, at two runs.

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Matches for 10 sovs. each.—Mr. Owen's Blossom, beat Mr. Webb's Sline; Major Howard's Juno, beat Mr. Roden's gr. b.; Mr. Roberts's Anno, beat Mr. Lawrence's w. d.

There were several other matches for minor runs, which completed a fine day's sport.

A Coursing Meeting, which had excited very considerable interest, took place recently at Fisherton Downs, near Deptford, Wilts, to determine a match made at the late Deptford Coursing Meeting, between Harry Biggs and — Goodlake, Esqrs. for 10 sovs. each, and 20 the main. The company was most respectable and very numerous, the hares stout runners, and the dogs in high condition—Mr. Biggs's rather the favourites. Mr. Biggs's Blast, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gawrey; Mr. Goodlake's Gondola, beat Mr. Biggs's Brazil; Mr. Biggs's Burleigh, and Mr. Goodlake's Girl—undecided; Mr. Goodlake's Glowworm, beat Mr. Biggs's Bertram; Mr. Goodlake's Golden Locks, beat Mr. Biggs's Bolivar; Mr. Biggs's Burleigh, beat Mr. Goodlake's Girl.—Some difference of opinion arose from Brazil having made a momentary stop in one part of the course, owing, as it was generally believed, to her having lost sight of the hare at the turn of the hill. The umpires were not satisfied of this circumstance, and of course decided against her. She was decidedly superior to Gondola, and, but for this accident, Mr. Biggs would have won the main.

A hare was lately found at Horsey, near Eastbourne, Sussex, when two dogs belonging to Davies Gilbert, Esq. and a famous bitch the property of Mr. Jones, were taken to the spot. Good law being allowed, the hare was started. The ground ran over was heavy, and computed to be at least three miles, and during the course puss and her staunch pursuers might have been frequently covered with a sheet. Just, however, as the hare was entering the plantations of Inigo Thomas, Esq. the greyhounds still laying hard at her, a

P F

fourth dog unfortunately ran in and killed her. So severe was this course, that Mr. Jones's celebrated bitch fell dead at its conclusion, and it was for some time doubtful whether Mr. Gilbert's younger dog would not have experienced a similar fate. The hare is to be preserved and stuffed.

COCKING.

A main of cocks, between the gentlemen of Kent and Cambridge, was fought at Canterbury, Tuesday, February 10, and two following days, and decided in favour of Kent, as follows:—

KENT.		CAMBRIDGESHIRE.	
	M. B.		M. B.
First Day.....	3 0	4 1
Second Day ...	6 2	2 0
Third Day ...	8 1	0 0
	<u>17 3</u>		<u>6 1</u>

One bye battle was drawn on the first day.

For Kent—Chapman, feeder; R. Fleming, setter.—For Cambridge—Hall, feeder; Porter, setter.

COMPARATIVE SWIFTNESS OF A MAN AND A HORSE.

On Monday, a wager of one hundred sovereigns was decided in the neighbourhood of this city, which shewed the comparative swiftness of a man to a horse. One gentleman undertook to run seventy yards before the other could gallop a hundred on the best hunter that could be got. The ground was railed off. A gentleman at the end of the course gave the signal, the parties started, and the gentleman beat the horse by about five yards.—*Glasgow Journal*.—[Singular as this may appear, it is easily accounted for, by the motion of a biped being so much sooner called into swift action than that of a quadruped.—*Ed.*]

GAME LAWS.

The subject of the game laws is again before Parliament. On the 17th February, Mr. S. Wortley obtained leave to bring into the Commons a Bill, the principle of which went to bring game as near to property as the nature of it would allow; to place the law respecting qualifications as nearly

as possible on the footing of that of Scotland; to permit any man to take game upon his own land; to give proprietors possessed of a certain quantity of land the right to appoint as many gamekeepers to kill game as they pleased; and to modify the law against poachers. Game would by this law be a species of property precisely similar to that of fresh-water fish.—Sir John Shelley said, such a law would destroy the field sports of the country, and particularly fox-hunting.—The Bill has been brought in.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

The first match of the season took place the 2d February, on Bagshot Heath, between eleven picked men from the Ashton, against eleven from the Midgham Club, at fifteen birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap.

ASHTON.		MIDGHAM.	
	killed.		killed.
Mr. Pearson.....	13	Captain Hornby	14
Mr. Jones.....	13	Mr. Welsh	12
Mr. Armitage...	12	Mr. Colbourne...	12
Mr. Rogers	11	Mr. Cochrane ...	12
Mr. Stevens.....	10	Mr. Theobald ...	11
Mr. Norris	10	Mr. Wood	10
Mr. Wells	9	Mr. Fenwick ...	9
Mr. Kemp	9	Mr. R. Rogers...	8
Mr. Fielder	8	Mr. Stevenson ...	8
Mr. Giblett	8	Mr. Caldecot ...	8
Mr. Marsden ...	8	Mr. Frost	7

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111

After the tie it was agreed that the match should be decided at three birds each. The Ashton men killed twenty-nine, and won the match, by those of Midgham killing twenty-seven only.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A match is again made between John Halton, the Yorkshire champion, and John Ashton, the well-known Lancashire pedestrian, to run twice round Knutsford Course on the 17th of March next, for 100l. between the hours of twelve and two o'clock.

A young Yorkshireman, named Bullock, appeared at Stamford this month, and tasked himself to walk forty miles in eight hours and half (including time for refreshment), from the Horse Shoe Inn, in Red Lion-square, to Newsted Toll-bar (on the Uffington road), and back. As the feat was be-

gun at nine o'clock in the morning, great crowds attended him. His pace was confined to *walking*; but still he performed the first six miles in 55 minutes, and the whole distance was completed with great ease one hour within time.

Duglissism.

LANGAN AND SPRING.—Langan's benefit, on Thursday, February 19, at the Royal Tennis Court, Windmill-street, was well attended; and the sparring between B. Aaron and Redburn, Belcher and Ben Burn, Harmer and Cy Davis, elicited thunders of applause. Stockman and Mason ascended the stage, but the indignation of the amateurs against the former was so great, that he was not permitted to spar more than a few minutes, amidst a tumultuous roar of disapprobation, cries of "Off, off," &c., when T. Belcher, after apologizing for Stockman's appearance, desired him to quit the stage. Stockman observed, "If they had ALL been in the *roussary*, no fault would have been found with him!" The principal novelty of the day was the set-to between Langan and Belcher. Langan was welcomed with the most enthusiastic applause; and after stating that he was sorry he could not exert himself so much as he wished, in consequence of an injury received in his foot, he put on the gloves, and convinced the amateurs he was no contemptible boxer. The excellence of Belcher is well known, and Langan received several of Tom's scientific right and left facers: however, Pat made his right hand tell once or twice, and, after a short spar, came forward and addressed the spectators. "Gentlemen," said he, "for the honour you have this day done me, I return you my warmest thanks; and should I again appear in the ring, I pledge my honour, as an Irishman, to exert my efforts to make it a more pleasant and agreeable mill than the last one in which I was engaged." And soon after he gave the following challenge:—"For my part, I have

no animosity against any man breathing; but I will fight any man who calls himself Champion of England, on a stage like this, for 300 or 1000 guineas." (*Bravo! well done, Langan!*) The appearance of the Irish Champion is much in his favour, and he was warmly applauded. There was a strong muster of Corinthians.

The following letter has been inserted in the public papers:—

SIR—Your paper, and others of the public journals, have of late teemed with idle correspondence on the subject of my fight with Langan. Of Langan I have nothing to say, but that I consider him a brave fellow in the ring, and a good fellow out of it; but in order to put an end to all further *chaffing*, and to bring our matters to a clear understanding, I have only this to observe: Langan at his own benefit publicly stated, that "he was ready to fight any man who called himself Champion of England, on a stage, for from 300l. to 1000l." Now I have been pronounced the character he describes, and I am ready to fight Langan, or any other man, for 500l. in a roped ring on the turf, or for 1000l. in any way that himself or his friends may think proper to suggest—on an iron pavement if they choose. This is my final answer to all *chaunts*; and I shall be at the Fives' Court tomorrow, at Turner's benefit, and come to the *scratch* if called.—I am, Sir, your's, most respectfully,

THOMAS W. SPRING.

Feb. 24, 1824.

Marten and Defoe fight on the 16th March: 25l. a side are deposited.

Hares and Richard Curtis fight on Tuesday, 13th April: 10l. a side is staked.

A third battle, between Josh Hudson and Sampson, for 100l. a side, is to take place on the 20th of April.

Ned Turner is matched to fight Inglis.

A most severely-contested and gallant fight took place at Moulsey Hurst on the 11th February, between *Maurice Deloy* and *Baldwin* alias

White-headed Bob. Joah Hudson and the Streatham Youth seconded Delay, and Bob was attended by Richmond and Paddington Jones. The battle continued twenty-seven rounds, and lasted forty-four minutes, when Delay's seconds were obliged to give in for him: both men were much punished. The stakes were 50l. a side.

A battle took place on Wednesday, Feb. 3, near Delph, a small village in Saddleworth, Yorkshire, between George Parkinson and John Dunn, inhabitants of Manchester, for twenty sovereigns a side. Its novelty attracted thousands from the neighbouring towns of Oldham and Manchester, to witness it. The place was well calculated for the purpose, being a valley with hills rising on each side, so that a very large number of spectators could be accommodated with a view of the fight. About twelve o'clock Parkinson arrived on the ground, and threw his hat into the ring. The constable of the parish now vainly endeavoured to dissuade both the combatants from fighting, but threats and remonstrances were alike ineffectual. Parkinson was seconded by John Cheetham and T. Mayers, and Dunn by Matthew Viopond (generally called Wheeping), who fought Langan, and James Wigham. The odds were 5 and 6 to 4 on Dunn, who was a stone heavier than his antagonist. The first round consisted chiefly of sparring, but the men soon fell to in earnest, and an obstinate contest was maintained till the 82d round. In the 4th, Parkinson drew first blood: in the 9th, Dunn broke the thumb and three fingers of his left hand; nevertheless, with his right he administered heavy punishment, and it was not till the 82d round that he was compelled to yield to equal courage to his own, and superior science. Parkinson was borne off in triumph by his friends.

Gallant Run with the Buck-hounds of Mr. Littleton. M. P. for Staffordshire.—On Saturday the 31st of January, Mr. Littleton's buck-hounds met at Aston, near Stone, in consequence of information that the buck which was turned out at Tittensor, on the 9th ult. and which was lost after a long run, was in a covert near Pirchill. The same hounds had run him since he was first turned out, and again lost him after a harder chase than the first. On Saturday they found him again in the same covert, and run him a burst for Aston, Enson Moor, and Marston, across Tillington to Stafford race-course, where he was viewed; and from thence back to Marston, Enson Moor, and Burston, down the side of the Trent, which he crossed at Aston Mill; from whence he took across the canal for Orange Hays and Sandon; where he turned to the left over Hardwick Heath by the Hollywood, Peak's Hill, and Hilderstone, in the direction for Coton, where he braked: here again the hounds viewed him, and ran him back to Hilderstone, across a very hilly country, for Draycot, near to which the hounds ran in to him, after a most severe chase of three hours. During this space the hounds were only twice at check for a few minutes. The first burst of eight miles was tremendous, and the rest was all hard running: the deer was so game, he would not be caught alive, and fell dead before the hounds—a circumstance which very seldom occurs, and which is much to be lamented, as he appears to have been one of the most gallant animals ever turned out before a pack of hounds. It was calculated by the gentlemen who were out, and who knew the country, that he could not have run less than thirty miles. As the appointment was not generally known, the field was not numerous, and few were up at the death.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of "A SUBSCRIBER," "VENATOR," "NO GRIZZLE," "OLD SHOT," "A SCOTCHMAN," "A HAMPSHIRE FOX-HUNTER," and "H." are received, and shall have due attention paid them in our next Number.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1824.

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Embellished with,

I. FLEMISH FISHERMEN.

II. A Portrait of the celebrated Trotter MARSHLAND SHALES.

FLEMISH FISHERMEN.

Engraved by J. PHELPS, from a copy
painted by A. COOPER, R. A.

THE original, in the possession of Lord Charles Townshend, M. P. was painted by that extraordinary genius, Philip Wouvermans, and is one of his sweetest gems.

“Wouvermans (says Fuseli, in his *Dictionary of Painters*) was a disciple of John Wynant's, and arrived at such a degree of perfection as to be esteemed superior to all his contemporaries. The subjects which he seemed most particularly fond of painting were, huntings, hawkings, encampments

of armies, farriers' shops, and all kinds of scenes that afforded him a proper and natural opportunity of introducing horses, as he painted those animals to the greatest perfection. And when we consider the works of this inimitable artist, we find ourselves at a loss to determine what part is most worthy of our applause and admiration—whether the sweetness of the colouring, the correctness of his design, his cattle or his figures, the charming variety of attitudes in his horses, the free and yet delicate touching of his trees, the beautiful choice of his scenery, the judicious use he makes of the chiaro-scuro, or the spirit that animates the whole.”

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He was born at Haerlem, in 1620; died 1668, aged 48.

I cannot forbear here to mention a circumstance, if it is only to lament that it ever occurred—for there is a pleasure in relating our grief. Wouwermans having been so ill requited during his life for those exquisite pictures he has left behind, when on his death-bed he ordered all his studies and sketches to be burnt, to prevent his son from following the arts—or, to use his own words, embracing so miserable and so uncertain a profession as his.

A. C.

BAG FOXES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AS a constant reader and admirer of your Magazine, I think I may take the liberty of addressing one thing to you, in which I am sure *you*, as well as every other "*Real Sportsman*," will agree—namely, that habit of taking foxes from a country regularly hunted, to put down before harriers. I need not comment on the excellency and beauty of a pack of good harriers, as long as they run hare; but when they are used for both, in my opinion they are spoiled for either. But to come to my point. The gentlemen of Liverpool, and first and foremost of these, Mr. Fletcher, himself a rider and man who *professes* to be fond of fox-hunting, has for these two or three last seasons regularly employed men to procure him foxes, from the Cheshire country, at 2l. a head. He generally has them sent from the borders of Delamere Forest, from Helesby Hill, near Frodsham, and literally keeps up a regular trade for foxes, to turn out before the Liverpool harriers; yet this

man and his friends will come out with the Cheshire, and then complain of Sir Harry Mainwaring's being so unceremonious to all the Liverpool men, and of his complaining, before them, of the foxes being sent over the Mersey. If a man is a real sportsman, he will not only oppose foxes being caught for this purpose, but will not go to *the harriers*, when a bag fox is turned out: it is an encouragement to all poachers and vagabonds to take the above method of making a few pounds, and of setting traps not only for foxes, but for *game* of all sorts.—If you will insert the above account, with a proper comment in your next, you will confer a favour on

*An old Member of the
"Tarporley Hunt."*

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP—PHILIP PAYNE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SEEING in your Number of last month an account of a poney carrying the son of Mr. Francis Grace over a brook nearly six yards in width, I beg leave to inform you that I think that statement must be incorrect. Your correspondent adds, that the banks were rotten, and that the space the poney covered measured upwards of eight yards. I believe this to be very improbable; and the fact of this animal keeping a good place with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, which are perfection itself, for one hour and twenty minutes, at the best pace, is equally incredible. No pack of hounds has had better sport, under the management of Philip Payne. If he is used up by his late accident, he will be a serious loss not very easily

replaced. It is too bad, that such an accident should occur by the injudicious riding of an ignoramus, who very likely was mounted upon a run-away brute (I was not out on that day), and consequently had better have staid at home.

An accident nearly of the same nature happened to Philip some years ago, when a blundering sixteen stone parson rode upon him whilst down at a fence, and nearly killed him. None of us can last for ever, but I sincerely hope that he will again come to *the scratch* (though I never wish his *worthy friend the parson* to appear in the field, when he is there), and that I may once more have the pleasure of seeing him with his cap off, cheering his hounds in to their fox, as he did after a brilliant run of one hour and twelve minutes, this season, from Sherborne low pastures.

A correspondent very correctly observes, that Philip is reckoned the best kennel huntsman in England. Jack Wood, who is figuring away so admirably, and giving such general satisfaction, in Warwickshire, began his hunting career, I believe, under him. Philip is a very obliging, civil man, and whenever he is *floored* he will carry with him the respect and esteem of every true lover of fox-hunting.—Have the goodness to reserve a space for these few observations in your next Number.

A SUBSCRIBER.

REMARKABLE STEADINESS, &c. OF A BEAGLE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

A Few years since, when Colonel Jervoise, of Howard House, Hants, the present Member for the

county, kept a pack of small beagles, I was returning home, after killing a fox with Mr. Villebois' hounds, accompanied by S. T. Esq. when our attention was attracted by the sight of a hare in the adjoining field, which was approaching us at as slow a rate as she well could do, and which made several attempts to get through the fence, a common hurdle hedge, and as often fell backwards. Seeing this, I got off my horse, walked to the place, and took her up in my arms, on which she struggled a little, and in the course of two or three minutes died, without a blow or hurt from me.

After talking over the affair, and deciding what to do with the hare, we were about to proceed home, when we heard a single hound, indistinctly, as if at a great distance, but which, in reality, was not a hundred yards from us, as we soon saw it creeping through the fence on the opposite side of the field, and picking out the scent, scarcely exceeding a foot pace, and occasionally making a feeble attempt at throwing tongue. The hound at length got up to us, and saw the hare dead on the ground, when she dropped down, and appeared in such a state of exhaustion, that we never expected to hear of her rising again.

I sent the hare and hound home to the kennel, and a few days after saw the huntsman, Cannings. On telling him the story, he said, "It was our little *Tipsy*, as never will hunt a fox." He then related, that on the day mentioned he was out with the beagles, and found a hare in that neighbourhood, when, in passing through a small covert, the scent appeared to mend, and they went off so sharp, that they could not ascertain whether it was a fox

or not—"though dang it," says he, "I ought to *ha' know'd* better, for when I seed little Tipsy *wa'nt* there, it must be a fox."

It now appeared that this bitch had been running a hare for five hours, single handed, supposing it to be the same from which they changed. The bitch recovered, but could not hunt for a week after.

A HAMPSHIRE FOX-HUNTER.

NIMROD TO MR. CORCORAN.

SIR,

HAVING bid adieu to Surrey, you and I have no other way of conversing but on paper, and as each claims the honour of being a sportsman, I see no better way of doing it than in the columns of the *Sporting Magazine*.

I must inform you that I have read your letter in the last Number; which, if common politeness could allow me to pass over in silence, graver consideration would not suffer me to do so. In it you make honourable mention of my "superior abilities," as you are pleased to call them, for which you are entitled to my thanks—for praise always tickles; but you must allow me to say, that nothing my pen has produced can equal one sentence which you have favoured us with, wherein you say, "I have stepped into my 73d year, but *what of that, so long as I do not feel it?*" Sir! I have looked into Cato Major for a sentiment nobler than this, but, hitherto, I have drawn a blank. Allow me to add one hearty wish—*May you never feel it!*

You must next permit me to thank you for your kind invitation to your festive board, at which you tell me you will have a sportsman to meet me, and that "we'll be

merry." Now words, they say, like arrows, should have a mark; and, if I mistake not, there is something in this word *merry*, that means a good deal; and I have only to add, that if ever I do accept your kind invitation, it shall be the evening *after*, and not the evening *before*, hunting. Wine, however, says Plato, is a medicine both for body and soul, and good for the commonwealth, by producing harmony; and Hippocrates, that prince of physicians, recommends getting drunk *once a month*. This, however, will not do for some of my acquaintance.

When looking for examples, we naturally go back to old times. The great Augustus is said to have asked one of his subjects, how he had attained so great an age, with so vigorous a body, and so sound a mind? "By oil and honey," said the veteran. This is an ungentleman-like recipe for an Englishman. Perhaps, however, the old Roman spoke figuratively, and only meant to imply that the world had gone smoothly with him, and that he had tasted a few of its sweets by the way. Now, as the story goes, you are yourself indebted to a very pleasant prescription for that health and nerve which you possess, and which seems to "fade with no season." It is told of you, that, finding yourself unwell when in the prime of life, you applied to a physician, who recommended, not physic, but the pleasures of the table, and the soft blandishments of the female sex. You, it seems, have followed his advice, and proved it to be good; but this was not the case with a young Italian that I have read of, who died before he was twenty, rather than he would put himself under so agreeable a regi-

men. On his tomb were engraved the following lines, which, in my clumsy way, I have ventured to translate:—

"Sola Venus poterat lento succurrere morbo,
Nec se polluerat, maluit ille mori."

Venus alone could cure the pains he bore;
But, when the doctor told him so, he swore,
That, rather than be troubled with a wife,
He'd yield to cruel fate his weary life.

Now, Sir, I have only one or two more observations to make, and I have done. When speaking of the challenge you gave me to the five-feet fence, on the first day of Lord Derby's hunting, you say it is likely enough to have happened, but that there must have been some *provocative* to it. You are right, Sir, and I will tell you what that provocative was.

Many of you Surrey stag-hunters are very humane men, for which I honour you much. When the sport is over, you always think of your horses, and provide some good warm gruel to comfort their insides. At the same time—for which I also commend you—you do not forget yourselves, and you have what you call "your meal and water," though I never heard the comfortable compound called by that name before. Now, this meal and water (certainly made partly from corn and water) consists of some good old ale—the stronger the better—with eggs beaten up in it, and with, what we call on the road, "a scratch or two of ginger in it." Being, at the time alluded to, a stranger in the country, and not in the secret, I, with an empty stomach, and a cold horse, was no match for you, Sir, with all this ginger in you—particularly so, as, by his gay appearance, and the cock of his tail, when you rode up to me, I had some reason to suspect that the Miller had partaken

of it also. I therefore thought it prudent to decline, and proceed homewards with whole bones, recollecting that—

"He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

You are pleased to say, Sir, that when I visit you at Croydon, I am to fix upon a place for the old horse's head, when his mortal career is run. I trust it may be time enough to think of this, many years hence. It is no harm, however, to be prepared for such events, so you shall hear what I have to say on the subject.

Among the human race, there are various ways of shewing respect to the tomb. There are the nodding plumes; there is the costly mausoleum; there is the chaste monument,

"Where the smooth chisel all its skill
Has shewn,
And softened into flesh the rugged stone!"

There is the crown of flowers at the headstone of the village grave; and there is—which shames all funeral orations, or noisy grief—the female savage, who, with silent eloquence, presses some milk on the sod that covers her dead child. Among the brutes, there is Sterne's beautiful apostrophe to the dead ass, and there is Sancho Pancho's lamentation over his; but, with a few exceptions, a pair of boots, or the covering to an old arm chair, are the only monuments (portraits excepted), that I have met with, to that noble animal, the horse. Now when *Miller* is no more, it will be soon enough to fix his cenotaph, or write his epitaph; but in the mean time, perhaps, the following beautiful "address to his old horse," by the celebrated Dr. Wolcot, may not be inapplicable to him. I have altered a word or two in the original, and have added a few stanzas

of my own, which will be known
by their inferiority.

TO MY OLD HORSE "MILLER."

Dear *Miller*, thy speed is gone off,
and thy feet

No longer can travel the road ;
Yet think not, penurious, I grudge
thee thy meat,
Or forbid thee thy happy abode.

Thou knowest full well, that in fair
or foul weather,
Now 'mid zephyrs—now tempests
abhorr'd—

How often, like friends, we have jour-
neyed together,
And never exchanged a cross word.

In a canter or trot, in a gallop or leap
(Ah, me, what a satire on man !),
I scarcely remember thou mad'st a
false step :

Let mortals say this, if they can !

To comfort thine age, take, as usual,
thy rounds,

Enjoy all my pastures can yield :
Thy limbs shall not hang on a tree
for the hounds,
Thy bones shall not blanch on the
field.

Alas ! shall the tale to my neigh-
bours be told—

A tale that sweet mercy must
doubt—

For thy food that I kill thee, because
thou art old,

And unable to bear me about ?

Remembrance shall gratefully keep in
her eye

Th' exploits that have often been
mine ;

Then I dwell on your virtues, and
wish, with a sigh,

That my life had been harmless as
thine.

When winter appears, with his storms
and his snows,

That might freeze the slow course
of thy blood,

Thou shalt have a dry bed for thy
limbs to repose,

A warm stable, and plenty of food.

And when thou art dead, the proud
annals of fame,

Your deeds, and my own, shall
record.

Could the goddess *Diana* but hear of
your name,

Immortal you'd be, by the Lord !

A niche in the wall of my parlour I'll
give

For your head, when you yield up
your breath,

By the side of the stag ; for you know,
when alive,

You always were in at the death.

At dirty *Ray Common*,* *Charles Mor-*
ton can tell

(*Charles Morton*, who always tells
truth),

How the *Miller* and I each " bore off
the bell,"

And beat all the hard-riding youth.

Then cheer up, old horse, for we
never will part !

My price does not all pockets suit ;

'Tis " not all *Lombard-street*,† nor
the grand Auction Mart,

Nor the Bank of old England to
boot.

Now, on earth as our fame is so loudly
proclaim'd,

To only one strait are we driven :

We must somehow contrive, that we
both shall be named

To those high-mettled worthies in
heaven.

As I sit o'er my glass, then, a bumper
I'll quaff,

And *Diana's*‡ good health will I
toast ;

Little *Bacchus*, who knows me, will
hear it and laugh,

And report us that night by the
post.

Then should *Castor* or *Pollux*, those
hard-riding gods,

Want a horse that can fly without
wings ;

Old *Miller's* the nag, and I'll bet
any odds

That he beats all their angels and
kings.

* *Vide Letter.*

† *Vide Letter.*

‡ The hind is sacred to *Diana*.

Should I die before thee—for we
know not our fate—

Let thy fears and suspicions be
still;

To the close of thy life shall benevo-
lence wait,

For thy name shall be first in my
will.

NIMROD.

ERRORS CORRECTED IN MR.
LAWRENCE'S TREATISE ON
HORSES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Request the favour of you to permit me to explain and correct a certain discrepancy in two of my books (the "Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses," and "the History and Delineations of the Horse"), which has lately been pointed out to me, in a letter from a friend. In the Treatise, Vol. I. 3d Edit. p. 338, it is printed—"In the canter, the *near* or *left* foot leads the way." The History of the Horse, p. 206, thus has it:—"A managed horse will go smoothly, and without embarrassment, on either hand, or with either foot first, but road-horses and hunters should always lead with the *right* foot: it is the natural action of the horse, as may be seen in the *cantering* of the foal; and the horse leading with the left foot, goes unpleasantly to the rider. In the race-horse it is not regarded, but if he be much stiffened by work, changing his feet in the gallop gives the rider a considerable shock—indeed, sufficient to derange his seat, unless it be a practised one. To oblige the horse to take his right foot, press the calf of the left leg, or the left heel, to his side, at the same time shortening the

right rein, more particularly the curb. If on his pace, it is more convenient, first to turn him a little to the left, and then put him upon his right foot, and this last seems to have been the method directed by Xenophon. Adams is of opinion, that the reason some horses lead generally with the left foot is, that, in breaking, they had only been longed to the left, which is the easiest to an ordinary breaker; whereas a colt should ever be longed to both hands."

How the above error should have escaped me, during the course of nearly thirty years, I cannot account; still less, how I could deliberately make the blunder, of enjoining a course directly in opposition to my own opinion and practice. I had, in the period of my being much on horseback, several capital cantering hacks, for form, ease, and continuance, and was particularly solicitous to keep them steady to the natural mode of leading with the right or off leg. I intreat of those gentlemen, who may have my old book in their possession, to make the needful correction with their pen.

Being on the subject of corrections, I wish to introduce a few words on another topic or two. I have (Treatise, Vol. I. p. 237, Edit. 3d) represented the race-horse as spending his winter "in the paddock and loose stable, enjoying himself at his ease." Now I must say, that such a plan was what I rather approved than knew to be practised. The horses, I believe, have been generally kept going, throughout the winter, as the weather might permit. Sir Charles Bunbury, however, always desirous of sparing his favourite the horse, would gladly have joined this with

his mild method of training; and I had some conversation on the subject with his people, particularly Mr. Roger Rush, clerk of the course at Newmarket. The result was, that the *speed* of those horses, suffered to run abroad or lie idle through the winter months, could never again be recovered. Thence the plan was abandoned.

I have been frequently asked for my authority for the assertion (p. 222, N. S.) that Hautboy, the sire of Bay Bolton, "was a large horse, without pedigree, bred by a farmer." I copied that account from the legend of an old print, probably contemporary with Bay Bolton, which I saw at a friend's house at Dulwich, many years past, but which, on consideration, I have no doubt was erroneous. The figure of the horse in the rude likeness of that day, shews full racing blood, and the pedigree of both the Hautboys (*vide* Pick) is fully satisfactory. On the other hand, I have various reasons to be convinced that the account of Sampson's defect of pedigree, was authentic, notwithstanding that conveniently bestowed upon him. The comparative goodness of the old racers and those of the present day, is a favourite topic with many persons; but what I have said on that point (Vol. I. p. 221, N. S.) is far enough from being decisive, or certain with regard to facts, in any respect.

Looking over Mr. Osborne's commission stables, Gray's-inn-lane, a few weeks since, I was agreeably surprised to find a range of stalls converted into boxes, or loose standings, according to a favourite plan of mine, published in the old Treatise (Vol. I. p. 459). It was calculated for a considera-

ble establishment in the country, but I never heard of more than one or two gentlemen who had adopted it, nor did I ever expect to live to witness its revival. The internal arrangement, with respect to the disuse of the old rack and manger, is observed at Osborne's, and the plan appears perfectly convenient, and adapted to the purposes which I pointed out. Gentlemen who may have adopted this method, will oblige me highly, by stating its success, or the objections to it, in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*; and the curiosity of those who have not hitherto witnessed it, may be satisfied by a call at Osborne's. It is certainly ornamental. My other proposal, of a seat on the splinter bar of a post chaise, for the postilion, in order to favour the horse which has the double duty to undergo, of both drawing and carrying weight, *at the option of passengers*, I have witnessed in practice, but in very few instances.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

March 11, 1824.

RACES APPOINTED FOR 1824.

Y ORK Craven	April 5
Caistor	6
Croxton Park	7
Newmarket Craven	10
Hambleton Hunt	20
Catterick Bridge	21
Middleham	26
Chester	May 3
Newmarket 1st Spring	3
Newmarket 2d Spring	17
York Spring	24
Manchester	June 9
Edinburgh	21
Buxton	23
Leeds	23
Pottery	August 5

EAST KENT HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

SIR John Falstaff said, that he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. If NIMROD is not only a good writer himself, but the cause of good writing in others, on the hunting subject, it will be a most excellent thing; for among the many, who are delighted with his spirited accounts of Leicestershire, Oxfordshire, and Warwickshire hunting, we must not be surprised, if, every now and then, one in his extacy considers himself the Nimrod of his county; and I have no doubt that such was entirely the case with the gentleman who amused himself last year with the remarks on Kentish fox-hunting. In your last Magazine, a gentleman, who signs himself an old subscriber, is anxious that NIMROD should come into Kent, to see the East Kent hounds, and the East Kent gentlemen ride. He recommends to his notice, at the same time, the little hounds, but by an unaccountable oversight, has forgotten to mention their riders, at which neglect they feel themselves much hurt, and intend to demand an explanation.

There was some cavilling last year about the country, and about the size of hounds requisite for the country. Your correspondent of last month, as far as my knowledge goes, speaks very accurately of the country. There are many parts of it stony, and bad, and there are parts which will not suffer much in comparison with Cottesmore and Pytcheley. As to hounds, a person will not do better than to read over what Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, says of

breeding fox hounds. He says, "the difference of country may excuse a variability of opinion in this respect; but there is a certain size well adapted for business, and which will not suffer themselves to be disgraced in any country, and these are the middle-sized hounds; all animals of that description being strongest and best able to endure fatigue;" and by no means admit into the kennel a hound badly made from the knee to the foot; and a gentleman in Kent cannot be too particular in the feet.

There are not a few who suppose, because the *Elzevirs* have been successful in their sport this year, that none but small hounds will do in Kent; but they are mistaken, for I am convinced that the experiment of hunting foxes with small hounds, will fail in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, even in Kent.

I will here make an observation or two, which may account in some measure for what seems a wonder to many, how so small a pack can have any chance of killing a fox, or how a fox can have any chance of escaping from a common-sized pack of fox-hounds.

In the first place, they were originally bred from fox-hounds drafted as under-sized. Secondly, there are no hounds bred with greater attention to the general rules laid down for breeding. Daniel says, to look well they should be nearly of a size, and if they appear of the same family it will be an addition; and if handsome withal, they are then; as far as appearance goes, perfect. The great excellence in a pack of fox-hounds is the head they carry; and though good sport may be had with those of different sorts, no one will be so likely to get his pack to run well

R A

together, as by confining himself as near as possible to those of the same sort, size, and shape. Again he remarks, with large establishments, that they are seldom hunted often enough to be good, it being well known, that young hounds, if they continue sound, cannot go out too often; and where they are not constantly hunted, they get idle, short of wind, and riotous. These may be given as good reasons, why this small pack have had some excellent sport this last season.

I admit them to be good, but I must be allowed to differ from him who believes them good only because they kill. The above-mentioned writer says, to kill is not sufficient—it is the style of killing, which sportsmen look at; it is the style of killing which gives celebrity. Speaking of killing, I have known a quick pack of harriers, with a few couple of fox-hounds, kill several times in the season; but who that bears in mind Mr. Beekford's brilliant remark, when he describes fox-hounds as they ought to be, "like the horses of the sun, all abreast," topping, dashing, spreading like sky-rockets to the scent, and sees harriers, creeping and following one another, through the same meuse, as truly as one horse in a team follows another, will confound the two, by ever naming them in the same breath.

"*Finis coronat opus*"—finishing well, is the grand point in fox-hunting. The difference in the nature of the two hounds, is never so well and truly shown as in the end of a hard run; the courage of the fox-hound increases as he finds the fox sinking and dying before him, and he runs from scent to view, and the end is glorious, gra-

tifying alike to his master and the field. But the speedy harrier dies gradually away with his fox, sinks, and all at once—hark! they stop! they have him! the huntsman alights, and finds his staunch pack busy at an earth, or rabbit bury, glad of an excuse to throw up; and happy is the hound that, eluding the keen eye of the huntsman and whipper-in, deaf to the cheering halloo, can curl himself snugly round, and sleep a while. Sleep on, good speedy harrier! it is thy master's fault, and thy misfortune, that thou hast been put to that work for which nature never intended thee, and for which thou art by nature totally disqualified.

"Harrier, rest, thy hunt is o'er:

"Dream of hunting fox no more."

The fox-hound's triumph is here complete. The drooping stern of the harrier is truly pitiable. When I am told that a bad country is not worth an expensive establishment, a huntsman, and two whippers-in, I admit it; but when I am informed that equally as good sport can be had with harriers, if by chance they kill—when I hear a comparison made between them and fox-hounds—I think it time to correct the mistaken idea; for North and South are not more widely different, than a fox-hunt with fox-hounds, and a fox-hunt, with a motley cry, a heterogeneous group, a mixture of harriers with a dozen fox-hounds, drafted from half a dozen different kennels.

I have taken the liberty of mentioning Mr. Whittaker's hounds, because they are advanced in support of the argument, that other hounds can shew good sport as well as fox-hounds, by persons who are wholly ignorant of their good breeding.

If you will allow this compilation, for I cannot claim it as my own, a place, you will confer a favour on one who takes great pleasure in reading your Magazine.

VENATOR.

HUNTING INFORMATION—ERRORS OF ANIMAL ENGRAVERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Find NIMROD, in his letter dated New Year's Day, has anticipated me, in recommending some means or other of getting information from the different hunts, and letting the public know what each has been doing.

I used some years ago to hunt regularly with the *Pytcheley*, knew all the old ones, and most of the young ones, and continued with them till Lord Althorpe gave them up; and a better pack of hounds never were, or better hunted than by Charles King. But, alas! poor *Pytcheley*, once so celebrated—what has become of them? You, Mr. Editor, never even mention them. Now, as I know all their coverts, brooks, &c. and no doubt many others are similarly situated, it would afford, I am sure, great pleasure, to hear now and then of them, and to know what they are about, and how they get on. I believe Mr. Muster now has them. At the time I allude to, there were some riders not easy to beat; for instance, the Fawsley Baronet, Mr. Davy, Colonel Allis, and some others, and as a heavy weight, *Dick Gurney*.

May I be permitted to make a few observations upon the general character of the engraving of portraits of horses in your Magazine. They generally have two decided

faults; one is, the manner of *lining* and *shading* the shoulder blade. If you will observe, they are invariably *loaded*, and appear quite fleshy and round, an error easily remedied by the engraver. Look at *Moses* as a specimen. The *lines* of the engraving should be not so round, but straight; it will give a flatness and lightness to the horse, that will make him look like a goer. The other is between the knee and fetlock before, many of their legs looking more like deers than horses. Many, I grant, have very little bone, but justice has not been done to several I could mention.

As I take great delight in your Magazine, and my wishes are to see it as perfect as possible, I trust you will excuse my taking the liberty of finding fault, as my object is to do good. Your obedient servant.
PHILO-NIMROD.

GOODWIN'S PATENT IRON HORSE SHOES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

HAVING long been fond of giving a fair trial to new inventions, I was determined to try some of Mr. Goodwin's patent iron horse shoes, having read his work on the different modes of shoeing horses, and reaped most decided benefit from his system of managing the foot of the horse.

I am not yet, from experience, enabled to state with precision the saving which will arise from adopting this new method; but what I am anxious to lose no time in calling your attention to, is, the remarkable facility by which the shoes can be put on any horse, which is strikingly illustrated by the following circumstance.

The smith in the neighbouring village being unwell, and a horse requiring to be shod, my carpenter (a handy fellow) said, that he "did not see a greater difficulty in nailing on a shoe than in nailing on a hinge." Being struck with the good sense of the observation, I immediately consented to his proposal, gave him a set of Goodwin's shoes, and I am happy to say that I never was better satisfied with any shoeing smith.

I therefore consider, that it is not one of the least advantages of these new shoes, that they can be made use of by mechanics who are not necessarily capable of making a shoe; and I should not be surprised (from the simplicity of the mode) before long, to find farmers, &c. particularly in the country, shoeing their own horses. Your constant reader and obedient servant,

INNOVATOR.

Hertfordshire, Feb. 25, 1824.

RULE WITHOUT EXCEPTION ON RIDING TO HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

CONCLUDING that the greatest part of your readers are young sportsmen, has induced me to publish a few remarks, by way of caution. Suffering, as I at this moment do, for want of it, will prove, that I write feelingly on the subject, being fully satisfied that it is one of the few rules in riding without exception, notwithstanding the fashion now is to leap before you look; fox-hunting being considered by many as consisting of hard riding. I allude to unnecessarily riding over a gate on the swing, or unfastened, the danger of which is fully proved by the following facts.

A few days since, I was hunting in the south of Hants, when we found an old fox in a hedge row about two o'clock, and ran him a good pace from the uplands into the deep country, when the scent began to mend. The hounds were going their best pace; seeing this, their sterns down and running well together, and finding no time to lose, I was making the best play I could, happening at this time to be first and well with the hounds. There being only one gentleman near and one of the whippers-in, he being a stranger to the country, I resolved to keep with them. At this moment, it was necessary to pass through a straw yard, on entering which, and finding it full of cattle, I concluded, of course, that the outward gate was fast, as it opened on a common, and did not hesitate riding at it at a sharp gallop, notwithstanding the yard was nearly two feet in dung, from whence my horse took his spring, and considered it was a liberty I could take with him, he being an extraordinary jumper. The consequence was, the gate flew open, and he pitched on it, with his near fore leg, and near hind leg, on one side, and the off legs on the other side, when I fell, and broke my collar bone. I got up, and ran back to assist my horse; he at this time was struggling violently to get his two near legs out from the first and second bars of the gate, his whole weight being on the other side, off the ground. Having succeeded in relieving the hinder leg, he commenced the most tremendous struggle for several minutes to withdraw the near fore leg, which he eventually did, by the second bar of the gate breaking, without seriously injuring himself, to the astonishment of all

those who had by that time come up.

Should I be present at the same sort of accident again, if possible, I would lift the gate off the hooks, and let it fall. With difficulty I mounted my horse, and followed the hounds for about two miles, when, from pain, I was obliged to give it up.

Imprudent as this may appear, I trust there are some who will acknowledge the irresistibility of endeavouring to prevent hounds from running clean away from every one. The fact of its not being for the sake of shewing off, which too often is the case, must be clear, there being only one or two to witness it, and not wishing to sell my horse, having often refused a topping price for him. In short, numerous instances can be quoted. A few years since, I witnessed a similar accident with a Major —, who also broke his collar bone; and once before I also had a narrow escape when riding a steady good hunter, one I had rode for seven years, and which I sold to a friend for a great price, on account of his being so safe a leaper at timber. I then went at a gate which was unfastened, and, owing to a slip, my horse hit with his fore legs the top bar, when it flew forward, before his fore legs, which just reached the head of the gate, when in the air, and he narrowly escaped from lighting on it. I got off then with only a trifling blow on my knee in passing.

I mention the circumstance of the horse being so steady, to prove that the least slip the most perfect hunter is liable to on these occasions; and, indeed, old hunters seldom jump higher than they are obliged to do.

The frequency of this thought-

less sort of riding, the following account will shew. A few days since, I actually saw five men follow each other over a gate which was not only unfastened, but standing open six inches from the post, when the hounds were going only a middling pace. This was witnessed also by Mr. H. and was remarked upon by us at the time.

Should you feel disposed to insert the above in the *Sporting Magazine*, and it meets the approbation of that first-rate sportsman, NIMROD, for whose excellent hints on these subjects we are all indebted, you are at liberty so to do. I cannot miss this opportunity of expressing a hope, that although Hampshire must be considered a slow country, he will at some future time, take a look at the several packs of fox hounds kept in it; and I can venture to say, he will agree with me in thinking some of them are as well regulated and appointed as any in the kingdom; and that the principal point to attend to is, to breed hounds in it adapted for cold scent and flints. I am positive, that a pack of hounds which can kill a good Hampshire fox, would rarely ever miss a fox in any other county—the first attention being paid to breed from the best nosed, best legged, and best constitutioned—it having been lately proved that fast hounds, combining the best blood, courage, and beauty in the kingdom, could not kill one Hampshire fox in six, although I have seen the same hounds since in Leicestershire kill nine foxes following without missing one, which can only be attributed to their not having paid that attention to their breeding from the best nosed hounds.

I am, your's, &c.

A HAMPSHIRE FOX HUNTER.

BEAGLING IN LANCASHIRE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

SOME time has now elapsed since I did myself the honour to address you, and, from my long silence, it would appear some of your worthy correspondents have entertained on my accounts, apprehensions of an alarming nature. It is no small satisfaction to myself, that I am enabled to remove those fears, and once more resume that character, to which my signature will satisfy you I am no stranger. The circumstances which suspended my communications, have not, however, prevented me perusing your valuable work, which I am most happy to say has received so much support, from your excellent and highly-polished correspondent, NIMROD.

The last subject upon which I addressed you, if I do not mistake, was the Training of Greyhounds:—my present sheet I shall devote to a few remarks upon *Beagling*.

Beagling is an amusement which has of late become very fashionable, and, I may almost say, very common, for in this and the surrounding neighbourhood there are at least half a dozen packs of beagles; whereas but a very short time back, a beagle was not to be met with, nor, indeed, could I obtain knowledge of any, except a cry which belonged to the late Mr. Yates of Bury—consequently, the establishing of a pack in this part was not accomplished without considerable expence and trouble. To collect a pack, therefore, I had recourse to the south, and, after some little care, formed a collection of no despicable qualities. It was not, however, on the moment, that a steady cry could be formed, but after the lapse of a period they

were greatly improved. This little pack becoming the property of one of the most promising sportsmen either this or any other country can boast—a man deserving the title in every sense of the word—Lord Molyneux—received very great improvement. His Lordship paid the greatest attention to their breeding, and at length obtained the short-legged, long-eared, broad-backed beagle, still however possessing a deal of blood. His Lordship, it appears, has this season transferred the management to Mr. German, whose fondness for all kinds of field sports well qualifies him for the trust. The country in which they are hunted is well suited for the sport, being a variety of hill, dale, champaign, and woodland, and is in a great measure that lately hunted by the present Mr. Standish, of Standish.

The next pack of which I shall take notice is one belonging to Mr. Haigh, of Brinscall hall (the son of a gentleman of the same name, who superintends the Surry fox-hounds). It consists of about ten couples, but wanting the true beagle form, and uniformity of size. With regard to their excellence as beagles, it does not become me to speak, my knowledge of them being limited.

Besides these, there are two or three more packs kept within twenty miles of the above, and it appears, the rage for beagling has of late become quite prevalent.

It is with no little share of surprise I have been told, by some whose fondness for hunting I cannot doubt, that beagles afford but trifling pastime. Such remarks, whilst they excite my contempt, only tend to convince me how deficient such persons must be, in the knowledge of *real* hunting.

The flash which these little ani-

mals display in making their casts, cannot but be admired by every one at all devoted to the pleasures of the field. In short, beagling requires not my faint efforts, to advocate it as a delightful amusement. They do not, it is true, require the speed or determined riding that fox-hounds do; but whilst beagles afford us time to "look before we leap," they at the same time give us opportunity, to observe their indefatigable perseverance.

In hunting a pack of beagles, the greatest silence ought to be observed; by too much hallooing, their heads are raised, and their own confidence becomes lost. Too much lifting is equally to be condemned. Indeed the beauty, as well as the excellence, of beagles, depends upon their own unaided efforts. But I am expanding my communication to a tedious length, and therefore for the present must close, by signifying myself your obedient servant, A SUBSCRIBER.

Knowsley, Feb. 5

HOLYWELL HUNT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SEEING in the last Number of your *Sporting Magazine*, an account of Holywell Hunt, as it now is, I take the liberty of sending you the following statement of what it was fifty-three years ago next September; and where, though not a member of the meeting, I was then present, in my twenty-second year. I much doubt if there be one single member now alive of all those whom I then saw in the enjoyment of all earthly happiness, and most of them in the pride of youth. The late Earl Grosvenor and the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn were at this time the great supporters of this social

meeting, where the utmost conviviality always prevailed. Many of the horses were ridden by the gentlemen of the hunt; and Mr. Leech, Mr. Maurice (afterwards Mr. Corbet) Mr. Slaughter, Mr. John Puleston, and Mr. Ince, were accounted very skilful riders. There were also some races at light weights, in which paid jockies were employed, the gentlemen not being able to come so light to the scale. There was a race in the year I have mentioned of a somewhat singular description, and which I have never seen since, being one at two mile heats, for *galloways not exceeding thirteen hands high, carrying twelve stone, rode by gentlemen*, and won by Lord Buckley's bay mare, rode by Mr. Leech, and afforded great diversion, as well as a hard contested race between five galloways that started for the prize, which was a subscription purse. Mr. Leech was a very great sportsman, and one of the first horsemen of his time, having rode one horse from York to his house near Chester (102 miles) in one day. He had also a good pack of fox-hounds; and was esteemed a fine judge of all matters in the field and kennel. He was also a true pattern of an English gentleman, liberal to his dependants, free from all affectation, and kind and hospitable to his neighbours and friends. In society he was much valued, as he abounded in mirth and good humour, and was never given to slander. Had your hunting correspondent, NIMROD, visited Cheshire in this worthy gentleman's life time, he would have had a fine subject for his pen, and he may never look upon his like again. I am, as you may suppose, Sir,

A WORN-OUT SPORTSMAN.

Cheshire March 4

COPY OF THE ORIGINAL CONTRACT BETWEEN LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. TATTERSALL, FOR THE SALE OF THE CELEBRATED HORSE HIGHFLYER.

AFTER what has appeared in our previous volumes, and particularly after Mr. John Lawrence's communication, given in the 8th volume of the New Series of our work, we little expected that this matter, so often under discussion, should again have been revived, viz. "*What was the actual price given by the late Mr. Tattersall for this truly celebrated horse.*" But a sporting friend having recently applied to us, to assist him with information on the subject, in order to decide, as he represented, a bet of considerable amount, with the addition of a

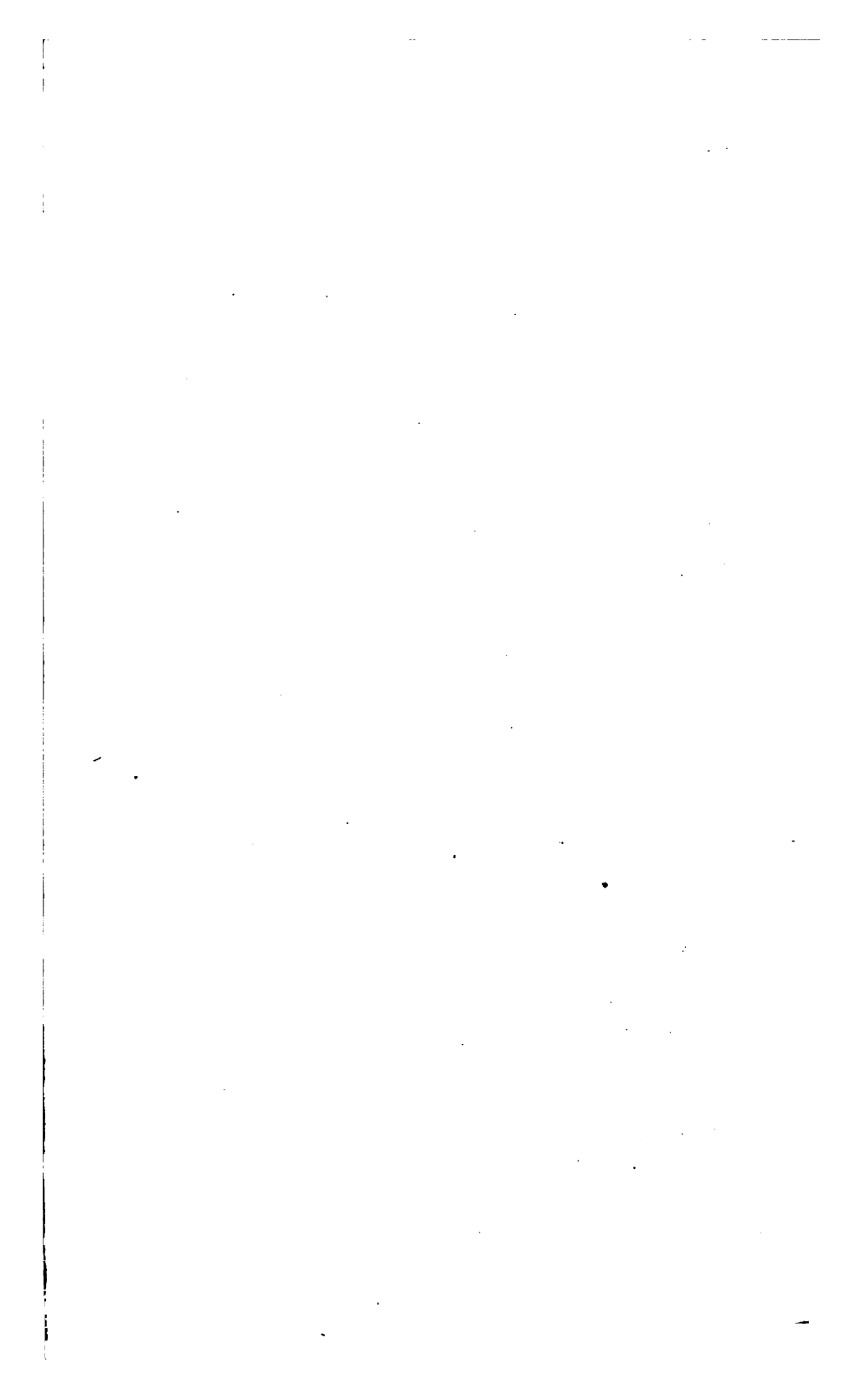
rump and dozen, we felt it a duty under such circumstances to assist our applicant, as we ever shall wish to do by all our sporting friends—the promotion of conviviality having been at all times a grand object with sportsmen. Accordingly, through the assistance of the most celebrated collector of the present day of all that relates to sporting, we are enabled to produce the original contract for the sale and purchase of Highflyer, which we now (by permission) deem it a duty to present to our numerous friends. It is as follows:

"**Knows all men** by these presents, that I, the Right Honourable Frederick Saint John Viscount Bolingbroke, for and in consideration of two thousand five hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, to me in hand paid, by Richard Tattersall, of the Parish of Saint George, in the Liberty of Westminster, and County of Middlesex, gentleman, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, and thereof do acquit and discharge the said Richard Tattersall, his executors and administrators, by these presents, HAVE bargained and sold, and by these presents do bargain and sell, unto the said Richard Tattersall, all that my bay horse called *Highflyer*, got by King Herod, out of the dam of Mark Anthony, now in training under the care of Thomas Robson, of the Valley, near Newmarket, in the County of Cambridge, groom, together with all my estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand, whatsoever, of, in, and to the same, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said horse called *Highflyer*, hereby or intended to be hereby bargained and sold unto the said Richard Tattersall, his executors, administrators, and assigns, as his and their own proper goods and chattels for ever. And I, the said Frederick Saint John Viscount Bolingbroke, do, by these presents, constitute and appoint the said Thomas Robson my true and lawful attorney for me, and in my name, to give and deliver possession of the said horse unto the said Richard Tattersall, his executors, administrators, or assigns, according to the true intents and meaning hereof. **IN WITNESS** whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 29th day of March, in the nineteenth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy nine.

"Sealed and delivered, being first duly stampd, in the presence of

"JOHN ANGELL.—J. A. DUFONT."

Bolingbroke.



"Be it remembered, that full and peaceable possession of the within mentioned horse, called Highflyer, was (by virtue of the within written power of attorney) given by the within named Thomas Robson to the said Richard Tattersall, by the delivery thereof to him the said Richard Tattersall, on this third day of April, one thousand seven hundred and seventy nine, in the presence of us,

"JAMES WEATHERBY.

"JOHN WHITE."

"Received, the day and year first within written, of the within named Richard Tattersall, the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds, being the consideration money for my executing the within written bill of sale.

"Witness to the signing hereof, and payment of the money,

"JOHN ANGELL.—J. A. DUFOY."

Bolingbroke.

This document is certainly a most curious one, and, as we are informed, what lawyers call a Bill of Sale, with Livery and Seisin indorsed, not forgetting a receipt for the consideration.

Wherefore this mode of transferring a horse by legal conveyance should have been adopted in the year 1779, we are utterly at a loss to account; the only plausible reason that can be, or has been, suggested to us for this unnecessary legal work, and the form of giving possession by an agent, under a power of attorney, has been, that Lord Bolingbroke may, at the period of sale to Mr. Tattersall, have been under some LEGAL APPREHENSION, to say the least of it; and that Mr. Tattersall, though the purchaser at what was doubtless considered an enormous price (far beyond what we believe was a selling price of the day, or even given for a horse before) was desirous of having a legal guard by his bond, as Shylock terms his instrument of law, to produce to ALL COURTS AND PERSONS, sufficiently to testify that he was, as his descendants have ever proved themselves, correct and

strictly upright in all his transactions.

To the connections of Lord Bolingbroke it is but justice to say, that the insinuation thus incidentally thrown out is but our own conjecture; we being utterly at a loss otherwise to account for the interference of the law, or lawyers, in such an affair.

We all now know, that after a *bona fide* sale, payment of the money, and the delivery of the horse, the purchaser has an undoubted right against all persons whomsoever.

MARSHLAND SHALES.

Engraved by WEBB, from a painting by E. COOPER, of Beccles.

MARSHLAND Shales, the property of Messrs. S. and R. Hawes, of Coltishall, Norfolk, was foaled in 1802. He stands 14 hands 3 inches high. His crest, yet very large, was, when he was young and in high condition, immense, but gradually fell over to the off side, with a remarkable indent. When excited by any passing object, he raises it so as greatly to diminish the indent. In this

S a

state, his portrait was taken in November, 1823. Inside his off fore leg, obliquely crossing the knee joint, is an enlargement, which is partially visible in front of the knee. This is said to have arisen from a kick, but may perhaps have been caused by excess of labour. His fore legs only shew the severe exertion he has undergone as a trotting stallion, for so many years. His hinder legs and hocks are still as clean and perfect as ever. The horse is in vigorous health. The likeness is exact, and shews his character precisely, as uniting in a singular degree, power and action, with the kindest temper. In his numerous trials, as a trotter, he was never beaten; and was universally acknowledged both the speediest and stoutest trotter of his time.

The reader is referred to our last volume, for several additional particulars respecting this celebrated stallion, so well known in Lincolnshire, the Fens, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, Essex, and the Metropolis. He trotted over the common road, seventeen miles within the hour, carrying 12st. 2lb. What would he have performed, had he, like Phenomena, carried a feather, that is to say, nearly seven stone, or 98lbs. less weight, and over a carpet earth? He rode so quiet, that a feather might have jockied him. The hinder quarters of old Shales are neat, and shew racing blood; but his head is extremely like that of the old genuine Suffolk Punch. He was purchased by his present owners, in a most deplorably low and battered state, but by their extreme care, and that kindness and consideration which they shew to all animals, they have brought the old horse into the highest con-

dition. He covers a limited number of mares, exclusive of those of his owners, at a very moderate price; and perhaps is as well calculated as any horse of the present day, to get, from proper mares, active hacks and hunters, capable of the highest weights, and horses for harness. He was fully master of twenty stone, and most truly, as they were used to style him, in Norfolk, "a thundering trotter," extremely apt to throw dirt and pebbles into the eyes of those, who, of necessity, came behind him. He was not, however, a remarkably high goer, though he bent his knees well.

CHASE EXTRAORDINARY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN your last, NIMROD wishes correspondents would furnish you with some account of the events taking place in the different departments of the hunting world. I am sorry to say, peculiar circumstances prevent me, at least for the present, from observation in the field, or you should certainly have all the information I might be enabled to give. Perhaps, however, the perusal of the following facts, may raise a smile from some of your readers on a frosty day.

Last Ascot races, I started with two friends, on the first day, from a place not one hundred miles from Stanes bridge. We had just turned out of the great western road to avoid the dust, by going a back-way to Virginia water; and leaving a lady's house fifty yards behind, were about to get forward, when we came to a check, at hearing a female vociferating, "Fire, murder, rape, thieves!—Help,

good people!" &c. Turning round in our saddles, we saw Miss O. clinging to a stout, ragged lad, who was furiously striving to free himself from her embraces, and aiding his wishes, by divers hearty thumps on her head and bosom. At this moment, his upper rigging gave way, and like Joseph, he fled, leaving his garment in her hands. (I should mention, when we first caught the view he was on the inside of some palisades, and the lady balancing over, from the outside.)

My friend, the surgeon, promptly jumped from his horse, and roaring "Stop thief" with the lungs of a Stentor, went away with him on good terms, through the next fence, into a large orchard; the thief, as he went, very adroitly divesting his pads of the incumbrances we call ancle-jacks.

Now, as I was aware the chase did not know his country, and must certainly be pounded among the garden walls, &c. which he would encounter at the back of the houses, I quitted my horse, and, remembering the advice of Mr. Beckford, left the Doctor to get on with the scent, while I cut short under an outside hedge (a rasper), in order, as it were, to throw in at head, when he should try his next point. Besides, being only rather more than Kitt Atkins's weight, and knowing the leading hound to be stout and hard-bitten, I thought it might be as well to let him have the honour of the first grapple; and you know, Mr. Editor, *that* is a consideration which has crossed the mind of many a heavier one. In the mean time, guided by the gallant cry of the Doctor, who still kept close to his brush, I continued to cheer him, as Sir E. Lloyd did Mr. Griffin, the pioneer; when, all at once, the cry sunk, and con-

cluding "death," I returned to the horses. Presently, back came the Doctor, with slow and "crippled pace." "Where is he," said I, to the breathless leader? "Gone," panted he, "gone across the water!"

It seems, that being so closely pressed, he had ran through the court-yard of a mansion, on leaving the orchard—found all the gates only latched, and his own carcass on the high road, which, like a good one, he never touched, except to cross it, through a string of race vehicles; and plunging into and across a deep and wide creek of the Thames, continued his flight along the towing path, dripping, not with gore but *aqua pura*, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders; who declared one and all, that his first dash into the deep, and my friend's chagrin on the margin, were indeed exquisite in their way. We might easily have rode and chopped him, but agreed, that after evincing such game, he ought to live; especially, as he had relinquished hat, coat, waistcoat and shoes, and part of *his part* of a shirt.

We found on enquiry, he had been detected by the lady, in the heinous act of walking off, through *open doors*, not with a goose, but a shawl, which he had also dropped in his chaste endeavours. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

We laughed all the way to the Heath; and I repeated more than once, from "*The Lay*":—

"At the first plunge, the horse sunk low,
And the water broke over the saddle bow
In vain; no torrent deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road."
Some lines I parodied thus.

"The scoundrel's very scalp, I say,
Was daggled with the dashing spray;
But thro' good heart, and the Doctor's
He gained at last the landing place." [pauce,

I remain, Sir, yours,

H.

ON THE DECLINE OF BOXING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Write the following, supposing, with many others, boxing to be on the decline.

The arguments of A BIR OF A JOCKEY, in your last, are excellent, and should be read by every admirer of pugilism: but I take the liberty of sending you a few remarks as far as regards the present decline. There is undoubtedly much prejudice, and no small portion of error mixed with that prejudice, existing against boxing, and which, I think, will continue to exist in a great degree, in spite of all that can be urged against them. It is an unfortunate thing that so great a villain as Thurtell should have ever been so closely connected with the ring as he was. It has added another to the many odious epithets which are generally cast upon prize-fighters; though, for my own part, I think it has but little to do with the decline of pugilism.

The people who rail, and who always have railed at it the most bitterly, are those who will never have any chance of altering their opinions, because all their ideas of the thing are gathered from persons who talk and wink against it; and savage, brute, blackguard, gambler, and lately murderer, come most naturally into their minds, by the association of ideas with pugilist. You will not get these men, who thoroughly dislike boxing, to see a fight, and judge for themselves; and with them all argument in favour is useless. But if we look back, we shall see fighting has always had its rises and falls in the space of a few years. It stood high in Brough-

ton's time, and from him, till Mendoza, Jackson, and others of their time, very low. They raised it to as high a pitch as ever, and after them, it fell back again, till Belcher's time; since whom it has kept well up till within the last year or two. Now look back for the cause of this rise and decline, and it will be found to have depended entirely on the fair or dishonourable actions of the pugilists themselves. After Broughton, some buying and selling took place, and the gentlemen left the ring. It should be known, that gentlemen are the real supporters of boxing, and while they see all is fair and right, the thing goes on well. The decline or rise of pugilism does not depend on old women, who read sentimental papers, much less on fanatics, who hate from their hearts all sports and pleasures, but on them. Now the gentlemen have lately been much disgusted with the base actions of some of the present pugilists, and many of them are out of the ring, and their places are supplied by low horse dealers, keepers of public houses and brothels; men who have not the most distant idea of boxing, as it contributes to the maintenance of honour, and fair play, but support it on account of the money they get by the roguery of him whom they bribe to sell his best friend. Ward should never have been admitted again into the ring—it has done infinite mischief. If the fighting men were like (I mean in character) such men as Cribb, Hudson, Randall, Belcher, Spring, and a few others, we should hear of no decline. I must remark that the prize is very often too high.

My argument is shortly this—that pugilism has none so great

enemies, as its professors. While they are honourable, they will be supported by gentlemen, and being respectably supported, they will be at least countenanced by the liberal, who are not sportsmen. It is more than can be expected that they will be admired by saints and fanatics. Mr. Jackson's room was so grand a pillar of support, that it should be continued by some one; none of course will do it so well as the late professor, but the attempt should be made. I cannot conclude, without requesting the friends of boxing to remind the pugilist, that support for any length of time, depends wholly on his own just, fair, and manly conduct in the ring, and his peaceable and good behaviour out of it.*

I am Sir,
YOUR CONSTANT READER.

VAGIANA.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,
SINCE I wrote you last on the subject of the reports to the King of France, relative to the *haras* for the propagation and amelioration of the breed of horses in this country, I have been (as I told you my intention was) employed wading through the folios of the *Moniteur*. The fruit of my researches has been to discover, that since 1820 there has been no formal report brought before his Majesty Louis XVIII. I have, however, found some discussions on the subject of the *haras*, as well as estimates of the expence already incurred in keeping up these establishments, together with the sums paid out for the different prizes run for on the Champ de Mars, and the premiums to the "diffe-

rent owners" of stallions and brood mares, and their produce, which have been reckoned worthy to merit encouragement. I feel assured, that to commence translating all these estimates, with the debates thereon, would not be crowned with the success which I alone wish; namely, that of supplying you with either amusement or information. But I am of opinion, that, short of this elaborate and uninteresting process, I can make a selection of facts, and introduce a few remarks thereon, that may not be irrelevant to our present topic, or fail in contributing to the enlightenment of our readers, as far as regards the state of "horse-flesh" on the Continent, or at least as far as relates to our present friendly rival, "*La Grande Nation*." In pursuance of the idea I have now given, as to the selection of information worthy, or rather fit to be noticed in this place, I go on to quote the following reports laid before the *Seance* of the 25 *Juillet*, 1822:—

The *Grand Staff* (if we may use that title in order to give our general readers a more perfect idea of the word *L'Administration*), is divided into six directions of the *haras*, and those six directions are composed of twenty-four "*depots*." Each depot has at its head a director, as also a *piqueur*, whom we would understand to be a species of under "HEAD" man, such as the little rustic G——n (well known in *Wigmore-street*) is to Mr. G——, the dealer. Besides these two there is a veterinary surgeon, and, in addition to him, so many working grooms, or "*palefreniers*," at the rate of one to every four horses; and several journeymen farriers, understrappers, &c.

* Let me recommend to their notice Mr. Jackson, for it is worth a whole volume of any thing I can write.

There is, moreover, a grand dewan, or "*conseil des haras*," composed of a general director, five general inspectors (who form the "*conseil*"), and a secretary of council.

The report then goes on to lay before the Chamber an account of the different "*moyens*" made use of to contribute, in the best way possible, towards the amelioration of the breed of horses, throughout the extensive kingdom of France. These *moyens* are stated to consist chiefly in—

First, A distribution of a certain number of stallions ("*étalons*"); at the period of the covering season, at those different points where it is presumed their *being* so will tend to the greatest utility.

Second, In the appointment of appropriate sums of money, by way of prizes, for the rearing of mares ("*juments*") of a sort or form the best calculated to contribute towards *amelioration*.

Third, In granting prizes to be bestowed on the winning horses ("*Chevaux Vainqueurs*") at the public courses on the Champs de Mars.

Fourth, In awarding encouragement to those *landed* proprietors, who exert themselves towards the rearing of stallions of a sort calculated to improve the general breed of horses.

The report now goes on to call the attention of the Chamber to the great utility, which the encouragement of racing has brought about since 1821; and *now* comes a remark, which proves in the strongest manner the truth of what I formerly ventured to advance, in my letter on the "*Paris Races*" of 1822; namely, that "*racing*" could never be countenanced in France, but as a means

of *improving* the breed of horses; and that only for *this* stimulus to exertion caused by a *desire of gain*, there would be no such ceremony ever held as a "*Course des Chevaux*." I quote their own words, "*La Chambre a reconnu en 1821, l'utilité des courses. Je lui rappellerai, que ce n'est pas comme objet de luxe, mais bien comme un puissant moyen de contribuer à la propagation et à l'amelioration de nos meilleures races: L'avantage que l'Angleterre en a retiré est la preuve positive du bien,*" &c.

There needs no other proof, in addition to my former remarks on this subject, than the aforesaid declaration, unless it be, that with the exception of one attempt or two at racing, where there happens to be a colony of *Johns* established, the sole racing meeting in France is celebrated on the Champ de Mars, where the *blunt* alone is the golden *spur*, as urging to the owners as the *brummagens* of steel are to the steed; and little must the Frenchman either know or care about a horse (judging of him, or loving him for his own *dear* self), that can have the heart to run him on such an infernal place as that vile dusty plain. The recollection of the cruelties I have witnessed, as practised on the poor willing animals on that place, dwells so fresh on my mind, that were I to give a loose to my rancour and detestation of them on this subject, in proportion to my feelings, I should exceed the limits prescribed to a scribbler for the *Sporting Magazine*.

To proceed then with our subject, connected with the report on the haras, &c.

On the 8th of March, 1822, an amendment was proposed by the Minister of Finance, by which it

was to be enacted, that all foreign horses should pay (or rather have paid for them) a duty of fifty francs (about 2l. 10s. sterling); whether stallion or gelding; also a duty of thirty francs (about 25s.) for every mare, and fifteen francs for every colt or filly under three years. This proposed increase of duty produced a very long and warm debate on both sides of the house, and various arguments, pro and con, were brought forward by the different orators. I cannot help taking notice of the sentiments of one of the members, when speaking against the tolerating of importation of English horses, as it seems to shew how *eminently* well pleased the French people generally are with every thing they call *their own*. I quote the orator's own words, which follow after his expression of strong opposition against the importation of English horses into France:—"Nos chevaux sont meilleurs que ceux que nous allons demander à l'étranger. A quel misérable appet cedons nous donc! Quelle économie ruin-euse!!!"

Now, though I am by no means prepared to combat the argument of the orator, as relates to the expediency or in expediency of the importation, as viewed in a political and economical point, I must be allowed to differ from him in that part of his declaration, where he gives his opinion in favour of the horses of his own country. As the importation of soldier horses is what is alluded to on the present occasion, I shall make a few remarks on the French cavalry that have come under my eye, during my residence in Paris, and in France generally. Comparing the two countries together, and taking the soldier horses of

each of them over head; there is, I believe, no one who is any thing of a judge of that animal, but must give the preference to ours. The horses that are in use for the *gendarmes* resemble in some particulars the horses of the privates of our Life Guards, but very much inferior. For the sort of work they have to do, they are of a cut not badly adapted, as they are never used in bodies, and seldom called on to manœuvre. They are a lumping, Roman nosed, blustering sort of a beast, whose appearance coincides very well with the raw-boned perpendicular jockies who bestride them. In short, I must admit that I think we could not furnish the *gens-d'armes* with a sort of horse as well suited for them as that I have just described as being indigenous here, and are used for that purpose. I may add, on the subject of this body of men, that they are, generally speaking, respectable *gens*, and eminently useful in this country, and a terror only to *evil-doers*. Each *gen-d'arme* purchases his own horse, and is the entire proprietor of him, and takes him with him on leave of absence, &c.

The *lancer* horses of this kingdom, so far as I am a judge, I pronounce to be a very second-rate beast indeed, possessing in general no one good point. A shambling, shuffling, spluttering kind of paces very weak in the back, their knees knocking together behind, and their feet playing *hammer and pincers* at a trot in the most *musical manner*. They have a *trick* of speed for a little, and they appear high met-tled; but I should think a tedious march and dirty deep roads would tell heavy on them at the end of a long day. In short, compared with our *lancer* horse, the same animal here is a *vaut rien*.

The *Aussar* nag used here does not, I think, fall so much below that used by our army (in comparison) as does the lancer. Indeed I believe it was generally admitted some years ago, that our hussars were *under* mounted, and that they did not possess substance enough for the weight they had to carry, and that they were more distinguished for beauty and show than real utility. However, I speak, or write, with all possible humility, as becomes a votary of *Diana* commenting on the affairs of *Mars*:

To enumerate all their different sorts of cavalry, is not my present aim or business, as all I wish to assert is, that they have no *soldier* horses to compare with ours; and I shall end this part of my paper with remarking, that the horses used by the *Gardes du Corps du Roi* (the members of which are all gentlemen of good family), are *not a fait* the same as compose the regiments of our heavy dragoons; and come the nearest of any kind of horse I have seen here, to those of our own country. But, *malgré ça*, I cannot allow the Hon. Member to declare that France has no advantage to derive from England "*par rapport de ses chevaux*."

To return to the debate on the import duty: the proposition to raise the charge on foreign horses was negatived; and it is now fixed that all horses from England pay *overhead* 100 f. each on landing; and no obstacles are put to taking them back again, whether horse or mare, provided they produce their certificate.

Being now convinced that I have, Mr. Editor, trespassed sufficiently on your time and limits, I shall delay the rest of my information on the subject of the *haras* till another occasion, there being still

a little more to notice on that head. I remain, always your's,
VAGUS.

Paris, February 24, 1834.

THE LAST ABERDEEN MEETING—SALMON FISHING—AND ROEBUCK HUNTING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IF the enclosed be likely to afford any amusement to your Southern readers, you are welcome to it.—I remain, your most obedient servant,
A SCOTSMAN.

This year, after the grouse shooting, I started to attend the Aberdeen Meeting, where almost all the *élite* of our native land had repaired, and where also might be recognised many of the choice spirits of the sister country. The Caledonian Hunt met here this year, and wherever they hold their meeting they are followed by a great concourse of families from all corners of Scotland; besides which, the Aberdeen Meeting is a rendezvous of four counties, and this being the first year of the completion of the new rooms, every exertion was made to render the meeting as perfect as possible. In this point they certainly succeeded. In the forenoon we had some good racing, which created a great deal of interest, and on which there was much betting, particularly on the Convivial Stakes, and on the race between Jock and Harlequin, who (the latter) maintained his character for heavy weights, and in this instance opened the purses, as well as the understanding, of many of the knowing ones. He is, I understand, gone to England, to run for the Croxton Park Stakes; but if he is not done, he must be very near it—and if the poor old horse

gets beat there, his former success will be attributed to his never having had any thing to meet in Scotland: and thus, instead of gloriously retiring, after having successfully challenged the world, which he did when he beat Jock, he will be robbed of the fame which he acquired, and for so long, so gallantly maintained.

After our return, we prepared for the ordinary, where we had as good a public dinner as could be put down, and where the conversation was agreeably accompanied by the bolting of Champaigne corks, sounding as if the waiters were dancing to castanets. After dinner, the sober fellows, or those who wished to retain their faculties and their articulation for the ladies, might betake themselves to the theatre, where they were charmed by that most fascinating of singers, Miss Stephens, who, though considerably bothered by the Aberdeen accompaniments, was nevertheless in great force. Those who chose to sit, got plenty of claret and plenty of good fellows to drink it with—and those who had a mind to finger the papers, could be indulged with whist, or a go at the bones. At night, all repaired to the ball, where were assembled all the lovely women of Scotland. There were pretty women, plain women, clever women, rich women, married and unmarried, young and old. There was your blushing novice, who had just made her *début* into the fashionable world, which for years past had been the elysium of her imagination; there was your tall fashionable *distingué* looking girl, who had been dancing for two or three seasons, but had failed as yet, in dancing herself into a comfortable establishment; who was regarding with thorough contempt the extacy

which was visible in the countenance of the former. Here was your *jeune mariée*, who was leaning on her husband's arm, and listening to his conversation with all the warmth of undivided affection; and here was your *mariée* of a certain standing, the warmth of whose conjugal affection had sobered into a fashionable friendship, looking monstrous loving, and making herself very agreeable to that sort of middle-aged *debauchee*, who never condescends to pay attention to unmarried women, and would fain have the world to suppose that they were men of *bonne fortune*. And here and there a quiet observer might watch the progress of an amusing flirtation; here and there you might likewise see two or three of those sort of men that hold all this in thorough contempt; who, but indifferently dressed, are generally standing in groups by themselves, with their legs apart, and their thumbs very decently inserted in the flaps of their breeches—their chins buried in large neckcloths, with gold pins representing a fox's head, who, with a sulky expression of countenance, and slang tone of voice, commonly make such speeches as—"I don't come the prance;" or, "I am none of your ladies' men." I never know whether most to pity or despise such individuals. They always remind me of an excellent caricature in *Alken's Symptoms*, of a beastly, dirty, unshaved sloven, who, with knee ties and neckcloth loose, and his hands in his pockets, is in the act of saying, "I'm none of your dandies." It must either arise from a consciousness of want of education and manner of a gentleman, or from some natural or accidental bodily defect, that leaves them nought appertaining to man.

hood to boast of, except their barbarity.

After the dancing was finished, we retired to supper, where there was much good singing and much good Champaigne. On the last night of the week there was (as there always has been) a second supper, after the ladies took their departure, which consists solely of Champaigne, and which always lasts till near breakfast time. It so happened, that this year the last day of the meeting was Saturday: hence the ball broke up at twelve; from which period the partakers of the second supper, amounting to about twelve or fourteen, began their sederunt.

This year, owing to my being unwell, I was not present. Next morning, however, as I passed in my gig, during church-time, on a fishing excursion to the Dee, I was not a little surprised and amused, on passing the assembly-rooms, to see a couple of roomy hackney coaches waiting at the door. I immediately guessed for what purpose. Beneath the portico stood a waiter, with loose neckcloth, dishevelled hair, red eyes, and pale face, dressed in nankeen small clothes, the knees of which, covered with mud, seemed to indicate that he had been returning thanksgivings for the dregs of the Champaigne that had fallen to his share. I pulled up, and called him to me. He reeled forward, and gave his hair a tug, accompanied with a bob of the head, by way of a token of respect.—“Who have you got there?”

Waiter.—“I hope, Sir, you'll excuse a poor *wester* (hiccup), for not mentioning neems (hiccup), of a Sunday.”

“Ah, well, you needn't mind; I know pretty near as well as

you. Are they likely long to remain?”

Waiter.—“Why, Sir, I shall try—to (hiccup) *geest* them out before the kirk (hiccup) scails, or keep them in till the afternoon (hiccup)—kirk goes in.”

“Take my advice, old fellow, and don't meddle in the matter, lest thou get thy head broke.”

After this piece of good advice, I drove to a friend's house on the Dee side, about twenty miles from Aberdeen, from whence I went to fish on the morrow. On my arrival, we strolled out to a paddock, to see some remarkably well-bred and promising yearlings. Thinks I to myself, Mr. — will be at a very great expence to bring these colts to six-year-olds, when he will be bothered for two more years with spavins, curbs, overreaches, &c.; after which, when they come to be good serviceable eight-year-old hunters, that know their work and can be depended upon, I will probably get them for 60*l.* or 70*l.* We returned home to dinner, where we shewed our respect for a capital bottle of old hock, and after dinner we drew round the fire, and dismissed a bottle each of cool (fifteen) claret, that came from George Wauchope, from whence you can't get it bad.

Next morning, I proceeded to the river with all my salmon tackling in great repair. Salmon fishing is a noble sport. I have always been of opinion, that next to fox-hunting it is the first sport in the world, and I never yet met a good salmon fisher that did not acknowledge the truth of my assertion. If some of your English punt-fishers were fortunate enough to catch a few Dee or Don salmon, I question much if, upon their return to the banks of the Thames,

they would bait their hooks with paste, or torture a poor worm, to catch a roach, or get a nibble from a gudgeon, with the same zeal as heretofore.

When I got to the river I found it in capital order ; but in consequence of there being no wind, the fish were remarkably shy, so that though they rose several times they would not take. I caught a few large trout with my salmon fly in the shallow streams, where the want of wind was not of so much consequence. About twelve o'clock I went home, determining to return again in the cool of the evening. When I returned I was much more successful, having killed a salmon about ten pounds weight, and a grulæ* about five pounds, besides some trout. Though I have had much better day's sport with regard to salmon, yet upon the whole, counting the trout, which were pretty numerous, and some heavy, I had reason to be satisfied.

I was attended part of the day by a Highlander, who was a very constant and good fisher. It would not a little astonish some of your London fishermen, who are so particular about their floats, their single gut, silk lines, cane rods, slit shot, &c. to witness the coarse tackling with which these men are so successful, gut being a thing unknown to them.

When I got home, I found an invitation awaiting me from a friend in the neighbourhood, asking me to come on the following morning with my gun to his house, to attend a grand chase of the roe deer, which were very numerous. He intimated that Stevenson, that fox-hunter, was to be there with his hounds. The fox-hunter is a man

employed by all the farmers and landlords of the district, for the destruction of foxes: this precaution is necessary, in consequence of the number of lambs which they annually destroy.

Jamie Stevenson, the tod-hunter as he is called in the country, has about eight couple of fox-hounds, a draft from the pack formerly belonging to Captain Barclay of Urie: a brace of lurchers and a terrier complete the pack. He requires no horse: indeed, the country is so mountainous, rocky, and boggy, as to be totally impassable on horseback.

Next morning before breakfast, I accordingly took my departure, attended by a Highland shepherd as a guide, who, though I kept at a sort of jog-trot on horseback, found no difficulty in running alongside of me. Having crossed the Dee, I commenced my journey through a succession of wild and uncultivated mountains. Once buried among them, as far as the eye could see there was no vestige of cultivation, no object to rest the eye upon, but here and there a shepherd's hut, so low that a man could hardly stand upright in it: its walls of turf, and its roof thatched with heather. As we proceeded, we were surprised by a shepherd's dog springing out from the heather, and barking at us; when, at the same moment, we perceived the mountaineer himself, throwing aside his plaid, in which he was enveloped, rise, and silencing his dog, greet us with the usual address, in his Highland twang, of "Here's a braw day." I entered into conversation with him, when he, perceiving that his sheep were moving off to the face of the adjoining hill,

* Supposed to be a different species of fish, though exactly the same appearance and taste as salmon, but never exceeding in weight seven or eight pounds.

turned round, and, in the same tone of voice, addressed a sentence of Gaelic to his dog, which immediately, with almost human sagacity, went away and brought the sheep back to their own pasture.

We proceeded in our route, every now and then starting immense numbers of grouse, which already had begun to pack, and were, in consequence, much more cautious of the approach of man, from whom they had suffered so much the month preceding. I began to wonder that I saw no appearance of woods or houses, to make one hope that I had nearly reached the termination of my journey; when, suddenly turning round the point of a hill, I saw M—— House lying below me, surrounded with extensive old woods, and situated in the centre of a basin of wild and majestic mountains, the sides of which were clothed with young plantations, which my guide told me were to be the principal scene of our day's sport. The house itself was remarkably old, without any affectation of being a castle, surrounded with high clipped yew hedges and terraces, on one of which stood the owner, attended by several young friends, all equipped for the field, and eager with the anticipation of sport. After breakfast, we proceeded to the woods: there were, altogether, eight guns, most of them double. Waiting for us on a bank of heather, adjoining the wood, stood Jamie Stevenson, with a Highland attendant, who acted as a sort of whipper-in to him. Stevenson himself was one of the finest-looking men I ever beheld; he stands about six feet four inches in height, with strength in proportion, and of perfect symmetry; his countenance is handsome and dignified, with a swarthy complexion;

he was dressed something in the style of a gamekeeper, and carried in his hand a long single-barrel duck gun, loaded with buck shot, which, I was told, he seldom or never discharged without effect. During the day, I was frequently quite astonished with what facility he followed his hounds, over hills, woods, and rocks, running with that sort of trot so peculiar to Highlanders, with his gun bore aloft in his right hand.

He threw his hounds into cover before three minutes were elapsed; our ears were greeted with the crash of hounds, all joining in one superb chorus, that reminded me of many a wild fox, and grass country, in the south; and, notwithstanding the novelty of the scene, and the sport I was led to expect from the deer, I could not help wishing that, instead of a roe buck, they were running a fox; and instead of the snow-capped mountains, and impenetrable forests, in which I was immersed, with my gun cocked, in momentary expectation of a shot, that I were clad in a red coat, with white cords, and tops, mounted on a snaffle-bridled, well-coated, thorough-bred one, surrounded by a few choice spirits in the act of viewing the fox across the green plain, whilst a merry huntsman is view-hallooing his hounds out of cover; and betwixt each view, saying, "Lord love you, gentlemen, hold hard! let the hounds ferrit! one moment, gentlemen, then ride over them if you can!" But I must indulge in this dream no more, lest I lose my reader's attention, as on that occasion I lost a roe; for whilst I was thus musing, and, in my mind's eye, charging fences, and sawing through the deep, a roe buck made his appearance

within thirty yards of me, when I, bringing round my gun, with much of the same sort of motion that I would recover a horse out of a blind ditch, managed to pull the trigger before the gun was at my shoulder, and sent the ball whizzing up among the wood, on the face of the hill above; so that it must have passed much too near some of the men to be pleasant. I listened for a few minutes with much anxiety, when, hearing neither cries nor groans, I proceeded quietly to reload my gun with buck shot, and you may rely upon it, kept my thumb upon my most unsportsmanlike transaction. Several shots were fired immediately after, and the hounds stopped running, which made me suppose that the roe, being no way bettered by my reverie, had fallen a victim to his numerous enemies.

The hounds found again almost immediately two or three roes: three shots were fired. I moved from whence I was, took up a station facing an open between two woods at the bottom of a valley. I had not remained there many minutes, before I heard the hounds running down the opposite face, which was covered with old wood—they seemed gradually to approach, when, to my great joy, a roe buck came bounding across the open, to the very spot where I lay concealed among some broom. I sprang up and fired, the roe leaped a couple of yards in the air, and made off with increased speed. I thought I must have wounded him. I gave two or three view-halloos, and brought the hounds on. They dashed into the wood with additional zeal, as if conscious that their game was wounded. I came up with them after they had gone about a hundred yards, and found

they had pulled down the deer, which was shot in several places. The hounds left me, and almost immediately after I heard them running a fresh scent.

About this time it was one of the most beautiful scenes I ever witnessed. The hounds had separated, and in groups of two or three couple were running different scents—some on the faces of the wooded hills—some in the bottoms of the deep gullies—some were heard in the distance on the summits of the grey mountains, over which the deer occasionally made a circuit, and returned to the woods, which for years before had been their haunt of safety, and from whence they dared not altogether depart. The day was remarkably calm, and the echos of hounds and huntsmen rung from hill to hill, till they died away among the distant mountains. Occasionally there was a short silence, a sort of momentary cessation of war between man and beast, when nothing would be heard but the noise of the waters of a small mountain stream, as they dashed against the rocks, in the course of their fall, from a declivity of nearly fifty feet—which silence would again be broken by a fresh crash from the hounds, as they started in view some new game, succeeded by two or three shots, which created a feeling of peculiar interest, from knowing that they probably caused the death of a deer. Shortly after my first success, I got another shot at a roe closely followed by the hounds, which I killed dead on the spot. The sport continued till the evening, when we all met, and produced the spoils of victory, which amounted to only seven roe deer, though nearly thirty shots had been fired. We went home

pretty well prepared to do honour to an excellent dinner, where plenty was the principal feature, and you may suppose we required not the assistance of a dog cook to stimulate our appetites; and although we were obliged to dispense with iced Champaigne, we had plenty of capital old claret, brought cool from a cellar, hewn in the Highland rock, with the hearty welcome of Highland hospitality. When we went into the drawing room, where there were several very lovely young women, we had some good music and a great deal of dancing. In the course of the evening, it struck me that some of the younger part of the company spoke somewhat more, and some of the elder somewhat thicker than usual. But upon the whole, so far as I can recollect, we were all remarkably well behaved. After supper a few retired to the outer hall, where, sitting around a blazing fire, we had grilled bones, deviled biscuits, segars, and grog, and a few prime songs. Day-light peeping through the shutters, reminded me that I had a long way to go on the morrow, and that I would be the better of a few hours sleep. So I bade them good morning, as, Mr. Editor, I now do you.

A SCOTCHMAN.

WILTSHIRE AND BERKSHIRE GREYHOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Do not understand the argument by which your historian of the Ashdown Coursing Meeting arrived at the conclusion, that the Wiltshire greyhounds were now proved inferior to the Berkshire, as he with a great deal of self complacency seems to assume.

The wish to arrive at the truth, and the desire, natural in all, to uphold the credit of one's neighbours, induce me to set him right in this matter.

I take it that the issue of the Ashdown Meeting proves nothing as to the inferiority of either the one stud or the other: it is very certain it cannot be produced as evidence that Mr. Goodlake beat Mr. Biggs on that occasion—rather a turn to the contrary; for Mr. Goodlake's being an older dog than his opponent's, might fairly be supposed better advantaged for a long day. Your correspondent's observation, therefore, that the superiority of the Berkshire dogs is *now* ascertained, is a reckoning without a host.

It is observed that Mr. Goodlake has beaten the confederate (an extraordinary term, and proofless withal) Wiltshire greyhounds, twice out of three times, in set matches. Let your correspondent turn to your own columns, and he will read a little way further on proof positive of the reverse of this, putting chance out of the argument. For it is there said, that but for an "*accident*," Mr. Goodlake would not have won the main, as Mr. Biggs was, in dogs, "*DECIDEDLY SUPERIOR.*" How stands the comparison and the argument now? We are not talking of what did happen, but ought to have happened: not of success gained by luck, but of success deserved. Your correspondent himself puts the case on the superiority, the physical superiority, of the greyhounds themselves, and his proofs are the recorded contests, which contests, if decided as to the speed, &c. of the animals, would have been a triumph to Wiltshire, for they were "*decidedly superior.*"

I believe this will put the thing in its proper light, and satisfy all parties that the actual crown of merit is yet in abeyance, but that we, the moon worshippers, have in our very short career, as tip-top coursers, made gigantic strides in the honourable race of competition to obtain it. Win it and wear it, is my motto, and I am quite willing to allow that no decisive judgment can yet be given as to its heir apparent.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c. Φίλος.

March 7, 1824.

SCRAPS FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

No. II.

“A king of shreds and patches.”

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

BY your permission, and with the approbation of your readers, I will resume my scraps. The first of the two following has never appeared, and the last is but little known.

Among the other and multifarious curiosities and works of nature and art that were wont to be exhibited at the palace of the Pembrokes, at Wilton, a stuffed spaniel, carefully preserved beneath a glass case, was not the least interesting. Its history is briefly this—Of all the dogs that composed the late Earl of Pembroke's stud, from the ferocious wolf dog that was chained to a stone in the principal approach, to the stately stag-hound at his keeper's, in Cranborne Chase, this was his especial favourite. It was patted at the feast-board, cherished in the hall, and had its little couch nightly laid out in “my lady's chamber.” On a particular evening the dog was observed to shew

unusual signs of anxiety and restlessness, and to crouch, from whence he would not be driven, beneath his noble master's chair. As often as the Earl quitted the room, the dog followed, and as he returned, returned also. On the family retiring and proceeding to their separate chambers, the spaniel, as usual, followed the Earl, and as the latter reached the door of his sleeping-room, he was restrained, by the dog pulling at his coat, from immediately entering it. Totally regardless of fear, and heedless of warnings, this unusual opposition excited no other feeling than impatience, and he pushed open hastily the door, and entering the chamber, closed it behind him—the dog continuing to whine, heedless of repeated rebukes, and to use other methods of attracting attention; and finally, on his master being in the act to throw himself on his bed of down, there to “sleep his senses in forgetfulness,” he seized him by his night-gown, and threats and entreaties were equally fallible in inducing the little, but determined animal, to relax its obstinate but friendly grasp. This, for the first time, aroused suspicion, and induced caution. Lord Pembroke wrapped his dressing gown around him, and, dogged by this faithful companion, entered upon a scrutiny of his chamber. A few minutes sufficed to prove the faithfulness and sagacity of one servant, the villany and duplicity of another. From beneath the bed, the powerful grasp of the Earl dragged a midnight delinquent, and his favourite black servant stood a trembling and convicted ingrate, beneath the undaunted but astonished gaze of his master. He confessed his purpose, the posses-

sion of his employer's jewels and purse, and it might be—though I believe he was not yet such a wretch—if resistance came, his life. The fellow was duly punished, and the faithful animal rewarded for his fidelity and sagacity, by the additional love of his master, and of all. His carefully-preserved effigy is still looked upon with delight, and the story of his fidelity is one of the most esteemed of the family legends.

The one that follows, is an equally authentic example of the never-to-be-destroyed attachment of the dog for his benefactor. It was some years since that I heard the story, and I attached it to my portfolio from memory only: so, my ever gentle readers, if I give you the pith and marrow of the tale, excuse the absence of some of the leaves and outward flourishes. A ship without its tackle and its riggings, its spread canvas, and its flaunting pennon, is still a ship, and a thing of life and interest, whatever Pope, and my Lord Byron, and my friend Bowles, might think or fancy it to be.—*De gustibus non est disputandum.*

About the time of the downfall of Robespierre, M. des R...., an ancient magistrate, was, by a revolutionary tribunal, condemned unjustly to death. He had a water spaniel, ten or twelve years old, which seldom or never had quitted him; and in prison—his family being dispersed by a system of terror—every thing was silent to him but his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance to the prison: he had returned to his master's house, and found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbour, but every day, at the same hour, left the house, and journeyed to the prison, till his fidelity at last won

upon the porter. The dog saw his master—it was difficult to separate them; but the gaoler was obliged to take him away. Once every day he was admitted: he licked the hand of his friend, looked at him, and departed. When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, notwithstanding the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself beneath the legs of his unhappy master. The judges condemned M. des R...., and he was re-conducted to prison. From that time the dog did not quit the door of the gaol. The fatal hour arrives, the prison opens, the unhappy man walks out. It is his dog that meets him on the threshold. The axe falls—the master dies—but the tenderness of the dog endures. He follows the body to the grave, and lays himself upon the sod that covers all that remains of mortality. There he passed the first, second, and third night. The neighbour finds him there, and again brings him home to his house. An hour after, the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place. In like manner three months passed away, but each day he was more sad, more meagre, and more languishing. They endeavoured, by chaining up, to wean him—but nature is omnipotent: he broke, or bit through his bonds, returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. They carried his food, but he ate no longer—for twenty-four hours he employed his weakened limbs in digging up the earth which separated him from his master's remains. Passion gave him strength: as he gradually approached the body, his exertions vehemently increased; his efforts became convulsive—he shrieked!—his faithful heart gave way—and he

breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew he had found his master.

Instances such as these which I have, but too faintly, recorded, might indeed well make proud man look into himself, and stoop to learn lessons of gratitude and fidelity from the brute. Here are those to whom reason and intellect are supposed to be denied, exercising in an eminent degree the germ and substance of both. How well

has the gentle and Christian poet Cowper eulogised the characteristics of the dog! and with it I take leave to finish my present paper:—

“ In some are found
Attachment never to be wean'd or chang'd
By any change of fortune ;
Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp, and gratitude
Lasting as life,
And glistening even in the dying eye.”

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

Nov. 11, 1823.

J. S.

HISTORY OF THE HUNTING COUNTRIES.

Continued.

COLONEL WYNDHAM'S FOX-HOUNDS—EAST SUSSEX SUBSCRIPTION PACK—BRIGHTON HARRIERS—BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.

“ In judicando, non multum differunt docti et indocti.”—CICERO.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE natural advantages of genius and talent appear enviable, at first sight. We imagine that they cannot fail in securing to the possessors of them, honourable and important stations among men, rendering them useful to others, and happy in themselves. Our experience, however, proves that this is not always the case; as these rare accomplishments are too often either wasted in trifles, or applied to subjects which nineteen-twentieths of mankind neither understand nor admire. A library of books will generally convince us of this; for—with the exception of such (and they are rare) who, as has been so elegantly expressed, “have the power to raise and animate beautiful scenes in a moment, and in imitation of creating power, can spread appearances and new worlds before the senses and souls of their readers”—it is only those writers who paint life and nature in their true colours, that are much read or approved of. Those bulky folios

—the production of the higher intellectual powers, remain, for the most part, neglected or despised—some, monuments of the presumption; others, of the impotency of the human mind.

The history of the world is a history of crimes; and did it not form part of the education of a gentleman, it might, perhaps, have been as well if at least one half of it had been lost. It may not, however, all be true. It is told of an old master of fox-hounds, that, after having hunted a country for several seasons, he observed, on quitting it, “there were good foxes in it, and not a bad sort of people, but that nothing could lie like a * * * * * shire squire.” He might, perhaps, have excepted an ancient historian; and it is most devoutly to be hoped, that at least one half of the volume of wickedness which they have handed down to us, may have been nothing more than the fiction of their poets, the produce of their fertile imaginations, or a thesis on which they could display the classic elegance of their pens. If not, what a reckoning must there one day or

other be ! And, as man is supposed to be the same now as he was in the time of Solomon, when I see that bold word "resurgam" at the foot of the proud escutcheon, I always think of the Westminster scholar's translation of it,

"Lie still, if you're wise ;
You'll be d—d if you rise."

The history of our hunting countries is something new, never having been attempted by any one. Though an humble theme, it will find matter for many pages, and requires neither the vigour of a Tacitus, nor the subtilty of a Hume. As an old writer observes, "the work is plain and rural, and the science gotten in the green fields." The ground I am going upon is fresh ; and the poets say it is pleasing to gather flowers where no rude hand has been before us. Some independence of thought, however, must be allowed me as I proceed, for nature teaches us many secrets, and the influence of names is only in proportion to ignorance. Nevertheless, on some subjects I must steer my course with caution, lest I should find myself

"Borne off to sea,
Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,
Beyond the ken of shore."

There being a reason why, for the present, I wish to delay my continuation of Surrey, as a hunting country, I proceed to give an account of an excursion I took into *Sussex*, where I remained eleven days, of which I hunted seven. I had more than one inducement to this trip. I had never seen Brighton ; I had a great wish to see

Colonel Wyndham's fox-hounds ; and I had also heard much of the Brighton and Lewesharriers, which were represented to me as quite unique in their way. Having sent forward some horses, I arrived at Brighton on the 23d of February.

I was recommended to an hotel where, I was told, I should find good accommodation, and reasonable charges, in neither of which was I disappointed. I could not, however, help smiling at mine host's description of it on his card, as it announced "every accommodation and comfort *imaginable*." This was, I thought, in these days of refinement, taking a good latitude, and reminded me of Sterne's French barber and his wig.

It was customary among the Egyptians to hand round a coffin at their feasts, saying, "Look upon this, and be merry !" During the first night I was at Brighton, I was seasonably reminded, that, in spite of fox-hunting and pin-wire, I was mortal ; and that, however pleasing the performance, there must be the last scene in the drama. I was put into a room next to that in which a gentleman lay, who was afflicted with a cough that would destroy a waggon horse. On inquiry, I found that he had been attended by all the first physicians in the town ; but when I heard that he ate crabs and lobsters for his supper, I could not help fearing that, under such a regimen, "*frustra medicina paratur*."

Although the country about Ryegate is picturesque* and cheerful, there is little to be seen between

* Sportsmen have little to do with the picturesque. A friend of mine, devoted to fox-hunting, was on his road to Doncaster races, when one of his fellow travellers admired a very picturesque part of the country. "It may be picturesque," said he ; "but I wonder how they ride over it." On another occasion a party were sailing down the Wye on a very calm day, when they observed a sailor on shore, sitting under the shade of a tree. "How picturesque that fellow looks there !" said one of them. The words being wafted to Jack's ear, he exclaimed, "You be d—d ! No more picturesque than you are."

London and Brighton. The sportsman, however, will naturally observe Tillgate and St. Leonard's Forests, where Colonel Jolliffe gets his cub-hunting, and which sometimes produce a good travelling fox for Colonel Wyndham, when in the Brighton country. I, of course, went down the road with Mr. Snow, whom I had never seen since he was on the celebrated Manchester Defiance; and on observing to a fellow traveller that I had never been at Brighton, he expressed much surprise, and assured me that I should see a delightful place. When the Pavillion was mentioned, I found I had got hold of a radical, though I had previously flattered myself there were none of that kind left. "*It is a magnificent thing, to be sure,*" said he; "but only think what it has cost the nation! And now they are going to spend three hundred thousand pounds more of the people's money at Windsor!"—"So much the better," replied I: "it is good for trade."—"I am not of that opinion," said my fellow traveller.—"Pray, Sir," said I, "have you ever read the *Travels of Cyrus*?"—He said, he had not.—"Then," added I, "if you will take the trouble to look into them, you will find, that when that great Prince visited the city of Tyre, he expressed his astonishment at the magnificence of his entertainment, and the superb palaces of the King.—'Be not surprised,' said the Tyrian Prince: 'when commerce flourishes under the sanction of wise laws, plenty becomes universal, and magnificence costs the nation nothing.'"

I am free to admit that I was very much pleased with Brighton, and could not but lament when I recollected, that, like some cities of old, its destruction is predicted,

and, like a second Jerusalem, its streets are to be desolate, and its temples an heap of stones. This I will believe when I see it; but as I know no reason why I may not also be a prophet (especially as I am not in my own country), it is my humble opinion, that so long as London is in existence, Brighton will not be desolate; nor can any thing short of some dreadful convulsion of nature, or the vengeance denounced against Babylon, accomplish the malignant prophesy. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.*" We all know where the text is, and the commentary may be found in Berkshire.

As the restorative of a broken-down constitution, or as a place to get a *man* into condition, I should imagine Brighton to stand first and first, not even excepting Dr. Solomon and his Gilead. On the mornings I did not hunt, I walked over the Brighton hills. The gods themselves do not breathe a purer ether than what is to be met with there. The race course is not a good one, being dangerous for horse's legs, not only on account of the hills, but from the small stones that are on the surface of it, and the unyielding nature of the ground. The last-mentioned defect might be remedied by folding sheep upon it, which would loosen and ameliorate the soil. The chain pier is of most elegant structure, and a great accommodation to the public; but Regency Square, and the Marine Parade, are above all praise. I was surprised to find one part of the latter called "*Bloomsbury-place.*" I should have thought the last wish that any person could express at Brighton, would be any thing that could remind him of Bloomsbury-square. In some parts of the town, the buildings are odd and

irregular; and, like the city of Athens, by their different structure, shew the different ages of the republic.

As may be supposed, I amused myself with a view of the outside of the Pavillion, and only lamented that I could not see it within. As I stood over and against it, some strange reflections came across me, and I was lost in thought. Had I dropped from a balloon on the spot on which I stood, I should have asked myself the following questions: Whither am I got? Am I at Memphis, Thebes, Pekin, or Moscow? Am I looking at the temples of the Gentiles, at an Indian Pagod, or at the Temple of Isis, representing the egg of the world, and "sacred to the goddess, who is one and who is all?" A man, however, may know and admire a handsome building, though no judge of the art: so I departed, satisfied with the sight, without pretending to understand any thing I had seen.

I have before observed, that I arrived at Brighton on the 23d of February, and on the 24th went out with *Colonel Wyndham's Hounds*. The place of meeting was Newtimber House, six miles from Brighton, on the London road. A temporary gloom came over me as I rode up the grounds, when I recollected this fine old place (so long in his family) was, till lately, the property of my old friend, Mr. Newnham, with whose hounds I have seen many a good day's sport, and in whose society I have passed many a jovial hour. It is now the property of a Brighton brewer; but so many similar events have occurred amongst my own relations and connexions within the last fifteen eventful years, that it

passed off like a summer shower—enough to damp, but not deform the day.

The signal for meeting, in our grandfather's time, was, when "the light morning star, day's harbinger, came dancing from the east, and fled at the approach of Aurora." Colonel Wyndham's fixture was for eleven; and about twenty minutes before our grandfather's dinner hour, the hounds arrived, and by the time they were in their second bottle, we found our fox. They came up at a brisk trot, and appeared by the horses as if they had not let the grass grow under their feet, in their road from the kennel—the distance from which was about nine miles. They retired into a small field by the side of the road, whilst Colonel Wyndham changed his horse, and then proceeded to draw. The Colonel was mounted on a very clever Octavius mare, and his two whippers-in rode thorough-bred ones. In short, if I may be allowed the expression, *all looked well-bred together*. There was one of the largest fields ever known in Sussex, upwards of two hundred horsemen being present.

From the great reputation this pack of fox-hounds has acquired—from the pace they carry a scent over a light country, and the great pains that have been taken in breeding them—I was very anxious to have a sight of them. On this day, however, I had little time to look them over, for reasons I have before given; but I saw they were formed for speed, not deficient in power, and abounding in good form and symmetry, though not exceeding (generally) twenty-two inches in height. There was one hound which instantly caught

* I understood that the Kremlin at Moscow was the model for the Pavillion.

my eye, as above their standard, and on asking the whipper-in his name, he told me it was *Conqueror*. I afterwards found it was no misnomer, for when he had killed his fox, he carried home his head as a trophy, in spite of all attempts to make him drop it. I afterwards saw a brother to him (*Caliban*), a very fine hound, but I understood not quite so true on his line.

It has not always been supposed, that gentlemen huntsmen are the best. Perhaps it may be on the principle, that those are not fit to command who have not been accustomed to obey. Having heard much of Colonel Wyndham's performance, I was anxious to witness it, so followed him, in drawing, through many rough coverts. I was much pleased with the quiet manner of himself and his men, and his hounds were particularly steady, and drew as if they meant to find him. Unfortunately, however, they drew a long time blank; and, what was still more unfortunate, when we did find, only seven of eight out of this large field got away with the hounds; and, from the severity of the pace, and the extreme depth of the country—some of it approaching to bog—catching them was out of the question. They, however, caught their fox at the end of an hour and twenty minutes, just as he had reached an earth, and was on the point of creeping up the bank to enter it, when he fell back among the pack, and was killed. Not being acquainted, on this day, with one individual in the field, I have no remarks to make on their performance; but I was sorry to hear that one gentleman (Captain Brown) broke his collar-bone in a fall.

On the following day (the 26th),

I met the *East Sussex Subscription Pack* at Clayton Cross, also six miles from Brighton, on the other London road, and, after drawing blank the side of some hills (over which the Brighton shepherd would have beaten all the horses in the field), we descended into the vale, to the adjoining coverts to those which we had drawn the day before with Colonel Wyndham. This vale forms part of the Wealds of Sussex—a country much resembling parts of Shropshire, with the exception of its being much worse farmed, draining being miserably neglected. It is true that the nature of this land, being a loamy clay on the surface, with inferior strata of strong brick earth, is friendly to retention of water, yet I perceived, that where nature pointed out the remedy, no advantage was taken.

We continued drawing blank through this ungentlemanlike country, till my watch informed me it was three o'clock, when, being in a strange land, and evening approaching, I turned my face homewards. As I was crawling up a sheep rack on the opposite hills, in a direction for Brighton, I saw them find—not a fox, but, I afterwards heard—two brace of foxes. Having a bird's-eye view, I could perceive that this variety of scents made a little confusion at first, but I soon saw the pack go away on good terms with one fox, accompanied by about five of the field. The rest, I perceived, had previously determined upon the line they were to take, or rather, in the language of O'Kelly, determined to be "nowhere." Some went in exactly an opposite direction to the hounds; others made the best of their way to the turnpike road, and stood still; whilst the few that set out

on fair terms with the pack, were, by some disaster or other, soon defeated, and one farmer alone, on a little hollow-backed mare, was, I understand, the only man who saw him killed, at the end of an hour and thirty-five minutes, over that severe country. I dare say he was not believed when he told the story at home; but such was the case, as there was respectable evidence to prove that he was seen in that enviable situation at the finish.

It is said of Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire, that to see it to advantage, the traveller should approach it from the north, and not from the south, or, from similar scenes, its effect may be diminished. For the same reason I should have seen the East Sussex pack, before I saw Colonel Wyndham's, and I should have liked it better. There were, as is the case in most packs, some very clever hounds among them—hounds of much power, and calculated for a rough country; and there were also several plain and misshapen ones. On this day, however, the old adage of "handsome is that handsome does," might be applied well to them. They found their foxes when there were any to be found, and killed the one they settled to, in a gallant manner. In drawing, they were certainly unsteady; but they are a young pack; of only three years' standing, and perfection in hounds is allowed to be a plant of very slow growth.

The kennel of the East Sussex is at Ringmer, three miles from Lewes on the Battel road, and the hounds are under the management of one of their contributory masters—Colonel Cator, of the artillery. Lord Gage is one of their subscribers, and a pretty regular

attendant, but I do not know the particulars, or the amount of their subscription. The huntsman wants a lesson from Colonel Wyndham, in his dog language. The Colonel uses it sparingly, but when he does speak to them, he is good. The other is very lavish of his lingo, but it was Hebrew to me. His *halloo-away* is a complete view-halloo.

A very extraordinary complaint has appeared in the kennel of the East Sussex fox-hounds, as also of the Brookside (or Lewes) harriers. It is called "the yellows." It begins with loss of appetite, broken coat, and the gums turn yellow. Bleeding and physicking, to the utmost extent, alone form a remedy, but by no means a certain one, as in the latter kennel, only two out of twelve were saved.

On the morning after I had seen the East Sussex, I went out with the *Brighton Harriers*, which met on the Downs, about six miles from the town, in the neighbourhood of the Dyke, and I joined them on the road to the ground. Part of my object in coming into Sussex was to see these, and the Brookside harriers; for, having heard so much of them, I thought I should have something to say of them that might amuse your hare-hunting readers; and although a fox-hunter myself, I know that opposite opinions are entertained for each particular sport. Fox-hounds are for the most part alike. You have either a good or a bad-shapen one, but still he is a fox-hound. His genus is stamped in his face, and he cannot be mistaken; whereas, of harriers, you have endless varieties, and indeed it has sometimes puzzled me to define what a real harrier is.

The difference, however, between

fox-hounds and harriers, is not wider than the *tout ensemble* of every thing that belongs to them, and which strikes one like myself, who seldom stumbles upon the latter but by accident, most forcibly. When I got alongside these hounds, I admit that I thought them unlike any other harriers I had ever seen before. They possess the height, length, bone, and, many of them, the symmetry, of a fox-hound in their bodies, with the head, chap, and ears of the old southern hound. Their condition was very indifferent: they looked very foul in their skins, and quite below the mark. I am aware that a fat hound cannot run over the Sussex hills; but there is a difference between a hound being fat, and being too low, and I saw the effect before the day was over. In justice, however, it must be admitted, that allowance must be made for the present season, which has been a trying one; and particularly so to a pack like this, which is attended by such large fields, *coming out at all hours*, when of course every day must be a long one.

It appears that three gentlemen take alternate command of these hounds in the field, and when we got to the ground we began to beat: a driving sleet was blowing from the north-east, when we commenced looking a very large piece of fallow for a hare. This, as may be supposed, was no great treat to one who could not have seen her unless she had been placed on a stool; but on its proving blank, we put the hounds into some gorse, and she "stole away" in view. The first burst of about twenty minutes was, certainly, beautiful, and, considering the country, quite quick enough for the horses. In-

deed, if harriers in general could maintain the pace at which they start, there would be seldom any cause of complaint on that score; but the power and wind of the fox-hound alone are equal to this for any length of time. These hounds forced their hare another good ring, till she got upon the foiled ground, when it became slow hunting for some time, and the day getting worse, we lost her, after running her at least an hour and a quarter, and I went home. We had two views, so that I had an opportunity of judging of the pace; but, for the reasons I have given, that of the first ring was the best.

Neither the weather, nor the distance, exactly suiting the Brightonians, there was not a large field on this day; but I understand it is not unusual to see an hundred horsemen with these hounds; and, which must be a great advantage in that open country, where they have not a fence, *they are said to stand pressing to admiration*.

On the Monday following, I went to meet another pack of subscription hounds, which hunt the Brighton hills. These are called the *Brookside Harriers*, and were, for many years, under the direction of Mr. Rogers, who resides near Lewes, but are now farmed and hunted by a gentleman of the name of Carr, who kept a pack of his own for fifteen years. They are precisely the same kind of hound as the Brighton—equally touched with southern blood, only in better form as to shape and make, and in much better condition. My eye was particularly attracted to one hound in this pack—a bitch called *Blossom*, now in her eighth season, and the dam of many of the best hounds in their

kennel. Her produce has almost equalled that of any bitch, excepting Sir T. Mostyn's *Lady*, which has come under my observation, having reared twenty-two couples, ten of which have been entered in this pack, and not one of them drafted for any defect whatever. Blossom is certainly a model of a hare-hound, as far as her form has to do with it; and Mr. Carr assured me he never saw her distressed for wind. She is become a little thick in the throat, from age, as well as a little low in her back, but these are no natural defects. On examining her neck, I found the vein nearly as large as that of a horse.

Those who would enjoy the pleasures of the chase, must ask permission of the heavens. On this day it was denied us; and though, from being previously known to Mr. Carr, it was his particular wish to have shewn me a good day's sport, we had not scent enough to give us even a gallop. In two or three views, however, which the hares gave us, I was enabled to judge of the speed of this pack, and I have no hesitation in saying, it would be generally too great for hares not bred in countries similar to this, where their powers of running are great, from the distance they have to go to their feed. I was informed that it is not uncommon for them to put their heads straight forward over these Downs for eight or ten miles an end, without once looking back—the finish of which, though there is not a single fence in the way, it requires a horse in good wind, and a rider well used to the country, to see. I observed one fox-hound bitch, called Bauble, in this pack, belonging to the East Sussex, which they intend having back at

the end of the season to breed from, but I could not perceive she could get away from them in the burst.

Mr. Carr has only had the management of this pack these two last seasons; but from his knowledge of hounds in the kennel, and his experience in the field, there is every prospect of his making them perfect. He has got some very clever young hounds out of Old Blossom, which will ensure him a good stock to graft upon.

From being so accustomed to have their hares found for them by the shepherds, these hounds do not spread much in drawing over their country, but are always on the look-out for a *So-ho*. The shepherds get a great deal of money at this game, in the course of a season, and I was told that some of them use a telescope, by which they can see from a distance whether puss is *at home*, having previously discovered *her seat*.

I have before observed that there is a strong cross of southern blood in the Brighton and Brookside harriers, which shews itself particularly in the head. On looking at some of the latter in the kennel, I noticed that, when stooping their noses to the ground, their ears reached below them, which enables them, as Shakspeare observes, to "sweep away the morning dew." There is also a particular form about their noses and chaps, by which a moisture adheres to them, favourable, no doubt, to scent. As Somerville has it—

"Their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam."

Although we are all ready to condemn the tedious exactness of the old-fashioned hare-hound, yet low-scenting hounds are absolutely necessary on the Sussex hills.

With the exception of the months of October and November, large flocks of sheep, from 500 to 1000 in a flock, are to be hunted through, perhaps, two or three times in a run, and we know there are few worse foils than sheep-stained ground.

From the little I saw of Sussex hare-hunting, but of which I have heard so much, I can form some idea of the kind of hound wanted in that and all similar countries. In the first place, he must have a good constitution, or he will not stand three days a week in this severe country; secondly, he must be strong in his loin, yet with some length between the rib and the hip, to give him wind and speed; thirdly, his elbows must be straight, and he must have great liberty in his shoulders, or he will be certain to shake in going down the hills; and, lastly, he must have a foot like a cat, or he will break down. As to tongue, there is nothing like variety in hilly countries, which are always more or less subject to fogs, in which a light tongue is often heard, when a deep one is lost.

As for horses, a hunter is not wanting on the Sussex hills. A little thorough-bred horse, good in his loins and gaskins, pulling well together, and drawn as light as a cuckoo, to enable him to go upon wind, would beat the best hunter in Melton. Mr. C. Harrison (who could almost ride for the Derby), on his little thorough-bred tits, would make a sad example of a novice, on a good hunter, at this game. Mr. Rogers, who well knows how to ride over this country, had the misfortune to kill a very brilliant horse, which he had ridden several seasons with these hounds, in a run they had of thirteen or fourteen

miles an end, a short time since. Though a hunter is not wanting, a horseman is, to keep his horse well together, and he must have all his eyes about him. Mr. Rogers, however, is not deficient here.

An old writer on hunting observes, that "the chase after the fox, or stag, is violent, and little more than running and riding; but the hare displays the very art of hunting. She affords a pleasure worthy of a philosopher—a curiosity that may justly raise the admiration of the wisest statesman, physician, or *divine*." Now all establishments partake of the benefit of clergy, neither is it wanting with the Brookside harriers. In addition to Mr. Harrison, there is a reverend Doctor of divinity, a very constant attendant on these hounds, and whose venerable presence adds much to the respectability of their field. The Doctor is not one of those gloomy sectaries who think that man is only sent into this world to mortify himself into *condition* for the next. His reading has informed him that "Christianity forbids no reasonable indulgences—no innocent relaxations."* If life be the gift of Heaven, it must be religion to enjoy it; and, as has been so beautifully told us, "the mind goes a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, when filled with gladness; for such a disposition consecrates every field and wood, and turns a morning ride into a morning sacrifice." Milton makes even the devil pleased with the beauties of nature!

By a common analogy, the decline of life is associated with the dreary scenes of winter. No wonder, then, that nothing should be more delightful than a green old age; and I confess I was not

* Bishop Porteus.

a little pleased with the appearance of Dr. Hooker. Cicero says of Cataline, that he lived with the old gravely, and with the young pleasantly; and this would apply to the Doctor. There is a natural gaiety about him which is rare, but most agreeable, at his period of life, and still more so when fighting against infirmity and pain. Though only a water-drinker, he is a martyr to the gout; but when lifted on his horse, he can ride him well, and even the young ones cannot beat him over the Brighton hills.

The Doctor informed me he was in want of a hunter, and had sent a sporting offer for one, on that day, to Tattersall's, but he feared he should not get him. He took a great fancy to a mare I rode, and would have given me a handsome price for her, but I told him, that, if I could replace the mare, I should find a difficulty in replacing her condition—the work of three years; and which was allowed to be perfect.

In conversation with Dr. H., to whom I was introduced, I observed, that he reminded me of the late (Honourable) *Sam Ongle*, whom I had seen riding so hard with the Oakley hounds, though severely afflicted with the gout; when the Doctor told me, he was a very intimate friend of his, and that he had educated his nephews—pointing to Lord Ongle, and his brother, then in the field.

"*Quem Jupiter odit, pædagogum facit*," is a very ancient proverb, but here is an exception to the rule. Neither gods nor men could pass such a sentence on the Doctor, for I was assured by a friend there was not a blot in his escutcheon. It appears, however, that he takes a few young men of fashion under his roof, whom, if they will not be made scholars, he is certain

to make gentlemen. It amused me much to hear, that when applied to by parents to receive their sons, he always reminds them that he is a sportsman, and why should he not be? Agesilaus being asked what was most proper for boys to learn, answered—"what they ought to do when they became men." Now as nine out of ten of that class of young men the Doctor is likely to have the handling of, are almost sure to be sportsmen, a lesson now and then from the Doctor on so classical a subject as hunting, would, no doubt, be of service to them. A gentleman should know something of every thing; and we must all remember the rebuke the young Roman nobleman received from the Oracle of his country, for being ignorant of one of its commonest laws. The nobleman, says Cicero, set to work in earnest, and became a better lawyer than the Oracle. I was never in the society of a Lord Mayor of London but once, and then, whilst talking about hunting, over our wine, he asked me what was meant by *casting hounds*? No pupil of the Doctor's will ever betray such ignorance.

A hunting parson, and a parson who hunts, should not be confounded together: they are as different as Paley's drunkard and the man who may sometimes be drunk. I gave you a good anecdote on this subject, Mr. Editor, about twelve months ago, which you put into your *Fest of Wit*, and which ran through several of the London papers. The circumstance that gave rise to it occurred to a brother of my own, also of the sacerdotal order, and who can ride well to hounds. Trotting over one day to call on a brother clergyman, mounted on a clever grey horse, and rather good about the boots and

breeches, he saw his friend walking, at some distance, in his grounds, accompanied by another person. On cantering up to him, he found it was his diocesan. After looking him over for a minute or two, the Bishop observed—"*****, you put me in mind of a brother prelate of mine, who met one of his clergy in the road, not very canonically dressed (I don't allude to you, added his Lordship), but mounted on a very fine black horse; on which, he patted him on the neck, and said, 'You are a noble animal, and I wish your master was as clerically dressed as you are.' " His Lordship continued the joke by a second assurance that he did not allude to my brother, and asked him to return with him to his palace to dinner. He thanked him, but told him he was afraid even to dine with a Bishop on a *Saturday*.

Bishops, however, are men. A few years since I passed two days in the same house with one of them, and, owing to a sporting man or two besides myself being of the party, we talked so much about hunting, that his Lordship was heard to declare, that he really believed, if he had remained a little longer at ***** , he should have become a fox-hunter, though he had never worn a pair of boots in his life.

The best anecdote of a Bishop and hunting is yet to come. It is well known, that (though before I was born) a certain high-bred dignitary of the Church kept a pack of fox-hounds, and was one of the best sportsmen of his day. When, however, the mitre adorned his brow, the hounds were transferred to his noble brother, who continued them in great style, but the Bishop did not attend them. Tak-

ing a ride, however, one day, in a country in which he thought it *not unlikely* he might see something of them, he met the fox. The hounds were at fault; when, putting his finger under his wig, his Lordship gave one of his beautiful view-halloos. "Hark, halloo!" said one of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. "That will do," said he, knowing his old master's voice: "*That's Gospel, by G-d!*"

I seem to forget that I am writing a history of a hunting country. There was a doctor of another description, in Sussex—a saviour of bodies, and not of souls—who took my fancy much, as a sportsman of the old school. His name is Hodson, and he resides at Lewes. Though a disciple of Æsculapius, he is much more partial to the rural gods, and is a pretty constant attendant on the East Sussex hounds, generally contriving that his patients shall be convalescent on hunting days. He has got two useful nags, *if they were in condition*; but despite of this, they are doomed to carry himself—no feather weight—pretty often, and a friend now and then, into the bargain. He had them both out one day, and I could not help smiling at the pad-boy on the second horse—a good Welter weight of about fifteen stone!

It being announced in the paper that Colonel Wyndham's hounds were to quit the Brighton country after the 28th of February, I thought my hunting in Sussex was at an end; but on his hearing that there were some sporting men in Brighton, who were anxious to see a little more of them, he obligingly made four more fixtures for the following week. Being engaged on Monday to see the Brookside har-

riers, I could not go out on that day, but on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, I attended them.

The place of meeting on Wednesday was Torrington Wood, where we found our fox the first day I was out, but on this day we drew it blank. The weather, indeed, was dreadful—nothing but thunder and lightning being wanting to complete the war of elements. A shower of snow overtaking us in our draw, just as we had got upon the hills, sent us home with nothing but a good appetite for dinner. Friday was Washington Common, between Steyning and Petworth, about seventeen miles from Brighton, in a country which is capable of being made (and I believe some pains are about to be taken with it) a tolerable hunting country; but, like all those which have not been regularly hunted, the *find* was uncertain, and we had the pleasure of another blank, though we drew several miles down the Wealds of Sussex.

There is a country in Boeotia, which they call *Hycus*, supposed to be the dirtiest in the world. This I have never seen; but I was bred up in a dirty one, and more than once, when a boy, was nearly smothered on my pony, in a lane, called "the Devil's Gallery." I thought I had seen some dirt about the Clayton Woods in Oxfordshire, and the Grafton Woods in Worcestershire, but when I got into the lanes of the Wealds of Sussex and some part of Surrey, I found it was all to come. However, it is the best extreme of the two, and of two evils we must always choose the least. The country we drew over on this day would, no doubt, have held a scent, and by no means an impracticable one to cross—bearing in mind that, what will

stop horses, will also, generally, stop hounds.

On the following day (Saturday) we met at the Burrell Arms, between Horsham and Worthing, close to West Grimstead Park, the seat of Mr. Burrell, Member for the county, and also about eighteen miles from Brighton. We drew some very fine gorse in the plantations in the park, but no fox was at home. We continued drawing over a good deal of country—the prospect beginning to lower—when we had a beautiful find in a beautiful patch of gorse. Perceiving they were determined to have him out, or taste him, he went gallantly away, across a good rasping brook in the meadows below, and I thought we were in for a clipper. I presently found, however, that it would not do; for as soon as the hounds got upon the plough, their heads were up, and nothing but feeling for it (which they did to perfection) could enable them to get on at all. Here the country alone was in fault. We had a good fox and a good pack of hounds behind him, but a country that marred both; for, in consequence of there being no room between the coverts, the one ran short, and the others were never out of difficulties. This enabled our fox to stand a two hours' run, and to save his life at last; whereas, had it been a good grass country, they would have tasted him in half the time. If we had found where we first met in the morning, we should have had a much better chance of sport.

Whether it were a judgment on me for laughing at others I know not, but in the course of this run I got one of the worst falls I ever had in my life at a gap. The mare I was riding fell with me as if she

had been shot, and then struck me in three places on the head and face. Having once ruptured the temporal artery by an accident, I thought I had done so again, from the quantity of blood that flowed; but this did not prove to be the case. A farmer remained with me till the bleeding abated, and then, from his knowledge of the country, and having a short running fox, I got in a line with them in a turnpike road, just in time to see these hounds going their very best pace over some meadows, which confirmed the opinion I had before formed as to the fate of their fox, had grass, instead of plough and wood lands, been the order of the day. He was also, I understand, indebted for his life, towards the finish, to all being pounded in some gentleman's park, having been viewed but a short time before.

Not being able to ride off a trot, I can give but a lame account of this run, from the time I got my fall. I thought Colonel Wyndham rode very well to his hounds, and his cheering halloo to them, in chase, would make an old man's heart feel glad. There was a Major Keen, of the 7th Hussars, on a very clever horse, and I saw him much inclined to get forward. This was, however, that kind of a run, in which no man could distinguish himself, owing to the short and frequent turns. I had noticed the Major's horse on the first day I was out with these hounds, and I have since heard that he is of Irish blood. He is exactly the horse for Leicestershire; and if the Major were disposed to sell him, and he is good at water, he might have his own price for him there.

I cannot conclude my observa-

tions on this day, without expressing my gratitude to the farmer who assisted me in my misfortunes; neither can I forget the pressing invitation Mr. Burrell gave me to West Grinstead Park. I was, however, no figure for a drawing room, so made the best of my way to my hack, and after ten days' repose, was able to shew again. Mr. Burrell rode Vagabond, own Brother to Wanderer, and a charming hunter he appears to be.

I have reason to believe the county of Sussex produces the only instance in the sporting world, of two brothers, each keeping a pack of fox-hounds; but so it is. Colonel Henry Wyndham hunts the western side of the county. I have never seen his hounds, but having had an invitation from a good sportsman who lives in his country, to come and see him, I may yet take the opportunity.

Colonel Wyndham has two kennels—one at his own house, from which he hunts his Chichester country; and the other at Finden, three miles from Worthing, on the Horsham road. The latter was built for the hounds which hunted this country, when Mr. Newnham had the management of them, and they are both very good and healthy.

It may be expected that I say something of the condition of Colonel Wyndham's hounds. On the first day that I saw them, they looked a little the worse, as all hounds do, for the preceding week's sport, which had been very severe; but they were even in their flesh, and not lighter than they should be for a flying country, which they so often hunt in, and where wind and speed are every thing. On the last day I was with them, I thought there was a beautiful pack

out, and having had an easier week, they looked very bright and well.

The origin of this kennel I found to be as follows:—The Earl of Egremont bred them, with the assistance of a Yorkshire man by the name of *Luke*, who is now dead, but whose memory still lives in Sussex, and whose word (as it ought to have been) was *gospel* on any thing relating to hounds. The Noble Earl getting slack, made a present of them to the late Duke of Richmond, and the Duke, as I mentioned in my last, gave them to the King. Old *Luke*, however—a good judge—kept some of the best blood until, as he expressed himself, “his young masters would want them,” from which is descended the pack I hunted with, which I understand is of ten years’ growth. In the Chichester country, I hear, they have a superabundance of foxes, and hunt very late in consequence.

I liked the appearance of Colonel Wyndham’s first whipper-in. His name is Robert Bartlett; and though with a strong cross of the harrier in him, I thought he knew well what he was about in the field. The second—a young one—will, some day or other, turn up a trump—nature not having forgotten to put some brains in his head.

I was not fortunate enough to see Colonel Wyndham’s hounds to advantage—that is, when they find their fox *in the open*, and run him, up wind, over that trying country. I am assured that the pace, on such occasions, exceeds any thing that I have experienced. I can easily conceive this; for, whether on the old green sward, or the heath with which these hills are covered, there must be a high scent; and the circumstance of

hounds being always able to beat horses among hills, must make it appear even faster than it really is. To shew the nature of these Downs, I need only observe, that Mr. Rogers told me he had not taken his sheep off them all this winter.

Colonel Wyndham’s favourite sire hound is *Labourer*. He was bred by Mr. Powlett, and got by his Limner, out of his Pigeon. He is the sire of several first-rate hounds; and, what is most extraordinary, not one of his puppies had ever died of the distemper. A hound called *Lashwood*, got by him, appeared quite perfect, and the Colonel has bred a good deal by him. He is the sire of a very beautiful bitch (first year) called *Science*, out of a bitch called *Tempest*, now, I believe, with the Warwickshire. I asked the Colonel if he had ever bred from a hound called *Blunder*, which I particularly noticed the last day; when he told me he was going to do so, but did not like his colour. He is by Mr. Tom Smith’s *Barbarous*.—Nothing in nature is more beautiful than her colours; but there is an old saying, that “a good horse is never of a bad colour;” and why should not this apply to a hound? What is called the red-pie, however, is very unsightly in a hound, and, unfortunately, that is *Blunder*’s colour; but, from his fine form, and fox-hound-like appearance, I should be induced to cross him with such a rich-coloured bitch as *Venomous* (if she is open), who is also, in every respect, a fox-hound.

I saw a very fine sportsman with these hounds, whom I must not pass over. His name is Mr. Bigland Newnham, residing at Chichester, and who hunted this country many years, in old *Luke*’s time.

His opinion, I am told, is considered to be quite orthodox.

During my visit to Brighton, I went to Lewes, and called on Mr. Brown, at his training stables. I wished to have a little conversation with him on the treatment of Old Marskman, whom I had seen running and winning in his 15th and 16th years. "Being a gelding," said I, to Mr. Brown, "I suppose he has been finely indulged, in turning out, &c." "I have had him eleven years," said Mr. Brown, "out of which he has only been three weeks out of a stable, and then only for an hour or two in the day." I examined his legs and feet, and found them *quite perfect*. This was all I wanted, as far as stable management was concerned. Another circumstance, however, occurred, which was still more to my purpose, in corroboration of what I have advanced on this subject. I saw a two-year-old filly of Lord Egremont's, with her two fore legs in bandages; and thinking it rather uncommon for a young one, not doing much work, I asked the reason. "Why, Sir," said Mr. Brown, "that is a very extraordinary circumstance; but the fact is, a few nights ago, I put that filly into a loose box, when, getting weary in the night, she pawed up all her litter from off the pavement, near to the door, and in stamping with her feet, she has stamped out windgalls in both her legs." I requested I might have the bandages taken off, when I found the windgalls rather bigger than pigeons' eggs, on each side of her fetlock joints.

Now, reader, mark this! On referring to my letters on condition, you will find me stating, that, exclusive of the injury done to horses'

legs by travelling—at least twelve miles a day—when at grass, "*windgalls and ring-bones are produced by stamping to get rid of the flies.*" Now in Mr. Brown's stable is an instance of four large windgalls being produced in less than ten hours, the utmost length of time the filly was shut up. I hope, and think I shall live to see the day when no man having a hunter worth keeping, will ever turn him out to grass in the summer.

I must now come to a conclusion, to which, I am sorry to say, the hunting season is also approaching. The carnival of nature is at hand. Those "stinking violets," as Dick Knight called them, will soon be here; but I must conclude.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says you must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

NIMROD.

PISCATORY CHIT CHAT.

LETTER IV.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THE public was pleasantly enough amused, a few years back, by divers editions of "*Human Miseries*," but I do not remember (though I may be mistaken) any of the miseries of angling being amongst them, multifarious as they are. Many of these miseries, though droll enough, and excitable of laughter, round a snug fire after a day's sport, or of a winter's evening, when angling reminiscences happen to furnish the theme for conversation; yet although trifling in themselves, they are nevertheless serious matters to the angler, at the moment of their occurrence—more especially, if he is unable to remedy

them, either from his own extra stock of tackle, &c., or from that of a companion.

Last summer, having permission for a day's fishing in Dagenham Breach (called Dagenham Gulph by the country people in that neighbourhood), a cousin of mine, and myself, started in a gig at an early hour, for the scene of action. The day was fine, and we went cheerily along, anticipating an excellent day's sport—a feeling which always accompanies the angler in his walk or ride *to the water*, whatever may be his feelings on his return at night. We had agreed that each should provide himself with whatever was necessary for his equipment for the day—such as gentles, worms, ground bait, rods, lines, sandwiches, &c. &c., to be packed up, of course, in the fishing basket, which was meant to be loaded with game on our return.

You may fancy us safely landed at the sign of the Chequers, kept by the civil Mr. Clift, the ostler being left to unload the gig while we discussed an excellent breakfast—for cockneys can vie with countrymen at this meal, when they have swallowed the keen morning air during a twelve-mile ride. And now, Sir, you may fancy breakfast over, and the preparatory bustle before starting—the great-coating, the strapping on of baskets, unpacking of rods, and so forth—when, in the midst of it, my friend called out, "Lacey, you've been playing some trick with my basket." "Indeed I have not," was my laconic and very true answer. To cut a long story short, after great questioning of the ostler, and examining the gig—after sundry execrations, and wishings of the basket at the devil—my cousin found that he had fairly cozened himself,

by leaving his well-stored basket behind him, at the livery-stables from whence we had started.

I laughed heartily, and he tried to do so too; but the attempt had much the appearance of doing it, as the saying is, on the wrong side of the mouth. To get the basket was impossible—at least for that day's fishing; therefore I was obliged to take pity on him, and lend him every thing of which he stood in need; and also to share my eatables and drinkables with him, consoling myself with certain proverbs, such as, "One good turn deserves another," and "Half a loaf is better than no bread." Had he, on the contrary, happened to have gone down alone, his piscatory misery would have had much more of reality in it, and he must even have returned as he went; for to get a line at Dagenham, worth looking at, would have been out of the question; and to have got baits would have been still more impossible.

This circumstance took strong hold of my fancy for the day, and led me to think of many other miseries and matters connected with angling; which, as the place is famous for *still* fishing, I determined at once to throw into doggerel verse; so, laying down my rod, and taking out my pencil, I produced the following stanzas on the back of a letter:—

A MOST DELIGHTFUL DITTY ON
ANGLING.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

How "sweet are the uses" of angling,
By the side of the old river Lea;
How delightful to hear Bow-bells
jangling,
How delightful the barges to see!
How delightful, at your destination,
Not one of your *bought baits* to find,

Or, to mend such a queer contempla-
tion,

That your knees are all snug left
behind!

To hook an elm tree, how delightful!
How delightful to snap your gut
line!

Of bliss it must make one's heart quite
full:

'Twould be stupid, indeed, to re-
pine.

How delightful to have but a nibble!
How delightful to catch a stout
post!

How delightful for chub fish to dibble,
How delightful to stuff 'em, and
reast!

How delightful to walk twenty miles
out,

In heat, or in dust, or in rain!

How delightful to cut the old Files out!
How delightful to walk back again!

How delightful, in reservoir fishing,
To find all the water let off,
And to see all the carp you were
wishing,

Looking foolish enough, in a trough!

How delightful to go down to *Da-*
genham,

And catch half a dozen of fish!

How delightful to shew 'em and brag
on 'em,

Spread out in a monstrous large
dish!

How delightful to find the best places
All fill'd before you can get there!

How delightful, at dinner, the grace is,
When the two-shilling ord'nary
you share!

How delightful to fish till the rain
comes!

How delightful to catch a fine cold!

How delightful when rheumatic pain
comes!

How delightful of fish to be told!

But, ah! how delightful to hook 'em—
Fine dace, or some barbel, or roach!

And then how delightful to cook 'em!

How delightful sometimes, too, to
poach!

How delightful to fall in the river,
Just when you have hook'd a fine
trout!

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And then how delightful the shaver,
If lucky enough to get out!

How delightful to lose your best rod,
Sir!

How delightful to see it swim past!

How delightful to swear thus:—"By
G—d, Sir,

Of angling this day is my last!"

How delightful this ditty of mine is!

How delightful to shew it some
friend!

But, Oh, how delightful the *finis*—
That is, now you're come to the
end!

Whether the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* will be able to discover any thing *delightful* in all this rhodomontade, I cannot determine, of course. I can, however, say that it amused me for a considerable time, and had made me, for a wonder, so forgetful of my other occupation, that upon looking for my float, I found that a very respectable perch had taken it out of sight. I immediately returned the compliment, by bringing him into sight; and this circumstance set me keenly to work for the rest of the day, which proved a tolerably successful one, considering I had lost so much time in poetizing. But let no brother of the angle presume to find fault with me, but rather remember that our great prophet, Izaak Walton; has designated our amusement as "the contemplative man's recreation;" and moreover—not that I mean to compare myself with him—sometimes sinned in poetry, by the water side. Having so great an authority to produce in extenuation, I expect to be excused, if not applauded, by your readers; for my verses; and as to my loose, gossiping mode of writing, truly I shall plead old Izaak's plan again; for in his style of writing, he was "every thing by turns, and nothing long."

X x

As I have mentioned Dagenham Breach in this letter, I shall perhaps return to it again in my

next.—In the mean time, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

NATURAL or accidental deformities of person are considered, by that class of beings who subsist on the voluntary contributions of the humane, as rather desirable personal endowments than otherwise. A man who has lost an eye, a leg, or an arm, is considered by his fraternity as more fortunate than one perfect in all his members: the more mutilated in appearance, the more successful in their vocation. The following is an instance, and a fact:—A sailor, who had lost an arm and a leg, applied to a blind man for leave to marry his daughter. The blind man excused himself by saying, "he was extremely obliged to him for his kindness, and the honour he intended him, which he should be happy to accept, but his daughter had just had some proposals made to her by a man who crawled with his hinder parts in a porridge pot!"

G. M.

QUEER SONNETS—No. II.

ABOUT BILLS.

In this Metropolis are many bills: Bills of mortality you'd think the worst,

As *finishers*, and winders up of ills; But with much worse the world is sometimes curst.

A milliner's smart bill I do not mean, Nor doctor's bill—though that is bad enough;

Nor bills of ducks—those feeders most unclean;

Neither *Bill* Soames, nor *Billy* Gibbons tough.

Bills of exchange are rather awkward things,

Good to receive, but not so good to pay.

One bill there is that frequent pleasure brings—

The bill that tells you all about the play;

But that which often leads mankind to ill,

Is that enormous thing—a lawyer's bill!

J. M. LACEY.

QUEER PENMANSHIP.

The following have been sent us by correspondents:—

Jan 19th—1823

Mr C——r

To w m p——t

To taking down Brickwork To Coper & Reseten Of ditto—& Maken goad Round fier plase to kitchen	
To 3 hads Of marter	0 2 0
To 1 had Of lime & har	0 0 10
To 20 Bricks	0 1 0
To 4 plantils	0 0 4
To Bricklayer to ditto	0 3 6

£0 7 8

Pad w p——t.

Mr. H——e in Dated to Jas B——r

£ s d
to Bill Dliyd Jeny 18 1823 sum £11 4 4
Sir Having som Large Bills to Make
Up in a few days i shall Be grateley a
Blidged For the a Mount Witch you Will
Mutch a Blidge Me By doing So Sir i
Ham yours Moast a Bednt Jas B——r.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

ONE other month will let us a little into the secrets of those stables where, at present, all is kept as snug as murder. The event to which we alluded in our last, has unfortunately turned up as we apprehended it would, and by it Lord Darlington has the mortification of finding his fine colt, Swiss, shut out of the Derby. It is an ill wind, however, that blows no one good, and Mr. Wilson is in consequence first favourite for this great stake. It is only 7 to 1 now against Grenadier and Osmond. Osmond, our readers are aware, is got by Filho da Puta, as also is Elephant, whose unexpected arrival at Newmarket has created such a stir in the betting ring, 1000 to 20 having been betted against him a short time since. Grenadier is a particularly well-bred horse, being got by Waterloo, out of Agnes. Agnes is by Sorcerer, out of Amelia by High-flyer, who is the dam of Emily, the dam of Emilius. Waterloo is by Walton, out of Penelope, and is the property of his Majesty. He is not advertised to serve mares, and what are put to him are at the recommendation of his Grace the Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse to the King, and no money is taken.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to a new stake at Winchester, which promises to grow into a good one. It is called the Yearling Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. The new mile (straight): for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 4lb. Those by untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce had not won, to be allowed 3lb. but only one allowance. There are now ten subscribers to this stake.

George Lane Fox, Esq. of Bramham Park, M.P. for the Borough of Beverley, has contributed 50l. towards the intended improvement in the race-course there.

The London Gazette has notified that the King has been pleased to give the sum of 100l. to be run for

at the following places:—Newmarket (three), Salisbury, Ipswich, Guildford, Nottingham, Winchester, Lincoln, York (two), Lewes, Canterbury, Lichfield, Newcastle upon Tyne, Doncaster, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Ascot Heath, Warwick, and Manchester. The weights, &c. to be like those specified in the *London Gazette* of the 21st of October and 15th of November, 1823.

The two most celebrated brood mares of modern times, the Duke of Grafton's Penelope, and Gen. Grosvenor's Briseis, both died lately.

Charles Pinfold, Esq. has purchased the well-known racer Wouvermans, of Mr. Whiteside. The horse is now at Chicheley, near Newport Pagnel, Bucks.

Alexander Nowel, Esq. has purchased the stallion Walton, of P. Raine, Esq. Gainford, near Darlington.

Exton Park Races.—Ten horses are entered for the Cottessmore (an additional) Stakes. The Ranksborough Stakes have also obtained a respectable nomination.

Guildford.—The town plate of 50l. for horses that never won.—The winner to be sold for 120gs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Rubens	2	1	1
Mr. Pearce's b. f. by Phantom, out of Mirandola	1	3	6
Mr. Colman's b. g. Tom Tough	3	4	2
Mr. W. Hawkins's ch. c. Haphazard	4	2	3
Mr. C. T. Jones's br. c. Elf	5	6	4
Mr. E. F. Meynell's ch. f. Odd Trick	6	5	7
Mr. Green's b. g. by Wanderer ..	7	6	5

The stewards submitted two questions to the Jockey Club regarding this race, who decided—1st. That the Comus colt, having walked over when he received forfeit, was not thereby disqualified; 2d. That Tom ought to be deemed the second horse, and his owner to have the preference in claiming the winner, because the judge had, in the first instance, declared him,

and not Mr. Pearce's filly, to be the winner of the first heat.

Ludlow, July 10, 1823.—The Members' Plate of 50l.—Three-mile heats. Mr. Hickman's b. h. Mallard... 1 2 1
Mr. Rogers's gr. g. Sir Edward 2 1 dr.
Ms. Painter's br. f. Polly Tipton 3 3 dr.

Mallard's rider was charged with crossing in the first heat, but the horse having been allowed to start for the second, he walked over the third, and Mr. Hickman and Mr. Rogers both claimed the plate. The Jockey Club decided in favour of Sir Edward.

STATE OF THE BETTINGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

In consequence of Swiss not starting for the Derby, considerable confusion and embarrassment pervade the whole of the betting ring, but ere long the book will be arranged, and confidence in a great measure restored. Below, your readers will find a material alteration since the last statement, and the astonishing move that Grenadier and the two North-country horses, Osmond and Elephant, have made upwards.—
Yours, &c. Z. B.

Tattersall's, March 18, 1824.

RIDDLESWORTH.

2 to 1 agst Reformer.
6 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
7 to 2 agst Rebecca.
9 to 2 agst Katherine.
12 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
14 to 1 agst Lynnessa.
20 to 1 agst Cressida.
25 to 1 agst Reserve.

DERBY.

5 to 1 agst Reformer.
6 and 7 to 1 agst Grenadier.
7 to 1 agst Osmond.
16 to 1 agst Elephant.
16 to 1 agst c. out of Jesse.
17 to 1 agst Don Carlos.
17 to 1 agst Hurly-Burly.
20 to 1 agst c. out of Ridicule.
22 to 1 agst c. by Skim.
25 to 1 agst Silkworm.
25 to 1 agst Bess.
30 to 1 agst Cydnus.
30 to 1 agst c. out of Cressida.
33 to 1 agst c. out of Pantina.
35 to 1 agst Dactyle.
35 to 1 agst Sir Gray.
35 to 1 agst Myrmidon.
35 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
35 to 1 agst Momy Musk.

35 to 1 agst Vesta.
40 to 1 agst Lynnessa.
40 to 1 agst c. out of Charcoal.
42 to 1 agst Sister to Arbutus.
45 to 1 agst c. out of Petronilla.
45 to 1 agst Edward.
50 to 1 agst c. out of Reserve.
50 to 1 agst Virgilus.
50 to 1 agst Longwaist.
60 to 1 agst c. by Captain Candid.
100 to 1 agst Austerlitz.

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Rebecca.
6 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
8 to 1 agst Lynnessa.
8 to 1 agst Barossa.
10 to 1 agst Miss Jigg.
12 to 1 agst Tiara.
14 to 1 agst Fillagree.
16 to 1 agst Fille de Joie.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Frendergast.
20 to 1 agst Fair Helen.
25 to 1 agst Specie.

ST. LEGER.

7 to 1 agst Swiss.
15 to 1 agst Rosanne.
14 to 1 agst Altisidora.
18 to 1 agst Ringlet.
20 to 1 agst The Miller.
20 to 1 agst Elephant.
20 to 1 agst Reformer.
20 to 1 agst Miss Cranfield.
25 to 1 agst Equity.
25 to 1 agst Osmond.
25 to 1 agst Brutandorf.
25 to 1 agst Screecham.
25 to 1 agst Diadem.
25 to 1 agst Trulla.
30 to 1 agst Canteen.
30 to 1 agst Alfred.
30 to 1 agst Helenus.
35 to 1 agst Sister to Sailor.
35 to 1 agst Lisetta.
35 to 1 agst Young Catton.
35 to 1 agst Shepherdess.
35 to 1 agst Moll in the Wad.
40 to 1 agst Oswestry.
40 to 1 agst Ina.
40 to 1 agst Confederate.
40 to 1 agst Farnsfield.
45 to 1 agst Victress.
45 to 1 agst Bess.
45 to 1 agst Robin Hood.
50 to 1 agst Izzenoff.
50 to 1 agst Sister to Arbutus.
60 to 1 agst Dactyle.

Miss Cranfield, Brutandorf, and Panthea, were backed for 1000gs. against Swiss and Momy Musk.

The same three were backed against Rosanne, Lisette, and Sister to Arbutus, for 1000gs.

The same three were likewise backed against The Miller, Elephant, and Farnsfield, for 1000gs.

Hunting.

The EARL of DERBY's stag-hounds had a very severe day's sport on the 2d instant. The hounds met at Addington village, where a numerous field of well-mounted sportsmen anxiously awaited the arrival of his Lordship. There had been a most severe frost during the preceding night, which prevented the deer being turned out until past twelve o'clock. That being done, in a meadow opposite the church, he, at starting, made towards Wickham Court, thence towards Keston, and then headed back on to Hayes; where, after traversing the Common, he took to the inclosures straight for Bromley Common, in gallant style. He then made a long circuit through Crofton Woods, to the back of Lock's Bottom, which place he left on his right, and crossed perhaps the finest hunting country ever seen, touching at Paul's Cray and Mary Cray, away to Foot's Cray and Bexley, through Bexley Park, where topping the palings, he crossed the meadows and inclosures at a killing pace to Bayford; from whence he made for the Marshes by Perry Street, leaving Brith to the left, and took soil in the Thames, opposite Purfleet; where, fortunately, being observed by some watermen, they made sail after him, and, after very great difficulty, he was safely landed and lodged in Mr. Wetherall's Marsh House. This day's sport is considered one of the best days these hounds ever had. It lasted three hours and three quarters! and at the taking the following gentlemen only were up, out of a field of at least an hundred:—Jonathan, and the head whipper-in; Mr. T. Weston, Mr. Corcoran, Mr. J. Morton, Mr. Tapley, and three others, whose knowledge of the cross roads enabled them to appear rather enviably.

HIS MAJESTY's hounds had a severe day on Monday, March 15. The deer was uncartered on Uxbridge Common, in the presence of more than one thousand spectators, two hundred of whom were horsemen. The deer went away gallantly by Harefield

Moor, Harefield, Rickmansworth, Watford, and St. Alban's. From the latter place he took the direction of Hemel Hempstead, where he entered a butcher's shop, and was there secured. From the excessive fatigue through so heavy a country, four horses died.

The NORTH SOMERSET fox-hounds have had, during the last six weeks, most excellent sport, particularly from the Ebber country, where the foxes are so famed for their great stoutness in running. A most curious circumstance happened not long since to these hounds, which is really worth publishing. The following is an exact statement of the case:—Several brace of foxes have been killed from Ebber, which is a beautiful cover, situated on the Mendip Hills; but one fox, after having given several good runs, invariably beat the hounds, and, what made it more singular, the fox was always lost at the same spot, nor could he ever be recovered, notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the huntsman to do so. The earths were always well stopped, which made the thing so extraordinary, that the people in the neighbourhood christened poor reynard the witch. At length, however, the mystery was unravelled—for, upon drawing that country, it was determined to station a person to watch the place so well known to naturalists, called Wookey Hole, at which spot master reynard had so often made fools of hounds and huntsmen. As usual, he was found in his favourite cover, and took the same direction as he had been accustomed to do; but, on his arriving at Wookey Hole, he was observed to run down rocks almost perpendicular, and secrete himself in a large bunch of ivy. The hounds, as usual, came to a fault at the same spot, and the difficulty was how to dislodge the gentleman from his ivy dwelling: at length a long rope was obtained, and, being fastened round the waist of a boy, he was lowered from the top of the rocks to reynard's shady retreat, which was at least thirty feet from the summit. The boy shook the ivy, and reynard imme-

diately began to ascend, for it was impossible for him to descend, the rocks being so perpendicular and smooth. Suffice it to say, that, having gained *terra firma*, he went away with the hounds at his brush, and, after a burst of forty minutes, he was run in to. So much for the witch!

Mr. SHARD, who is now hunting the Hambledon country, had a most brilliant day's sport on Wednesday, March 10. They met at the Waterloo Inn, and found their fox in Plant's Coppice—wind at north east. He went off towards Southwick House, and through Pidsley Wood, opposite Nelson's monument on Portsdown Hill, when he headed and tried to shake them off, by running his old haunts through all the large covers at Southwick, for one hour; and not succeeding, he went back through Plant's Coppice, when they pressed him hard. He then took the grass lands, to Old Park, and across Hart Plain and the Forest, on towards Catherington, leaving Lovedean on the left, to North House, skirting Highdown Wood, and faced the hills to Stoke Woods, on Stoke Down, to old Winchester, when, finding the wind in his teeth, he sunk the valley within two fields of the river at Monstoke, and close to Droxford headed back, crossing Soberton Down, leaving Hambledon on the left, over the meadows by Hopley. He then went straight through the King's inclosures in the Forest of Bere, Plashwood, and Sheepwash, at the extremity of which they killed him, in three hours and five minutes, without a check of more than two minutes. Throughout the greater part of the run they went a clipping pace (*and there was a great demand for blacksmiths*). Out of a numerous field of sportsmen, only five or six, besides the huntsman, John Major, and the whipper-in, lived with them until they killed, who all acknowledged never having witnessed a better run, during which the hounds were not once lifted to a halloo. In short, he was viewed but twice the whole time. On a moderate calculation, the distance run over exceeded thirty miles, as traced on

the map.—Within a fortnight of this run, these hounds have been out seven times—each day they had a good run—six of which they killed their fox. On the following Wednesday, they met at Waltham Chase, and found an old dog fox in Close Wood. He took one ring in Waltham Chase, and through the little covers by Wickham Gate, when he crossed the road, taking over some of the deepest part of the country, Bottley Wood, &c. and to Mr. Delme's Gorse, on the hill near the Southampton road, through Brick-kiln Coppice, leaving Titchfield on the right, and close to Fareham: he then turned to the left, and they ran in to him below a cover belonging to—Thresher, Esq. in one hour and fifty-four minutes.

Mr. Editor—Having nothing better to do, I rode from Plymouth this morning to see a pack of harriers, the property of Paul Treby, Esq. I had heard a great character of these hounds; and, from what I saw them do, I am sure they deserve to be honourably chronicled among the very best of hare-hounds. A hare was turned out near Marks: she ran through Steart, Slade, Baccamore, Blackland Wood, Mr. Rosdew's plantation, Sparkwell village, over Hemmerdon Ball, by Bottle Hill Timmine, Bude, over Crown-hill Down, through Hookspray, Fernhill Wood, over Heath Down, where she got into a lane, and kept possession of it for two miles and a half, when the hounds overtook her, and she was killed, after a chase of ten miles, without a single turn. I have to thank a rough-looking yeoman, in a fustian jacket, for a description of the above-mentioned chase. I saw these hounds afterwards run up a foil-running hare in a very good hunting style, without any assistance. A great number of the pack consist of red hounds, bred from a Kentish beagle, and crossed and re-crossed with fox-hounds and speedy harriers. The hounds are very fast, and with one exception have the fox-hound sharp tongue, or short chap, and are most astonishingly true, never over-running the scent one inch. I must

add, to my utter amazement, that I have seen two most extraordinary good chases in this rough, barbarous country—one with Mr. Pode's foxhounds, already sent to you the account; the other with Mr. Treby's harriers, this day—and I never, in any country, saw such desperate riders.—I am, the mighty Nimrod's great admirer, *A Peep-of-day Boy*. .
Plymouth, Monday, Feb. 23.

On Friday, March 19, Mr. FARQUHARSON'S hounds found in the Park at Hinton St. George, the seat of Earl Poulett. After working a short-running old dog fox a considerable time, the hounds ran in to him, to the great delight of a field of four hundred horse, and as many foot. These hounds had three very good days, previous to the 19th.

In the course of this season, the Duke of RUTLAND'S hounds killed, after a most severe run of an hour and twenty minutes, a fox with a white patch about six inches square on his side. During the run, a gentleman took a most extraordinary leap of nine yards in length, clearing a hedge of a yard high.

LORD YARBOROUGH'S hounds threw off on Thursday, Feb. 26, at Blyton, and as his Lordship had come from London for the purpose of joining the hunt, there was hope of a good day's sport. After beating about the cover there and at Wharton Wood without effect, disappointment began to prevail. At length, after beating about Kirton Low Wood for a short time, a fine dog fox started off, and the hounds being speedily on scent, the whole field followed in full cry. Reynard ran directly for Wildsworth—thence to Wharton Wood, where he dodged a little—then made right across the hills towards Gainsboro', when, finding his pursuers close at his heels, he took the Trent in fine style, and was gallantly, though reluctantly, followed by the hounds, who, while crossing the river, seemed as if they might have been covered with a sheet. However easy the barrier of the Trent might be to the dogs, it threw the sportsmen sadly out, as there was no way but to take

the river—rather a hazardous attempt, particularly from the state of the shores and banks—or to go round by the bridge, which was at least a mile distant: to this latter course, however, many were obliged to resort. The huntsman, and another gentleman, got over in a boat. The fox, taking the occupation road, made directly towards Beckingham: doubling, however, before reaching the town, he dashed off towards Stockwith and Walkeringham; and again shifting his ground, made towards Pear-tree Hill. Here he was lost for a few moments; but the hounds recovering the scent, he led off across the country to Wytton, and swam across the canal there; in consequence of which, and the darkness of the evening, the huntsman was very unwillingly obliged to whip off, and leave Reynard to the chance of furnishing Lord Scarbrough also with a day's sport.—It is seldom indeed that so fine a run has been witnessed. The *greenhorns* were all left behind: few even of the crack Lincolnshire horses were able to keep way amongst the Nottinghamshire clays; and for a short time Mr. Simpson, jun. of Babworth, and Mr. Hurton, were the only persons near the hounds. One young lady, Miss Hanna, coming fresh into the field at Gainsboro', was able to keep near the lead, and took the various drains with which the country is intersected in fine style, where many of the sportsmen, more cautious, drew off to find an easier passage.

THE SOUTH WOLD hounds, Lincolnshire, met Tuesday, the 9th inst. at Revesby, whence they proceeded to draw Halham Wood, in which they immediately found a fox, and after running for about 15 minutes, he broke cover towards Scrivelsby for nearly a quarter of a mile, when he doubled to the left; and after a severe run of three hours and thirty minutes, having passed over twenty-two lordships, was pulled down at Calceothorpe, in most gallant style.

One day this month a gentleman being out with a brace of greyhounds, near East Harling, Norfolk, they dis-

covered a fox, to which the dogs gave chase. Finding himself close pressed, he took refuge, after a long run, in a farm yard, where he was taken alive, and being presented to J. Ayton, Esq. at Eccles Hall, that gentleman invited Captain Cay, with his hounds, and a numerous assemblage of sportsmen. He was then turned out, and, running off Eccles Heath in fine style, afforded admirable diversion, taking the direction to Larling; and having run through the boundaries of seventeen parishes, he was at last killed on the race-course at Swaffham, having been the occasion of one of the best day's sport ever enjoyed by the company then present.

"We have this week to record another severe run with Lord Anson's hounds. They met at Kirkby, and proceeded to Burbage Wood, where not finding, they returned back to Kirkby and Bosworth covers, but had no success. They then went on to Sibson Woods, from whence reynard started in fine style, and making his way near Bosworth, through the corner of Ambion Wood, leaving Sutton Cheney and Stapleton to the left, then on by the village of Barwell to Elmes-thorpe, reached Burbage Common in one hour and ten minutes. Scorning to owe shelter to the woods there, he started on to the right of Hinckley, passed through Wyken Gorse, went over one of the Canal bridges, traversed round the village of Higham, and pushed on for Shenton. By this time, as may be supposed, most of the horses were done up, even the crack ones; and indeed for some time before, to use a classical phrase for the amusement of learned sportsmen, "apparent rari nantes, in gurgite vasto." Poor reynard, still anxious to avoid his pursuers, passed on by Coton, pursued his course below Bosworth, to the left of Carlton, and was finally killed near Barton in the Beams. To those who know the state of the ground on that day, and the extent of the country gone over, this will appear as extraordinary a run as the annals of hunting afford. Not more than four or five attempted to follow the hounds for the last few miles, and

they were guided by their ears rather than their eyes, and did not arrive at the field of battle till all was over and the hounds had demolished poor reynard. Of the few that came to the final spot was a young gentleman, upon a horse not more than fifteen hands high and sixteen years old, and who rode that day, in going to cover, during the chase, and in returning home, at least sixty miles: the horse was but little tired, and trotted pleasantly home with him, a distance of eleven miles, after the chase. This is stated, to convince keen sportsmen that, according to the present fashion, they take their horses into hard work much too early, and spoil them before they come to perfection. A horse from eight to fourteen is best capable of undergoing the fatigues of the chase, and, indeed, if rode with care, will hardly ever tire: younger horses may be fleet, but they will stick in the mire before the end of a hard day."—*Leicester Journal*.

On Monday, the WESTACRE stag-hounds met at Shouldham, where, from a wood belonging to J. Villebois, Esq. a fine Cornish stag, which had been ranging the country at his own pleasure for ten days, broke away in a most gallant style, and afforded a most brilliant run of an hour and fifty-five minutes, through one of the stiffest countries in the county. He was taken without any injury, and safely housed on the premises at Woodhall.

We hear that Sir BELLINGHAM GRAHAM is to hunt the county of Salop conjointly with Staffordshire, the ensuing season, for which he is to receive one thousand a year additional subscription.

In consequence of the death of Sir Hugh Smyth, Bart. the two large packs of harriers that hunted the Reckley country, near Marlborough, have been given up. Part of them were sold to the Duke de Bourbon, to be hunted in France.

In the beginning of March, a "bagman" was shaken before the NORTH SOMERSET hounds, which afforded a good run. Reynard was

taken alive in the city of Bath, and re-conducted to a proper country, for another start. The field were regaling and "re-charging," when an alarm was made, and "Tally-ho!" was the cry. The hounds were laid on as soon as possible, and a chosen few only saw his death, after a run of forty minutes. It afterwards appeared that the "bagman" had eaten a hole in the bag, and escaped without leave.

The BERKELEY HUNT had their annual dinner at the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, this month, and in the evening gave a ball and supper at the theatre, which were attended by all the fashion and beauty of the place and environs.

MR. WORTLEY'S BILL FOR ALTERING THE GAME LAWS.

The attention of country gentlemen and others interested in field sports is anxiously directed to the event of Mr. S. Wortley's Amendment Bill on the Game Laws, which, at the time of our writing this, is being discussed in a Committee of the Commons, and with every probability of passing that House. It is impossible to say what precise shape the different clauses will assume by the time they have passed the Committee: we have, nevertheless, thought it our duty to give a copious, and, we believe we may say, accurate abridgment of them, as they stood in the amended Bill.

Clause I. From the passing of this Act, such parts of Acts now in force as restrain persons unqualified from taking, destroying, or having in their possession game, are repealed.

Clause II. All hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, grouse, *black game, heath and moor game, bustards, woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrails, wild ducks, teal, and widgeons*, and the young and eggs thereof, found in or upon any enclosed land, are declared the property of the owners of the land on which the same shall be found; and, if found on stinted pasture, unenclosed common, or waste land, the property of the lord of the manor. Such owners and lords of manors may demise (*Clause III*) or let on lease the right of pursuing, taking or killing, and of granting licence of leave to others, to pursue, take,

and kill game, on lands either in their own occupation, or let to their tenant or tenants, and restrain the occupier of such land from destroying, or permitting others to destroy, any game, or the young or eggs thereof. Where, in any existing lease or agreement, owners or proprietors of land have not reserved the right of entering to take game, it shall be construed that they have such right; but this is not to extend to agreements or leases wherein permission is given to the lessee to take game, nor to any existing agreement between lords of manors and owners and occupiers of enclosed lands, whereby a right is reserved to such lords.

Clause IV. All persons and corporate bodies seized of, or entitled as owners in possession to, fifty acres of enclosed or unenclosed land adjoining each other, and entitled to the game thereon, or the lord or lady of the manor wherein such unenclosed lands shall be situate, may authorise others to sport over lands belonging to such persons, on both parties, taking out a game certificate for the current year; but (*Clause V*) they are to be restrained from killing game at any other than at the times and seasons by law now established.

Clause VI. Persons found trespassing are to forfeit to the person or persons entitled to the game not less than 20s. nor less than 5l. at discretion of the Justices before whom the matter shall be heard; and 40s. for every hare, rabbit, pheasant, partridge, grouse, black game, heath and moor game, which they may destroy; to be levied on their goods and chattels: for want of sufficient distress, three months' hard labour. But nothing herein contained is to extend to any person or persons on horseback, hunting, or coursing, with hounds or greyhounds.

Clause VII. Trespassers refusing to quit land, may be required to give up their names and residence, and produce their game certificate. If they refuse so to do, such offenders may be seized and delivered into custody, to be conveyed before a Magistrate, there to answer any information laid against them.

Clause VIII. Trespassers convicted of giving a false name or residence, or not producing their game certificate, to forfeit to the owners of the game 10l. beside the before-named penalties.

Clause IX. A poacher convicted of going out by night to take game, for the first offence to be imprisoned three months, and find sureties for one year, himself in 10l. and two others in 5l. each: in failure of such sureties, six months' imprisonment. For the second offence, six months' imprisonment, and double the above sureties, and one year's confinement, if sureties cannot be found. And for the third offence, upon conviction of a Jury at Quarter Sessions, he shall be deemed a felon, and be transported for seven years. The night to be

* The words in *italics*, Mr. Wortley has consented to be erased from the Bill.

considered from an hour after sun-set, to an hour before sun-rise.

Clause X. Provides for registering offences.

Clause XI. All persons and bodies entitled to the game to be found on not less than five hundred acres of enclosed land lying altogether, may appoint one or more gamekeepers to act within such lands.

Clause XII. No person to use, or have in his possession, a snare, net, or engine, except a gun, on penalty of 5*l.*; but this not to extend to gamekeepers, or persons using such on lands to the game on which they have a right by this Act.

Clause XIII. Unlicensed persons having game in their possession for the purposes of sale, to forfeit 40*s.* for each head of game.

Clause XIV. Two Justices may, at a Special Sessions, grant to a householder (not being an inn or tavern keeper, victualler, or retailer of wine or spirits, or owner, driver, or guard of stage coach or other public conveyance, or higgler or carrier, mail guard, or mail coachman) a licence for one year, to buy game of persons entitled to the property in game under this Act, and to sell such game bought as aforesaid: 3*s.* to be paid for the licence, and a recognizance entered into of 30*l.* with two sureties of 10*l.* each, not to carry on the prohibited trades above-named, while holding such licence.

Clause XV. No person duly qualified to be liable to a penalty for buying or selling game, after the 12th of August next.

Clause XVI. Licensed persons purchasing, or having in possession, game obtained of unlicensed persons, to lose their licence, forfeit recognizances, and be fined 40*s.* for each head of game thus unlawfully obtained.

Clause XVII. Licensed persons are not authorised to have, or deal in, game, out of season; they are to have the words "Licensed to deal in Game," affixed in front of their houses or shops.

Clause XVIII. Magistrates are empowered, on information, to search licensed persons and their premises.

Clause XIX. No gamekeeper to sell game, without permission of his employer.

Clause XX. Any of the description of persons enumerated in Clause XIV. as ineligible to be licensed to sell game, to be liable to a penalty of 5*l.* if found dealing in game, and 5*l.* for every head of game so bought or sold; but no inn or tavern keeper is to be liable to a penalty for purchasing game of a licensed person, when it is to be consumed at his own house.

Clause XXI. Enacts a penalty of 5*l.* for wilfully destroying the nest or eggs of black game, heath or moor game, pheasant, or partridge.

Clause XXII. For the purposes of this Act the game is defined to mean hares, par-

tridges, pheasants, black game, grouse, heath and moor game.

Clause XXIII. Gives form of conviction.

Clause XXIV. Relates to recovery and application of penalties.

Clause XXV. Justices are empowered to administer oaths.

Clause XXVI. Admits right of appeal on giving ten days' notice.

Clause XXVII. Enacts a penalty of 40*s.* on witnesses refusing to attend when summoned.

Clause XXVIII. Proceedings not to be removed by certiorari.

Clause XXIX. Nothing in this Act is to affect the rights now possessed, by law, by lords and ladies of manors, lordships or royalties (other than and except such as are before mentioned), or the rights of owners of free warren or free chase.

Clause XXX. This Act not to extend to Scotland or Ireland.

Coursing.

The match for 20 sovereigns between Colonel Elmhirst's bitch *Clarissa*, and Mr. Hassall's dog *Hercules* (to which the cup was adjudged at the last Louth Meeting), was run on Monday, March 1, on the beautiful ground at Withcall. The course was between two and three miles over a fine plain, without a single fence to interrupt. The judges, of whom there were five, unanimously decided in favour of *Clarissa*. The bitch not only shewed very great speed, but uncommon bottom. Mr. Hassall's dog is thought to be one of the best greyhounds in the kingdom.

The Amesbury Coursing Meeting commenced on Tuesday, Feb. 24. Mr. Biggs's blk. and w. d. Bertrami won the Cup, and Mr. S. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. Hawk the Guineas. The Stonehenge Stakes were won by Mr. S. Heathcote's r. d. Holbein; the Figheledean Stakes by Sir H. Vivian's f. b. Vite; and the Tidworth Stakes by Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Burleigh. Messrs. Northey, Pettat, Milla, Jones, Long, &c. produced very superior dogs during the meeting, and the sport was altogether excellent. The next Meeting will take place on the 17th November.

HORSE-BREEDING—TROTTERS.

A Norfolk correspondent writes us as follows:—"Good horses are even increasing in demand, being

source to an extraordinary degree, considering the numbers bred. But thus I have always known it, and my elders before me. We are now, nevertheless, sanguine in our expectation of improvement. Trotters, as in former days, are now all the rage here. It is said, we are about to have such a spring show of stallions of that description, as has not been seen of late in the county. Old Shales, however, is hailed universally as the patriarch. A person who saw him trot his great match of seventeen miles within the hour, assures me, he came to the ending post, without the least apparent distress, notwithstanding the great weight he carried; when the same sum was offered, that he should start immediately for another hour, with the same weight, but no takers. It was afterwards offered to trot him eighteen miles in one hour, weight 12st. 2lb., but no takers. An extraordinary trotter, called the Norfolk Cob, now five years old, is coming out. He cost three hundred guineas. He was got by Fireaway, dam by Old Shales. A farmer, in this neighbourhood, bred a colt by Fireaway, out of a cart mare—sold him at three years old for sixteen pounds. The buyer sold him for forty. He was then resold to a dealer, for 55; again sold for 145; and is now on trial and in price, at 250l. He is a plain horse. The mares are dropping their foals, and the season promises to be successful.

THE DOG BILLY AND THE BERKSHIRE RAT-KILLER.

The match between these two celebrated vermin destroyers took place March 2, at the pit in Duck-lane, Westminster. The match was for 30 sovereigns, and the undertaking was, that the bitch killed fifty rats in less time than Billy. Dew backed his Billy, and Mr. Wise backed the bitch. Billy commenced the sport: fifty full-grown rats were turned into the pit, and in five minutes and six seconds they all lay dead at the feet of Billy. The pit being cleared of the dead, the bitch was let in, and fifty rats were turned out of a cage to her. By the time she had killed

thirty of the rats, she became exhausted, and lay barking and yelping on the ground, with her mouth open, without attempting to kill the vermin that were hanging about her nose; and a quarter of an hour elapsed before she completed her task. Billy was therefore declared the conqueror by the umpires. It is now confessed that no dog in the kingdom can match with Billy at rat-killing, though he has only two teeth in his head and one eye! A bet of 200 sovereigns was subsequently offered, that Billy killed 100 rats in less time than the bitch killed half the number. It has been asserted, that the rats have a strong narcotic given them, before they are pitted. Whether so or not, Billy must be an astonishing animal.

Buglism.

The epistolary *fibbing* of Langan, Reynolds, and Co. has brought Spring to the *scratch* at last, as will be seen by what follows:—

"To the Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*.—SIR—I can bear the bullying of this Langan no longer, but will, by the consent of my friends, meet him upon the terms demanded in his last. I will be at Cribb's on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock, to stake 100l. and settle the business at once.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.
T. W. SPRING."

In consequence, on the Tuesday evening (March 2), great numbers of the sporting fancy assembled at Cribb's, the Union Arms, Panton-street, to witness the making of the match. Both Spring and Langan were present. Spring at first insisted, that as it was Langan's wish to fight on a stage, he ought to defray the expence of its erection. Langan, in reply, observed, that in event of his winning the fight, which he thought he should, he would pay for the stage "*with all the pleasure in life!*" The men declared they had no animosity against each other, and on the articles being finally agreed on, the remainder of the evening was devoted to harmony. The following were the terms agreed to:—

"We, John Langan and Thomas

Winter Spring, agree to fight on Thursday, June 8, 1824, for 500l. a side, on a twenty-feet boarded stage: to be a fair stand-up fight, half-minute time. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and a referee to be chosen on the ground. The fight to take place within one hundred miles of London, and the place to be named by Mr. Jackson. The men to be in the ring between the hours of twelve and one at noon, unless prevented by magisterial interference. Fifty pounds a side are now deposited in the hands of the President of the Daffy Club; 50l. more to be made good on the 13th of March, at J. Randall's, Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane; a further deposit of 200l. a side, at Mr. Cribb's, on Saturday, the 1st of May; and the whole at Mr. Belcher's, Castle Tavern, on the 1st of June, 1824. The deposits to be made good on the days before mentioned, between the hours of eight and ten in the evening—either party failing to forfeit the money down. The stage to be boarded with deals, not less than three inches thick, without turf, and to be six feet from the ground, as in Cribb's battle. The bottle-holders and seconds to retire to the corners of the stage, when the men are placed at the scratch every round, and to remain there till one or both of the men are down. The expences of the stage to be paid between Spring and Langan. It is further agreed, that when the whole of the money is made good, it shall be transferred to the hands of Mr. Jackson.

"T. W. SPRING.

"T. LANGAN."

"Witness, T. WATSON.

T. BELCHER."

On the 13th, the second deposit was made good at Randall's, agreeably to the articles. After business was over, Langan said, "I'll take 70

to 40," to which Spring said, "Done." (*Loud cheers.*) Lagan then said, "I'll tell you what it is, Tom: you shall bet me 70 to 40 twice, d'y'e see, and that will make the stake larger than any that was ever fought for by any two men in England." This Spring accepted. The bet was recorded, and a deposit made.

Josh Hudson and Sampson fight on the 11th of May.

Barney Aaron and Peter Warren are matched to fight April 6. Warren stakes 50gs. to Aaron's 50l.

Sparring.—Ned Turner had a benefit at the Fives Court, February 25. It was a bumper.—On the 2d March, Cooper, the gipsy, also had a benefit, but the company was short.—On the 16th, for the benefit of Reynolds, the Court overflowed. The chief interest of the day was excited by the set-to between Reynolds and Langan. The latter went to work in a style of quickness that astonished the amateurs; and it required the utmost exertion on the part of Reynolds to keep up with him. At the conclusion of the set-to the Irish champion was loudly applauded.

Reuben Martin and Daniel Defoe fought March 16, 1824, on Moulsey Hurst, for 100gs. a side. There were 21 rounds. The second was almost unparalleled in duration, lasting 21 minutes, and in which Defoe had so much the advantage, that it was thought he would have at once beaten his adversary, had he seized the advantage, and gone in with courage. He, however, suffered the opportunity to escape, and Martin recovering, conquered Defoe in one hour and seven minutes.—A second battle took place for a purse, between two countrymen, twelve stone men, named Manning and Glossop. It was a mere exhibition of strength and ferocity, and was won by Manning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER, and several other favours, arrived too late to be used this month.—VENATOR has our thanks; but at this date (March 25), too little is known to admit of accurate reasoning on the subject on which he writes.—We regret our inability to give the "Amesbury Coursing Meeting" at length, our pages having been so much pre-occupied at the time of receiving it.—A note received by the Editor, signed SCRUTINATOR, states, that Mr. Peat's stirrup lantern is an old contrivance, brought here from Paris.—The list of covering stallions, complete, next month.

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THE RACING CALENDAR AT THE END.

Racing Calendar, 1823.

TAVISTOCK MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 2.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. W. S. Trelawney's b. m. *Barbara*, by Bucephalus, aged..... 0 1 1
Mr. E. Clarke's ch. m. *Norna*, aged 0 2 dr.

The ENDSLEIGH STAKES of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred. Heats, two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. C. Trelawney's gr. g. *Cardinal*, | Mr. T. J. Phillips's b. g. *Fleet*, 12st. 2 2
12st. 1 1 | Mr. G. Stode's b. m. *Shamrock*, 12st. 3 3

WEDNESDAY, September 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25 sovs. added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. King's gr. g. *Grimace* 1 1 | Mr. Day's b. m. *Eglantine* 2 2
Grimace the favourite. Easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 3gs. each, with 30l. added.

Mr. J. Bailey's b. m. *Isabella* 5 1 1
Mr. Trelawney's b. m. *Sophia* 1 4 4
Mr. E. Clarke's m. *Norna* 3 3 2
Mr. T. J. Phillips's br. g. *Fleet* 4 2 3
Mr. G. Stode's b. m. *Shamrock* 2 dr.

STAPLETON PARK MEETING, YORKSHIRE.

TUESDAY, September 9.—The FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for all ages.—One mile and three quarters.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. *Lorenzo*, by Leopold, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Mr. White) 1 | Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2
Mr. Mills's ch. h. *North Wester*, by Six to 5 on North Wester. | Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 10st. 3
A fine race, and won by a head.

MATCH for 25gs.—A. F.

Mr. Duncombe's ch. ch. *Speculation*, | Lord Normanby's b. h. *Kitten*, 6 yrs aged, 11st. (Owner)..... 1 | old, 10st. 10lb. 2

A GOLD CUP, given by the Hon. E. Petre, added to a sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—One mile and a quarter.—Forty-three subscribers.

Mr. Hopkinson's b. f. *Collina*, by Young Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 10st. (Mr. Kent) 1 | Mr. Mytton's b. g. *Habberley*, by Shuttlecock, aged, 13st. 4lb. (Mr. Lacy) ... 3
Mr. Rowla's br. h. *Tom Paine*, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old, 12st. (Mr. Healey) 2 | Mr. Lambton's b. m. *Pecunia*, by Octavian, aged, 12st. (Mr. White) 4

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Downe's ch. g. *Macready*, aged, 12st. 0 | Mr. Heywood's b. h. *Don Juan*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. 0
Lord Muncaster's br. h. *Why Not*, aged, 12st. 0 | Mr. Milbank's b. f. by Petronius, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. 0
Lord J. Bentinck's ch. g. *Scrambler*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 0 | Mr. Foljambe's b. f. 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. 0
Mr. Bretherton's ch. h. *Mercury*, aged, 11st. 12lb. 0 | Mr. F. Lumley's b. f. *Clematis*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. 0
Mr. Bretherton's ch. g. *North Briton*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. 0 | Mr. W. Ramsden's b. f. *Whizgig*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 0
Capt. Wainman's br. h. *Bogtrotter*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. 0 | Mr. Winn's b. c. by Caliban, 4 yrs old, 10st. 0
Mr. Wyvill's b. m. *Plover*, out of Kitten's dam, aged, 11st. 9lb. 0 | Sir E. Dodsworth's b. m. *My Lady*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 0
Mr. Herbert's b. g. *Bryan*, aged, 11st. 9lb. 0 | Mr. Fryer's b. f. by Bigot, 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 0

Six to 4 agst Habberley, 7 to 1 agst Tom Paine, 7 to 1 agst Pecunia, and 10 to 1 agst Collina. We are sorry to state that a serious accident occurred during this race. The Hon. Mr. Trevor, son of Viscount Dungannon, while riding the horse Macready, was thrown with great violence, which occasioned a concussion of the brain, of which he died.

MATCH for 100gs. 10st. 8lb. each.—Mile and a quarter.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Cornet</i> , by Governor, aged	1	Mr. Wyvill's b. m. Dairy Maid, 5 yrs old	2
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MATCH for 25gs.—Two miles.

Mr. Mills's ch. m. <i>Amy</i> , aged, 11st. 4lb. (Owner)	1	Mr. Duncombe's b. m. Bagatelle, aged, 10st. 4lb.	2
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MATCH for 100gs.—A. F.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Mrs. Siddons</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. (Mr. White)	1	Lord Wilton's Young Snail, 11st. 7lb. 4
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Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Mrs. Siddons</i> , 11st. rec. ft. from Mr. Petre's <i>Mustache</i> , 11st. 4lb. 50gs. A. F.	
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Mr. Trevor's ch. g. *Macready*, 10st. 7lb. agst Lord Normanby's b. h. Don Juan, 9st. 10lb. 50gs. One mile—off by consent.

Mr. Duncombe's b. m. *Bagatelle*, 10st. 2st. ft. from Mr. Lescalle's b. h. by Woldsgman, 10st. 11lb. 50gs. Half a mile.

WEDNESDAY, September 10.—MATCH for 25gs.—A. F.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Mrs. Siddons</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Duncombe's ch. h. <i>Speculation</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb.	2
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MATCH for 50gs.—One mile.

Lord Normanby's b. h. <i>Don Juan</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (Capt. Berkeley)	1	Lord Manchester's br. h. <i>Why Not</i> , aged, 11st. 4lb.	2
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MATCH for 100gs. 9st. 10lb. each.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Cornet</i> , aged, (Capt. Berkeley)	1	Mr. R. Milnes's br. h. <i>Dick</i> , by Firelock, 5 yrs old	2
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MATCH for 50gs.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Lambton's <i>Corinthian</i> , by Comus, 11st. (Mr. White)	1	Lord Wilton's Young Snail, 10st. 9lb. 2
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MATCH for 50gs. 11st. each.—H. A. F.

Mr. Lambton's ch. h. <i>Frankoe</i> (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Duncombe's ch. h. <i>Blue Devil</i>	2
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MATCH for 50 sovereigns.—Two miles.

Mr. Ramsden's gr. h. <i>The Professor</i> , 10st. (Owner)	1	Mr. Buchanan's <i>Charlotte</i> , 9st.	2
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The FIRST CLASSES of the WELBECK STAKES of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—One mile and a half.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Hopkinson's b. f. <i>Collina</i> , by Young Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 11st. (Mr. Kent)	1	Lord Normanby's b. h. <i>Don Juan</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.	2
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Lord Wilton's ch. h. <i>Mercury</i> , aged, 12st.	2	Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Mrs. Siddons</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	4
--	---	--	---

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Musgrave's ch. c. <i>Udolpho</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	0	Mr. Mills's ch. f. <i>Bochante</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	0
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Five to 4 on the field.—Won easy.

SWEETSTAKES of 10gs. each.—A. F.

Mr. Milbank's <i>Baker</i> , 11st.	1	Mr. Duncombe's b. m. by <i>Trafalgar</i> , 10st. 10lb.	2
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Two to 1 on the winner. Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 11.—MATCH for 100gs.—Two miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Pecunia</i> , by Octavian, 12st. 4lb. (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Milbank's <i>Flash</i> , 10st. 8lb.	2
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MATCH for 100gs.—A. F.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Mrs. Siddons</i> , by <i>Macbeth</i> , 11st. (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Petre's <i>Robin Adair</i> (late North Britain) 11st. 2lb.	2
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THE RACING CALENDAR, 1823.

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MATCH for 50gs.—Three miles.

Mr. Dancombe's *Hopeful*, by Windle, 10st. (Owner)..... 1 | Mr. Mills's *Amy*, 11st. 2lb. 2

MATCH for 100gs.—One mile.

Mr. Duncombe's b. m. *Bagatelle*, 10st. (Owner)..... 1 | Mr. Wyvill's b. m. *Dairy Maid*, 10st. 7lb. 2

MATCH for 100gs.—One mile and a quarter.

Lord Normanby's b. h. *Don Juan*, by Beverly, 10st. 4lb. 1 | Lord Wilton's Young Snail, 10st. 11lb. 2

MATCH for 50gs.—A. F.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. *Mrs. Siddons*, 11st. (Mr. White) 1 | Mr. Foljambe's f. by Quicksilver, 10st. 2lb. 2

MATCH for 50gs. 9st. 7lb. each.—One mile.

Mr. Duncombe's ch. h. *Speculation*, by Bradbury 1 | Mr. Milnes's br. h. *Dick*..... 2

SECOND CLASS of the WELBECK STAKES of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—One mile and a half.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Ramsden's br. h. *Tom Paine*, 5 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. (Mr. Kent) 1 | Mr. Lambton's b. m. *Pecunia*, aged, 11st. 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Muscaster's br. h. *Why Not*, aged, 11st. 5lb. 0 | Mr. F. Lumley's b. f. *Clamatin*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. 0

Even betting between *Tom Paine* and *Pecunia*.—A severe race, and won by only half a head.

A SILVER CUP, given by the Hon. E. Petre, added to a sweepstakes of one guinea each.—A. F.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's *Mrs. Siddons*, 11st. (Mr. White) 1 | Lord Wilton's ch. h. Young Snail, 10st. 8lb. 4
Mr. Milbank's b. h. *Bolan*, 11st. 4lb. 2 | Mr. Petre's ch. h. *Robin Adair*, 11st. 2lb. 5
Lord Normanby's br. h. *Coronet*, 11st. ... 3

Lord Normanby's *Don Juan*, 10st. 3lb. ret. ft. from Lord Wilton's *Euphrosyne*, 11st. 50gs. Mile and half.

Mr. Lambton's *Corinthian*, 11st. received ft. from Mr. Mills's *North Wester*, 11st. 13lb. 100 sovs. One mile and a half.

SHREWSBURY MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 16.—The ALL-AGED STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added.—One mile and a half.—Three subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Doge of Venice*, by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (T. Nicholson) 1 | Sir W. Wynn's b. c. *Belmont*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2

An excellent race, and won by half a length.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Once round, and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. *General Mina*, by Camillus (T. Nicholson) 1 | Sir W. Wynn's b. c. *Cognovit*, by Ambe 2

A good race.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Major O. Gore's ch. h. *The Duke*, by Comus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (J. Darling) 1 | old, 8st. 6lb. 4 2
Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Whittington*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. 5 2 | Sir T. Stanley's br. f. *Maid of Milan*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 3 4
Mr. Hickman's b. h. *Millard*, 5 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2 dr. | Mr. Wadlow's bl. f. by Ambe, 5 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by 13 subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Twice round, and a distance.

Sir G. Pigott's b. f. <i>Active</i> , by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. (W. Lear)...	1	Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , aged, 8st. 8lb.	3
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Tarragon</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb.	2	Sir W. Wynn's b. c. <i>Belmont</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Once round, and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. <i>Mendax</i> , by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Spring) 1	1	Major Gore's br. h. <i>Cuyp</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2
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THE BICKTON STAKES of 15 sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred. Three-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Benson's ch. g. <i>Fencer</i> , by Zodiack, 5 yrs old, 10st. (Norman) ...	1	Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Cae Avon</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st.	2
Mr. Jones's b. g. by <i>Pavilion</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st.	3	Mr. Trevor's b. g. <i>Hanner</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st.	4

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Whittington</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs, 7st. (H. Arthur) 3	1	1
Mr. Wadlow's bl. f. by <i>Ambo</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	1	4
Sir T. Stanley's b. g. by <i>Corielanus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3	2
Mr. Patrick's b. f. by <i>Blucher</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	3
Mr. Steele's b. f. <i>Maiden</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	4	dr.

THURSDAY, September 18.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Sir W. Wynn's b. f. <i>Rebecca</i> , by Walton, out of Little Cymro's dam	(H. Arthur)	1
	Mr. Sidney's b. c. <i>Peveril</i> , by Selim ...	2

THE HALSTON STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three and four-year-olds. Once round, and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. <i>Mendax</i> , by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Spring)	1	8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. Benson's br. c. <i>Picton</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st.	1	Sir W. Wynn's b. c. <i>Cognovit</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Twice round, and a distance.—Five subscribers.

R. Benson's br. c. *Picton*, 4 yrs old, 8st. walked over.

THE HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20gs. added.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Lewis's bl. h. by Young Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. (Edwards)	1	1	Mr. Pickernell's ch. g. <i>Sylvanus</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	2
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THE COCKED HAT STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for half-bred horses.—Heats, once round, and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Underhill's bl. g. <i>Black Prince</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	1	1	Mr. Forester's b. g. <i>Spring</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	3
Mr. Jones's b. g. by <i>Pavilion</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	4	2	Mr. Beck's b. g. <i>Tennis Ball</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb.	2

ISLE OF THANET MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—The **POWELL'S STAKES** of 5gs. each, with 50l. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hill's b. g. <i>Parchment</i> , late Philip, by Sir Paul, aged, 8st. 11lb.	5	1	1
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. <i>Fortune Teller</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	1	3	3
Mr. Woollett's br. h. <i>Minister</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	4	2
Mr. Brown's br. g. <i>Marksmen</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	4	2	4
Mr. Howard's br. c. <i>Worthy</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Creed's ch. f. <i>Irene</i> , 2 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post) ...	dis.		

The MARGATE PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don	7st. 11lb.	2	2
Cossack, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	1	1	
Mr. Terry's b. c. by Selim, 4 yrs old,	Mr. Carter's ch. g. Toussaint, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dis.

THURSDAY, September 18.—The HUNTERS' STAKES of 5gs. each, with 40l. added, for horses not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hill's b. m. <i>Misery</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Howard's b. g. Playful, aged, 12st. 6lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Wright's b. m. Doubtful, aged, 12st. 6lb.	2	3	2
Mr. Wilks's gr. f. Chance, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.			dis.

Chance came in first the first heat, but the jockey fell before he came to the weighing chair.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	1	1	
Mr. Terry's b. c. by Selim, 4 yrs	old, 7st. 11lb.	2	dr.
	Mr. Hill's b. g. Parchment, aged, 9st. 2lb.	3	dr.

The VISITORS' PURSE, for the losing horses not distanced.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Brown's br. g. <i>Marksmen</i> , by Paynator, aged, 8st. 11lb.	1	2	1
Mr. Woollett's br. h. Minister, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	1	2
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Fortune Teller, 3 yrs old 6st. 7lb.	3	3	4
Mr. Howard's br. c. Worthy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	4	3

GLAMORGANSHIRE MEETING.

(Over Cardiff Heath.)

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, for any horse bred in Monmouthshire, or the Principality.—

Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Davies's b. h. <i>Valentine</i> , by Poulton, 5 yrs old, 9st. (G. Boast) 1	1		
Mr. Hill's br. f. Jesse, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	dr.	
	Mr. Morgan's ch. h. Broomstick, 5 yrs old, 9st.	3	dr.
	Mr. Jones's br. f. Caroline, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	dr.

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, for any horse, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Davies's b. h. <i>Valentine</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. (G. Boast).....	2	1	1
Mr. Robinson's b. g. Gas, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	2	dr.
Mr. Day's ch. c. Melampus, 5 yrs old, 7st.	1		dr.

MATCH for 100gs.—One mile.

Mr. Hill's br. f. Jesse, by Poulton, out of Clearwell Lass, 3 yrs, 8st. (Cordwell) 1	Mr. Jones's br. f. Caroline, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	
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THURSDAY, September 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for any horse, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. C. Day's b. m. <i>Victorine</i> , by Haphazard, aged, 9st. 4lb. (J. Chapple)	1	1	
	Mr. Farquharson's b. c. Champion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	2

A PLATE of FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, for any horse, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's ch. c. <i>Melampus</i> , by South- sayer, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Chapple) 1	1	1	
	Mr. Molony's b. m. Luss, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	2	2

FRIDAY, September 19.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, for any horse, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Davies's <i>Valentine</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. (R. Williams)	3	1	1
Mr. C. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged, 9st. 4lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Molony's b. m. Luss, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Hill's br. f. Jesse, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4		dr.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 3gs. each, with 30l. added.—Two-mile heats. Eight subscribers.

Mr. Molony's b. m. Luss, by Hed- ley, 6 yrs old, 9st. (G. Boast)	1	1	
Mr. Day's b. f. Plover, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	2	
Mr. Farquharson's Champion, 4 yrs	old, 8st. 6lb.	5	3
	Mr. Hill's br. f. Jesse, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	4
	Mr. Taylor's ch. h. Little John, aged, 8st.	4	5

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50s. each, for any horse, &c. having hunted, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Morgan's ch. h. *Broomstick*, by
Currycomb, 5 yrs, 12st. (G. Houst) 1 1 | Mr. Hazard's b. g. Hope, 6 yrs old,
12st. 2 2

OSWESTRY MEETING, SHROPSHIRE.

MONDAY, September 22.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Stewards, free for any horse, &c.—Heats, two miles.

Lord Derby's gr. c. *Starboard*, by
Macbeth, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (B. Smith) 1 1 | Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, aged,
9st. 4lb. 2 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 150s. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—O. 2 mile.
Four subscribers.

Major O. Gore's ch. c. *Achmet*, by Selim, dam by Marmion, 3 yrs, 7st. ... walked over.
THE SILVER CUP, value 50l. given by Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. for hunters.
Heats, two miles.

Mr. Hughes's bl. g. *Oliver Snape*,
by Aladdin, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. ... 1 1 | Mr. Wright's b. g. Hazard, 6 yrs
old, 12st. 2 dr.

TUESDAY, September 23.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. in specie, by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles and half.

Mr. J. Rogers's gr. c. *Sir Edward*, by
Friend Ned, 4 yrs, 8st. (H. Arthur) ... 1 | Major O. Gore's ch. h. The Duke, 6 yrs
old, 9st. 2lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 200s. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. Last half mile.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard, out of
Penshills (Whitehouse) ... 1 | out of Venus 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, | Major O. Gore's b. f. Pheasant, by Cas-
treil Bustard. 2

THE COCKEN HAT STAKES of 50s. each, with 10l. added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, 12st. 2lb. each.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Owen's bl. g. *Jovial* ... walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Benson's br. c. *Piston*, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (S. Darling) ... 6 1 1
Lord Grosvenor's br. g. Broxton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 6 2 2
Mr. Paulden's b. f. Faith, by Milo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 3 3 dr.
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Coriolanus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 4 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—The TOWN PRIZE of 50l. for any horse, &c.—Heats, three miles and a half.

Mr. Rogers's gr. c. *Sir Edward*, by
Friend Ned, 4 yrs, 8st. (S. Darling) 1 1 | Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Lady-day,
3 yrs old, 5st. 11lb. 2 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, the gift of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. T. Kenyon, added to a sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses belonging to the Oswestry Squadron of N. S. Yeomanry Cavalry.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Leigh's b. m. *Poster*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. (S. Darling) ... 3 1 1
Mr. Hughes's bl. g. *Oliver Snape*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. 1 2 3
Mr. Lewis's bl. f. Parry, by Aladdin, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. 4 2 2
Mr. Edwards's ch. g. Jack Spiggot, 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 3 dis.
Mr. Ward's br. f. by Hit or Miss, 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 5 dis.

A most serious accident took place in this race. Jack Spiggot, in running the second heat, bolted, and threw his rider (W. Gamble), who, we are sorry to add, was killed on the spot.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the fund.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Coriolanus, 4 yrs old. walked over.

FEVERSHAM MEETING, KENT.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Wright's ch. f. *Fortune Teller*, by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 1 1

Mr. Woollett's b. h. Minister, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2 3 | Mr. Creed's ch. f. Irene, by Southsayer, 8 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 3 3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Mr. Howard's br. c. *Worthy*, by Whalebone, 8 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 4 4 1 1
Mr. Hill's b. g. Parchment, aged, 9st. 10lb. 1 2 dr.
Mr. Terry's b. c. by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3 1 dr.
Mr. Wright's ch. f. Fortune Teller, 8 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2 8 dr.

Parchment came in first the third heat, but was deemed distanced, by foul riding.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages, not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's gr. f. *Chance*, 4 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 1 1 | Mr. Quester's b. g. Jerry Hawthorn, 6 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. 2 3
Mr. Hill's b. m. Misery, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 3 2 | Mr. Butcher's br. m. Easy, 6 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. 4 fall

WALSALL MEETING, STAFFORDSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10gs. each, with 10gs. added, for three-year-olds.—One-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Sir G. Pigott's b. f. *Actice*, by Partisan, 8st. 3lb. 1 1 | Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, by Haphazard, 8st. 5lb. 2 dr.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 80l. for maiden horses, of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Anson's br. c. *Brother to The Patriarch*, by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (H. Arthur) 1 1 | Mr. Charlton's b. c. Gallivanter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 6 5
Mr. Smith's b. c. Little Driver, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 5 2 | Mr. Hassell's b. f. Fair Helen, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7 6
Mr. Tomes's b. f. Fair Phillis, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 3 | Mr. Wadlow's bl. f. by Ambo, 3 yrs old, 7st. (threw her rider) 4 dis.
Mr. Williams's br. g. Tripoli, 5 yrs old, 7st. 2 4

THURSDAY, September 25.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Col. Yates's gr. f. *Fille de Jote*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Paynator 1 1 | Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Blucher, dam by Benningbrough 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 10 sovs. added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Whittington*, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 7st. (H. Arthur) 1 1 | Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. Hero, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4 2 | Mr. Painter's b. h. The Main, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3 dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Massey's ch. f. *Yngvymaen-gwynn*, by Fitz James, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (Spring) 1 1 | Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. Paradigm, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2 3
Mr. West's br. c. Sharper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 4 2 | Mr. Whitehead's b. g. by Sir Peter, aged, 9st. 11lb. 3 dr.

CARLISLE MEETING, CUMBERLAND.

TUESDAY, September 23.—**The GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. with 20gs. in specie, by 12 subscribers of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Three miles.

Sis J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. *Fair Ellen*, by Viscount, 6 yrs old (J. Garbutt) ... 1 | yrs old 2
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. Champaigne, 5 | Mr. Benson's ch. c. Barneck Billy, by Walton, 3 yrs old. 3
Fair Helen the favourite. Won easy.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. : four-year-olds, 8st. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six, and aged, 9st.—Heats, four miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old (T. Hardy)	1 1	5 yrs old	3 2
Mr. Heseltine's gr. m. by Comus, 5		Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. Fair Helen, 6 yrs old	2 dr.

Even betting between Fair Ellen and Sir Henry. The first a good heat, and the second won quite easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for maiden horses, &c.: three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 7st. 11lb. ; five, 8st. 6lb. ; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Slater's b. f. <i>Sister to Sir Henry</i> , 3 yrs old (S. Hardinge)	4 1 1
Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. by Comus, 3 yrs old	1 3 2
Mr. J. Hodgson's ch. c. Peveril of the Peak, 4 yrs old	2 2 dr.
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Balance, 3 yrs old	3 dr.

A good race.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Earl of Carlisle, for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. four, 8st. 9lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , 4 yrs old (T. Hardy)	1 1	Peak, 4 yrs old	2 2
Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. Peveril of the Henry, 3 yrs old		Mr. Slater's b. f. <i>Sister to Sir</i> <i>Henry</i> , 3 yrs old	2 dr.

Previous to starting for this race, an objection was made against both Sir Henry and his Sister being allowed to run, under the supposition that Slater and Hudson were confederates ; when both those gentlemen came boldly forward and honourably declared they were not : after a strong remonstrance from the acting steward, they were allowed to start, and Sir Henry, as was anticipated, won easy. No betting took place.

THURSDAY, September 25.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for all ages.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (T. Hardy)	1 1	5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2 dr.
Mr. Heseltine's gr. m. by Comus,		Mr. Ferguson's b. h. Champaigne, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3 dr.

Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Smith's ch. c. <i>Recorder</i> , by Memorandum, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Garbutt) ...	3 1 1
Mr. Heseltine's gr. m. by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1 5 2
Mr. Hodgson's ch. g. Peveril of the Peak, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2 2 dr.
Mr. Benson's ch. c. Barrack Billy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.	4 3 dr.
Mr. Storey's b. h. Little England, aged, 8st. 12lb.	5 4 dr.

Recorder the favourite. Won easy.

A **SILVER CUP**, value 30gs. added to a subscription of 3gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, 11st. each.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Jopp's br. m. <i>Maid of the Mill</i> , 5 yrs old	3 1 1
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. <i>My Lady</i> , 3 yrs old	1 2 2
Mr. Nicholson's ch. f. <i>Queen Mab</i> , 4 yrs old	2 0 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Robinson's b. m. Wagtail, aged	0 0 0
Mr. Nixon's m. Solway Lass, aged	0 0 0

A good race.

LINCOLN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—**HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE** of 100gs. for four and five-year-old mares.—Heats, two miles.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Fair Charlotte</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (G. Nelson)	1 1	Lord Milton's ch. f. <i>Leonella</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2 2
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The **CHAMPION STAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Filho da Putá, out of <i>Venus de Medicis</i> , by Whiskey (J. Jackson)	1	Whalebone	2
Sir W. Milner's b. c. Harpooner, by		Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Comus, out of Gadabout	3
		Mr. G. Platel's b. f. Morea, by Selim ...	4

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. G. Platel's b. m. <i>Tonchem Lass</i> , by Alonzo, 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb. (Owner) 1	1	Mr. B. Spriggs's gr. h. Pison, by Aa- modeus, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2	dr.
Lord Brownlow's br. h. Moses, aged, 12st. 4	2	Mr. T. Marria's ch. g. Logic, aged, 11st. 11lb. 3	dr.

THURSDAY, September 25.—The CITY PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 3lb.; four, 7st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 1lb.; six, 8st. 5lb.; and aged, 8st. 7lb.—A winner of one plate this year to carry 3lb. extra.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Brown's b. f. <i>Bella Donna</i> , by Blucher, 3 yrs old (E. Jackson)	1	0	1
*Mr. Uppleby's b. c. by Proselyte, 3 yrs old	0	1	2
*Lord Strathaven's ch. c. Meltonian, 3 yrs old	0	0	3
*Mr. Platel's br. g. Thurlby, aged	0	0	4
Lord Fitzwilliam's bl. c. by Amadis, 3 yrs old	0	2	dr.
*Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. Ebony, 4 yrs old	0	0	dr.
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. Violet, by Comus, 4 yrs old	2	dr.	

Those marked (*) entered at the post.

The FARMERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages, not thorough bred, and have hunted this season with Sir R. Sutton's hounds.—Heats, two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. T. Brooke's gr. g. <i>Jerry</i> , by Alonzo, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Owner) ... 1	1	Mr. Brett's gr. h. Ironsides the Se- cond, by Ironsides, 6 yrs old, 12st. 3	4
Mr. T. Farr's bl. m. <i>Victa</i> , by Truth, aged, 12st. 2	2	Mr. Bowman's b. m. Joke, by Hip- pomines, aged, 12st. dia	
Mr. Patchet's gr. g. <i>Swap</i> , by Orion, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4	3	Mr. Grist's ch. g. Nonsuch, by Stave- ley, aged, 12st. dia	

FRIDAY, September 26.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by 19 subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (Holmes)	1	Mr. Haworth's gr. f. Minna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 4	
Sir W. Milner's bl. c. Angler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2		Mr. Heathcote's br. h. <i>Reba Deer</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 5	
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. Violet, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3		Dr. J. Willis's b. g. Fox, by Young Warter, dam by Moorcock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 6	

SEVENTY GUINEAS, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb. (E. Jackson) 1	1	Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 3	3
Sir W. Milner's bl. c. Angler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4	2	Mr. Gascoigne's b. m. Cora, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2	dr.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Comus, out of Gadabout, rec. ft. from Colonel King's br. c. Great Tom of Lincoln, by Fulford, 8st. 3lb. each, 50 sovs. h. ft.

The MACARONI STAKES of 10gs. each, for regular hunters.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. T. Gibbeson's b. h. *Silverheels*, by Marmion, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. walked over.

FIFE MEETING.—CUPAR RACE COURSE.

THURSDAY, September 25.—The HUNTERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. 12st. each.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Rigg's b. h. *George the Fourth* walked over.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. <i>Negotiator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Shepherd)	1	Mr. Honeyman's b. h. The Lancer, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2	
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FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. Panmure, by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Boynnton)	5	1	1
Mr. Maule's ch. h. Ledstone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Johnston's b. h. Sir Thomas, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	2	dr.	

Mr. Farguharson's br. c. Neil Gow, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 3 dr.
 Sir D. H. Blair's ch. c. by Stamford, out of Bit of Tartan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 4 dr.

FRIDAY, September 26.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each.—Twice round.
 Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. *Strathernae*, by Mr. Dowbiggin's h. c. Baron Bowes,
 Whisker, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (Gray) 1 | 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. *Panmure*, by old, 8st. 3lb. 2 2
 Catton, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (Boynton) 1 1 | Mr. Carnegie's b. h. Middleton, 6
 Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. Shuffler, 4 yrs yrs old, 9st. 8lb. 3 dr.
 Won very easy.

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Two miles.

Mr. Maule's br. g. *Harlequin*, aged, | Mr. Carnegie's Opposition, 10st. 7lb. ... 2
 10st. 7lb. (T. Shepherd) 1 | Won in a canter.

EGHAM MEETING, SURREY.

THURSDAY, September 25.—The **MAGNA CHARTA STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Hyde's bl. c. *Augustine*, by old, 7st. 8lb. 3 2
 Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 1 1 | Mr. Whiteside's b. c. Brother to An-
 Mr. Farrall's br. c. Chatham, 3 yrs tonio, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 3

The **EGHAM STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Bamabottom's b. c. *Cephalus*, by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 1 1
 Mr. Farrall's b. f. Sprite, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Farguharson's b. h. Surprise, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 4 4 3
 Mr. Hyde's bl. c. Augustine, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 2 5 4
 Mr. H. Percy's br. h. Sir Huldibrand, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 7 2 dr.
 Major Wilson's b. h. by Juniper, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 6 6 dr.
 Mr. Pearce's ch. g. Liberty, aged, 9st. 6lb. 6 dr.

FRIDAY, September 26.—**MATCH** for 50 sovs.—Last half of the new mile.
 Mr. T. Jones's ch. g. aged, 8st. 7lb. 1 | Mr. Mellish's gr. m. 5 yrs old, 8st. 2

The **STEWARDS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 22 added: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Heats, three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Pearce's ch. g. *Liberty*, by Walton, aged 6 1 1
 Mr. A. Braithwaite's b. f. Miss Julia, 3 yrs old 1 3 4
 Mr. Farguharson's b. m. Spinette, 5 yrs old 7 5 2
 Mr. Hew's ch. h. Dauchanal, 5 yrs old 5 4 3
 Mr. Mellish's b. f. Mum, 3 yrs old 3 2 dr.
 Lord G. Lennox's b. h. Swindon, aged 2 dr.
 Major Wilson's b. h. by Juniper, 5 yrs old 4 dr.

Mr. T. Jones's b. h. *Inferior*, by Waxy, aged, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Mellish's b. f. Mum, 3 yrs old, 8st. 100 sovs. b. ft.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, three quarters of a mile.

Mr. H. Percy's br. h. *Sir Huldibrand*, by Octavia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 4 1 1
 Lord G. Lennox's b. g. Swindon, aged, 9st. 1 3 2
 Mr. Cockburn's br. m. by Seymour, out of Lady of the Lake, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. 3 2 3
 Mr. Friend's ch. f. Delusion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 4 dr.
 Mr. Mellish's br. c. Chatham, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 5 dr.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, September 29.—The **TRIAL STAKES**, a subscription of 10 sovs. each: three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 6lb.—D. M.

Lord Darlington's b. c. *Marcellus*, by Lord Exeter's b. m. Augusta, by We-
 Selim, 4 yrs old (S. Chifney) 1 | ful, 5 yrs old 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Udney's b. c. by Woful, out of Panna, 3 yrs old	0	Mr. Batson's b. h. Mystic, by Hedley, 4 yrs old	0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. Godolphin, 5 yrs old	0	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Elfrid, by Wanderer, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. W. Powlett's b. c. The Whig, 4 yrs 0.			

Even betting on Augusta, 4 to 1 agst Marcellus, 5 to 1 agst Godolphin, and 7 to 1 agst Mystic. Won by half a length.

First Renewal of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50gs. each, for colts, 3st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Twenty-five subscribers.

Mr. Udney's b. c. <i>Emilius</i> , by Orville, out of Emily (F. Buckle)	1	Duke of Grafton's br. f. Zinc, by Woful, out of Zaida	2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Duke of Portland's b. c. Joseph, by Soothsayer, dam by Dick Andrews ...	0	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Spermaceti, by Whalebone	0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Orville—Bizarre	0	Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Nicolo, by Selim—Langer's dam	0

Two to 1 on Emilius, 6 to 1 agst Spermaceti, 6 to 1 agst Nicolo, and 10 to 1 agst Zinc. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Udney's b. c. <i>Tarandus</i> , by Sorcerer or Zodiac, 3 yrs old, 8st. (F. Buckle) ...	1	Lord Exeter's br. f. Apparition, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 9st.	2
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Five to 4 agst Tarandus. Won by a length.

TUESDAY, September 30.—MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Hampden</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (S. Barnard) ...	1	Lord Exeter's b. h. Athenian, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2
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Two to 1 on Hampden. Won by a length.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Crispin or Blucher, out of Lady Sophia, 8st. rec. ft. from Mr. H. Williamson's ch. c. The Scholar, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 100 sovs. h. ft.

Mr. Greville's Premium, 8st. 6lb. agst Mr. Udney's c. by Williamson's Ditto, 8st. R. M. 200, h. ft.—off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—FIFTY GUINEAS, free for any horse, &c.: four-year olds, 7st. 4lb. five, 8st. 5lb.—B. C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. h. <i>Centaur</i> , by Canopus, 5 yrs old (W. Arnall)	1	Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Bay Burton, 4 yrs old	2
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Three to 1 on Centaur. Won easy.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25gs. each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Eleven subscribers.

Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Vaurien</i> , by Whalebone (W. Arnall)	1	Soothsayer	3
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Zealot, by Partisan ..	2	Duke of Portland's bl. c. by Teasdale—Vaultress's dam	4

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Talisman, by Five to 2 agst Talisman, 5 to 1 agst Zealot, and 8 to 1 agst Vaurien. Won by a length.

THURSDAY, October 2.—The TOWN PLATE of 50l. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.—The late Mr. Perram, by his will, directed his executors to pay 30gs. to the winner of this plate.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. <i>Spermaceti</i> , by Whalebone (W. Arnall)	1	Duke of Grafton's br. c. Logic, by Selim	3
Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Orville—L'Huile de Venus	2	Lord Exeter's b. f. Apparition, by Comus	4

Five to 4 on Spermaceti, and 5 to 2 agst Mr. Hunter's c. Won by half a length.

The KING'S PLATE of 100gs.: four-year olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—R. C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Hampden</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old (S. Barnard)	1	Mr. Wyndham's b. h. Centaur, 5 yrs old	2
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Five to 4 on Hampden. Won by half a length.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Hampden*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. rec. 200 from Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Orville, out of Bizarre, 3 yrs old, 7st. D. M. 500, h. ft.

Lord Exeter's b. h. *Athenian*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. agst Mr. W. Powlett's b. c. *The Whig*, 4 yrs old, 8st. T. Y. C. 100 sovs.—off by consent.

FRIDAY, October 3.—MATCH for 200 sovs. 8st. 5lb. each.—R. M. Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Cinder*, by Mr. Greville's ch. c. *Premium*, by Alad. Woful..... 1 | din 2
Three to 1 on *Cinder*.

STOURBRIDGE MEETING, WORCESTERSHIRE.

TUESDAY, September 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages: three-year olds, 6st. 12lb.—A winner once this year to carry 9lb. twice, 5lb. thrice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, two miles.

Lord Anson's br. c. by Sir Oliver,	3 yrs old	2	2
3 yrs old (Arthur)	1	1	
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Birmingham</i> ,	3 yrs old	3	3

A MAIDEN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added: three-year olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; thorough-bred horses to carry 7lb. extra.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Smith's br. c. <i>Little Driver</i> ,	3 yrs old	1	1	Mr. Simon's b. m. <i>Gratitude</i> ,	5		
Mr. T. Williams's br. g. <i>Tripoli</i> , by	3 yrs old	2	2	Mr. Griffith's b. f. <i>Fyldener</i> ,	3	4	
Poulton, 3 yrs old	2	2		old	3	5	
Mr. Tomes's b. f. <i>Fair Phillis</i> , by	4	3		Mr. R. Brettel named b. f. <i>Concor-</i>	6	dr.	
Young Grimaldi, 4 yrs old	4	3		dia, 3 yrs old			

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough bred; four-year olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six, and aged, 12st.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Benbow's ch. g. <i>Trooper</i> , 4 yrs old (Mr. W. Vevors)	5	1	2	1
Mr. Bradley named ch. h. <i>Canute</i> , aged	1	3	3	2
Mr. Hinchcliffe's b. g. <i>Shropshire</i> , aged	3	4	1	3
Mr. Webb's b. g. <i>Lottery</i> , 5 yrs old	2	2		
Mr. Hornold's ch. f. <i>Recticule</i> , 4 yrs old	7	5	dr.	
Mr. F. Homfray's b. f. <i>Madame Vestris</i> , 4 yrs old	4	6	dr.	
Mr. T. G. Evans's b. f. <i>Melona</i> , 4 yrs old	6	dr.		
Mr. Hordern's b. g. <i>Spring</i> , aged	dis.			

Lottery came in first for the third heat; but a complaint being made against the jockey for foul riding and jostling, it was adjudged to Shropshire. The last heat was run after dark, owing to the delay occasioned by the horses for the maiden plate not being ready to start at the time appointed by the Stewards.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. added to a sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Massey's ch. f. <i>Ynsymaengwyn</i> , by Fitz James, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Hero</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	1	2	2

The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Webb's b. g. <i>Tippie Cyder</i> , by Deceiver, aged, 12st.	3	1	1
Lord Anson's br. f. <i>Lamfedo</i> , by Don Cossack, 4 yrs old, 12st. 3lb.	1	3	4
Mr. Benson's ch. g. <i>Fencer</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	4	2	2
Mr. Mines's br. m. by Lutwyche, aged, 12st. 8lb.	2	4	5
Mr. Aston's b. g. <i>Shiver-O!</i> 5 yrs old, 12st.	5	5	3
Mr. Downing's bl. m. <i>Luck's All</i> , by Lashmahago, 5 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	6	dr.	

RICHMOND MEETING, YORKSHIRE.

TUESDAY, September 30.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb. four, 7st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. *Manuel*, by Leopold, 3 yrs old (T. Lye)..... 1 1 | Mr. Moss's ch. f. by Comus, 3 yrs 2 3
 Mr. Husband's b. c. Plumper, 3 yrs 2 2 | Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old..... 3 dr.
 Even betting on Mr. Peirse's filly; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Manuel. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—From the grey stone to the ending post.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Jaques's b. f. *Ringlet*, by Whisker, out of Merryfield's dam (W. Scott) ... 1 | Mr. Petre's br. c. Isenoff, by Smolenako 2
 Two to 1 on Ringlet. Won easy.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscription of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Once round, and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Riddell's br. h. *Doctor Syntax*, by Paynator, aged (R. Johnson)..... 1 | pold, 3 yrs old 3
 Mr. Wingfall's b. g. Little Driver, 4 yrs 2 | Mr. Lambton's ch. m. Fortuna, 5 yrs... 4
 Mr. Lambton's b. f. Beresina, by Leo-Less, 3 yrs old 5
 Five to 2 on Dr. Syntax, and 4 to 1 agst Little Driver. A good race. The Doctor fell immediately after passing the winning post, in endeavouring to avoid running against a man who was crossing the course. Both horse and rider were slightly bruised. We understand Mr. Riddell has declared his intention not to start the Doctor any more.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for five-year-old mares, 10st. each.—Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. *Fortuna*, by Comus (Noble)..... 1 | Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. Amiable, by Orville..... 2
 Six to 4 on Fortuna. Won easy.

THURSDAY, October 2.—A SILVER CUP, value 60gs. given by the Corporation, for horses, &c. of all ages, that never won 100gs. at any time before the day of naming: three-year-olds to carry 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.
 Mr. Kay's br. g. *Condorus*, by Comus, 4 yrs old (B. Smith)..... 3 1 1
 Mr. Ellis's ch. m. Lady Fulford, 3 yrs old 1 4 4
 Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian..... 2 3 2
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Manuel, by Leopold, 3 yrs old 4 2 3
 Six to 4 agst North Star, 3 to 1 agst Lady Fulford, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Kay's gelding; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Lady Fulford; after the second heat, 5 to 4 agst Mr. Kay's gelding. Won cleverly. This race is disputed, Condorus having won a match at Kendal, stated in the advertisement of 200 sovs. but we believe only 50 sovs. a side was put down, which was the actual sum run for.

The STAND PLATE of 70l. for all ages.—Heats, once round, and a distance.
 Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 1 1
 Mr. Hepworth's br. g. Little Driver, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (rec. 10gs.)..... 0 2
 Mr. Wardrop's ch. m. Eliza Leeds, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 2 3
 Mr. Heseltine's gr. m. by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 0 0
 Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. by Mac Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 3 dr.
 Six to 4 on Little Driver, and 7 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's filly; after the first heat, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's filly, and 5 to 4 on Little Driver. Won cleverly.

MONMOUTH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added: three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round the course, and a distance.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Mr. W. West's bl. f. by Waterloo, out of Rose, 3 yrs old (W. Tren) 1 1 | Mr. Friend's b. g. Evergreen, 3 yrs 5 4
 Mr. C. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged 7 2 | Mr. Davie's b. h. Valentine, 5 yrs 6 5
 Mr. Fryse's ch. h. Doctor Eady, aged 8 3 | Mr. C. Day's b. f. Plover, 3 yrs old 6 2

Mr. Devereux's b. z. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old	3 dr.	lims, aged	9 dr.
Mr. Pryse's br. c. by Orville—Mistake, 3 yrs old	4 dr.	Mr. Morgan's ch. c. Polecat, 3 yrs (belts)	dis.
Mr. W. Hawkins's b. g. Sir William		Mr. Robinson's b. g. Gas, 5 yrs old (ran on the wrong side of a post)	dis.

The winner was claimed.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds and upwards.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded.—Heats, three times round the course.

Mr. J. Chapple's bl. f. by Waterloo, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (J. Chappel)...	1 1	9st. 8lb.	3 2
Mr. Molony's b. m. Luss, 6 yrs old,		Mr. Friend's b. g. Evergreen, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2 3

THURSDAY, October 2.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for three-year-olds and upwards.—The winner to be sold for 100gs. if demanded.—Heats, twice round the course.

Mr. C. Day's b. m. <i>Victorine</i> , by Haphazard, aged, 9st. 8lb. (J. Chappel) ...	4 1 1
Mr. Friend's b. g. Evergreen, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	1 3 3
Mr. Davie's b. h. Valentine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2 2 2
Mr. Devereux's b. f. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3 dr.

A HANDICAP PLATE of 50l.—Heats, twice round the course, and a distance.

Mr. Pryse's ch. h. <i>Doctor Eady</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. 5lb. (C. Day)	7 1 1
Mr. Hill's br. z. Jesse, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	1 3 5
Mr. Molony's b. m. Luss, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	2 4 2
Mr. C. Day's br. f. Plover, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4 2 8
Mr. Friend's b. g. Evergreen, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3 6 4
Mr. Taylor's ch. g. Little John, aged, 7st. 16lb.	5 5 dr.
Mr. Doughty's b. g. Sir William, aged, 8st. 10lb.	6 dr.

STAFFORD MEETING.

MONDAY, October 6.—**The Gold Cup** (in specie), a subscription of 10gs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Three miles.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Hymettus</i> , by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. Rossini, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	2
Mr. Benson's br. c. Picton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	2	Mr. Painter's b. g. Coxcomb, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	fell

Coxcomb the favourite, who fell in making the last turn, owing to the slippery state of the turf (much rain having fallen in the morning), but without any injury to his rider or himself.

The MEMBERS' PLATE of 60gs. for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Whittington</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4 1 1
Sir W. Wynn's b. c. Belmont, by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	1 4 3
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. Fearnought, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	2 3 2
Mr. Williams's ch. m. Leah, aged, 9st.	3 2 dr.

Belmont the favourite; and after the second heat, even betting between him and Whittington.

TUESDAY, October 7.—**The Two-Year-Old Stakes** of 25gs. each, 16gs. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.

Colonel Yates's gr. f. <i>Fille de Joie</i> , by Filho da Puta	1	dam by Rubens	2
Mr. Benson's b. f. Ruy Pet, by Blucher,		Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Liberal, by Catrian, out of Paulina	3

A good race.

FIFTY POUNDS, added to a sweepstakes of 3gs. each, for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Massey's ch. f. <i>Ynysyngwyn</i> , by Fitz James, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1 2 1
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. Rossini, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	5 1 2
Mr. Kent's ch. f. Catherine, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2 5 3

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. *Paradigm*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 3 2 4
 Mr. Painter's br. h. *The Main*, 8 yrs old, 9st. 5 4 5
 Sir W. Wynn's b. c. *Cognovit*, 8 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 4 dr.
 The Main the favourite: the first and second heat well contested, the third won easy.

PERTH MEETING, SCOTLAND.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 guineas, for all ages.

Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. <i>Negotiator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old	1	Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. <i>Strathorne</i> , 3 yrs old	2
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FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Perth Hunt.—Heats.

Mr. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , by Langton or Cardinal York, 5 yrs 1 1	1	Mr. Dowbiggin's b. c. <i>Baron Bowes</i> , 4 yrs old	2 3
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THURSDAY, October 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 50gs. added.
 Mr. Dowbiggin's h. c. *Baron Bowes*, by Wofal, 4 yrs old, walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hunt.—Heats.

Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. <i>Strathorne</i> , by Whicker, 3 yrs old	1 1	Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Panmure</i> , 3 yrs 2 2 Sir R. Dick's h. c. <i>Salvador</i> , 3 yrs ...	3 3
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NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 13.—MATCH for 100 sovereigns, 8st. 4lb. each.—
 T. Y. C.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Pioneer, out of Ridicule (W. Arnulf)	1	Duke of Grafton's bl. c. <i>Pedrito</i> , by Soothsayer	2
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Six to 4 on the winner. Won easy.

First Year.—ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 9lb. fillies, 8st. 6lb.—A. F.—Ten subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. <i>Zéac</i> , by Wofal (Buckle)	1	Whalebone	2
Lord Egremont's h. f. <i>Spermaceti</i> , by The following also started, but were not placed.	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Zealot</i> , by Parti- san	3

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. <i>Nicolo</i> , by Selim ... 0	0	Trimhuah	0
Duke of Portland's b. c. <i>Joseph</i> , by Soothsayer	0	Duke of York's ch. c. <i>Franzini</i> , by Aladdin	0

Major Wilson's b. c. by Partisan, out of
 Six to 5 on Zinc, 5 to 1 agst Spermaceti, and 5 to 1 agst Nicolo. Won easy.

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Udny's b. c. <i>Tarandus</i> , by Sorterer or Zodiac (Buckle)	1	Lord Verulam's c. by Orville, out of Victoria	2
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Seven to 4 on Tarandus. A good race.

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 6lb. each.—A. F.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Aaron</i> , by Election, 4 yrs old (T. Goodisson)	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Zealot</i> , by Partisan, 3 yrs old	2
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Five to 2 on Aaron. A good race.

POST SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, 7st. 12lb. four, 8st. 13lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—D. I. one to the post.—Eight subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's h. f. <i>Pastille</i> , by Ru- bens, 4 yrs old (Buckle)	1	Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. <i>Phasis</i> , by Quix, 3 yrs old	4
Sir R. E. Dick's br. c. <i>Ajax</i> , by Anadise, 4 yrs old	2	Duke of Portland's bl. c. by Teasdale, out of Vaultrass's dam, 3 yrs old	3

Eleven to 8 agst Ajax, and 6 to 4 agst Pastille. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 400 each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—D. I.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Udny's b. c. <i>Emilius</i> , by Orville, out of Emily (Buckle)	1	Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Cinder</i> , by Wo- ful—Charcoal	2
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Five to 1 on Emilius. Won easy.

TUESDAY, October 14.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—

T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Logic</i> , by Se- lim, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (J. Day).....	1	Palma, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	3
Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Jane Shore</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	Mr. R. Pettit's ch. c. <i>Benevento</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	4
Mr. Crockford's br. h. by Selim, out of Five to 4 on <i>Logic</i> , and 5 to 2 agst Mr. Crockford's h.		Lord Exeter's br. f. <i>Apparition</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	5

Won by two lengths.

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Rutland's ch. f. by Soothsayer — <i>Quadrille</i> (J. Robinson)	1	Advance	2
Lord Exeter's br. c. by Pericles, out of The following also started, but were not placed:		Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Blucher, dam by Election	3
Mr. Crockford's b. c. by Pioneer, dam by Paynator	0	Scotina	0
Mr. Rogers's b. f. <i>Scold</i>	0	Major Wilson's br. f. by Phantom, dam by Sorcerer	0
Mr. Fox's bl. c. by Comus, out of <i>Lady Ern</i>	0	Mr. Williams's ch. c. <i>The Scholar</i> , by Bourbon	0
Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. by Whalebone— Five to 4 on Lord Exeter's colt, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.			

Won by two lengths.

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-old colts,
8st. 10lb. fillies, 8st. 7lb.—D. I.—Ten subscribers.Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Hampden*, Brother to Brutus, by Rubens walked over.

WEDNESDAY, October 15.—MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Cinder</i> , by Wo- ful, 8st. 4lb.	0	Mr. W. Powlett's b. c. <i>Eden</i> , by Comus, 8st. 2lb.	0
.....		Ran a dead heat. Eleven to 8 agst Cinder.	

Third and last year.—The FIRST CLASS of the OATLAND STAKES of 30gs.
each.—B. M.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. <i>Elfrid</i> , by Wan- derer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Hammond) 1		Lord Darlington's b. c. by Whiaker, out of Castrella, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	3
Mr. Batson's b. c. <i>Mystic</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. 2			
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Udry's ch. m. <i>Mirandola</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	0 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0
Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Scarborough</i> , 3		Duke of Grafton's bl. c. <i>Pedrillo</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	0
Six to 4 on <i>Mirandola</i> , 5 to 2 agst Lord Darlington's colt, 5 to 1 agst <i>Elfrid</i> , and 5 to 1 agst <i>Mystic</i> .			

THURSDAY, October 16.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l.: three-year-olds,
7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 1lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—
T. M. M.

Mr. Thornhill's br. h. <i>Adolphus</i> , by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs old	1	Mr. Neale's ch. g. Brother to Moonshine, 3 yrs old	2
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Aaron</i> , by Election, 4 yrs old	0	Mr. Meynell's b. c. by Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Eleanor, 3 yrs... 0	
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. <i>Mina</i> , by Orville, 3 yrs old	0	Mr. R. Pettit's ch. c. <i>Benevento</i> , 3 yrs old	0
Six to 4 agst <i>Mina</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Aaron</i> , and 4 to 1 agst <i>Adolphus</i> . Won by a neck.			

The SECOND CLASS of the OATLANDS STAKES of 30gs. each.—R. M.

Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville, out of <i>L'Huile de Venus</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 1		Whalebone; 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	2
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. <i>Pinwire</i> , by		Mr. Greville's Electress, by Election, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Sir R. K. Dick's br. c. <i>Ajax</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	0	Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Whizgig</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0
Five to 2 agst <i>Pinwire</i> , 6 to 4 agst <i>Ajax</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Whizgig</i> , and 8 to 1 agst the win- ner, who took the lead, was never headed, and won by a length. Five others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only 10gs. each, which was divided be- tween the owners of the winning horses in the two classes.			

FRIDAY, October 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Specie</i> by Scud, out of Quail, 8st. 7lb. (F. Buckle)..... 1	Duke of Grafton's b. f. Fluid, by Woful, 8st. 3lb. 2
Six to 4 on <i>Specie</i> .	Won by a length.

The PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Don Carlos</i> , by Election, out of Miss Wasp (T. Goodisson) 1	Lord Verulam's ro. c. by Orville, out of Victoria 2
The following also started, but were not placed:	
Mr. Prendergast's b. f. by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to Hospitality 0	Advance 0
Lord Exeter's br. c. by Pericles, out of Five to 4 agst Don Carlos, and 7 to 4 agst Lord Exeter's colt. Won by a neck.	Duke of Grafton's b. c. Skiff, by Partisan, out of Shipjack's dam 0

MATCH for 100 sovs.—D. M.

Duke of Portland's ch. f. <i>Gabrielle</i> , by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (W. Cleft).... 1	Mr. Batson's b. c. Mystic, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2
Six to 4 agst Gabrielle.	Won by a length.

LAMBTON PARK MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 16.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each: four-year-olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 12st.—Two miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. c. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Co-mus, 4 yrs old (Mr. Mills)..... 1	Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Corinthian, 4 yrs 2
Even on Sir Henry.	Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Lorenzo, 4 yrs old 2
Won cleverly.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each.—D. C.

Mr. Wyvill's b. m. <i>Dairy Maid</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. (Mr. Shafto)..... 1	10lb. 2
Mr. J. Mills's ch. m. Amy aged, 10st.	Mr. Duncombe's b. m. Bagatelle, 6 yrs old, 10st. 2
Six to 4 agst Dairy Maid, and 2 to 1 agst Bagatelle.	Won easy.

MATCH for 50gs.—D. C.

Mr. Hopkinson's br. f. <i>Collins</i> , by Young Sorcerer, 4 yrs, 10st. (Mr. Kent) 1	Mr. Duncombe's br. h. Tom Paine, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 2
Five to 4 on Tom Paine.	Won in a canter.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—D. C.—Twenty-five subscribers.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Why Not</i> , by Ossion, dam by Archduke, aged, 11st. 7lb. (Lord Wilton) 1	Mr. Lambton's b. m. Mrs. Siddons, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Lambton's b. m. Jenny Horner, aged, 12st. 6lb. 0	old, 11st. 3lb. 0
Mr. Lambton's b. m. Pecunia, aged, 12st. 3lb. 0	Mr. Milbank's b. m. Dairy Maid, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb. 0
Major Healey's b. h. Werner, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 0	Mr. Milbank's ch. c. Squirrel, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 0
Mr. Lorraine's b. h. Charles, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. 0	Mr. Mason's ch. c. by Egremont, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 0
Lord Normanby's b. h. Don Juan, 6 yrs Seven to 4 agst St. Leger, 3 to 1 agst Mrs. Siddons, and 10 to 1 agst Why Not. Won by a head.	Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. St. Leger, 3 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. 0

Mr. Harrison's ro. c. by Don Juan, 4 yrs old, rec. ft. from Mr. Bowman's b. f. by Kite, 4 yrs old, 10st. each, two miles, 50 sovs.

THURSDAY, October 16.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.—N. M.

Mr. Wyvill's ro. c. by Don Juan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Mr. Duncombe) 1	old, 10st. 10lb. 2
Lord Normanby's b. h. Don Juan, 6 yrs	Mr. J. Mills's ch. m. Amy, aged, 11st. 3

The WELTER STAKES of 10ga. each, for any horse, &c. 12st. each.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. <i>Fortuna</i> , by Co-	Mr. Wyvill's gr. m. by Cornus, 5 yrs
mus, 5 yrs old (Mr. White)	old
1	2

First Class of the NORMANBY STAKES of 5ga. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—L. C.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Hopkinson's br. f. <i>Collina</i> , by	Mr. Witham's ch. c. by Egremont, 4 yrs
Young Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	old, 10st. 7lb.
(Mr. Kent)	Mr. Petre's br. h. Hopeful, 6 yrs old,
1	11st. 4lb.
Lord Normanby's br. h. Why Not, aged,	Mr. J. Mills's ch. m. Amy, aged, 11st. 4lb.
11st. 4lb.	2
2	4

SILVER CUP, given by J. G. Lambton, Esq. for horses, &c. not thorough bred, *bona fide* the property of farmers resident within the limits of the Lambton and Sedgfield Hunts.—Two miles.—Ridden by farmers.

Mr. Harrison's ro. c. by Don Juan,	11st. 7lb.
4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	1
Mr. T. Hudson's br. h. Traffic, aged,	11st. 4lb.
Mr. Malvyn's b. h. by Better, aged,	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. T. Wilkinson's br. f. by Ardrossan,	old, 10st. 11lb.
4 yrs old, 11st.	0
Mr. Crofton's b. m. by Macbeth, 5 yrs	Mr. Heult's ch. c. by Petronius, 4 yrs
old, 10st. 4lb.	old, 10st. 4lb.
0	0

FRIDAY, October 17.—MATCH for 50ga. 11st. each.—A. F.

Lord Normanby's h. h. Don Juan, by	Mr. Russell's b. h. Werner, 6 yrs old ...
Beverley, 6 yrs old (Mr. White)	1
1	2

MATCH for 100ga.—D. C.

Mr. Mills's ch. f. <i>Bacchantes</i> , 4 yrs old,	Lord Normanby's br. h. Cornet, aged,
9st. 12lb. (Mr. T. Shafro)	10st. 8lb.
1	2

SWEESTAKES of 50ga. each.—T. Y. C.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Lorraine's b. h. <i>Charles</i> , by Knows-	Mr. Lambton's b. m. Mrs. Siddons, 6
ley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 1lb. (Mr. Kent) ...	1
1	2

Second Class of the NORMANBY STAKES.—L. C.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Pecunia</i> , by Octa-	Juan, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb.
vian, aged, 12st. (Mr. White)	1
Lord Normanby's b. h. Don Juan, 6 yrs	old, 11st.
Mr. Russell's ro. c. <i>Leporello</i> , by Don	3

The LAMTON HUNT STAKES of 5ga. each, for hunters not thorough bred. Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Mason's ch. c. by Egremont, 4 yrs	Mr. R. J. Lambton's b. h. Duncan, 5
old, 11st. (Mr. Trotter)	1
1	2

The PALATINE STAKES of 90ga. each, 10ga. ft. for all ages (two-year-olds excepted).—L. C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. <i>Fortuna</i> , by Co-	Mr. J. Mills's br. c. Prince Le Boo, 3
mus, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. White) 1	1
Mr. Duncombe's br. h. Tom Paine, 5	Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Lorenzo, 4 yrs old,
1	10st. 8lb.
2	4

MATCH for 50ga. 10st. 6lb. each.—N. M.

Mr. Russell's br. h. <i>Alpha</i> (Mr. Shafro) 1	Mr. Macdonald's ch. c. Cawdor, 4 yrs ...
1	2

MATCH for 25ga.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. St. Leger, 3 yrs	Mr. Hobhouse's b. m. Dairy Maid, 5 yrs
old, 10st. (Owner)	old, 11st. 7lb.
1	2

MATCH for 50ga.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Lorraine's b. h. <i>Charles</i> , by Knows-	Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. St. Leger, 3 yrs
ley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Kent) 1	old, 9st. 10lb.
1	2
Lord Normanby's b. h. Don Juan, agst	Major Henley's Artemisia, 10st. 10lb. each.
N. M. 50ga.—off.	

SATURDAY, October 18.—MATCH for 100ga. 11st. 7lb. each.—D. C.

Mr. Hobhouse's b. m. Mrs. Siddons, 6	Lord Normanby's ba. h. Why Not,
1	aged
1	2

MATCH for 25gs.—D. C.

Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. <i>St. Leger</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. (Owner).....	1	Mr. Milbank's ch. c. <i>Squirrel</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	2
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MATCH for 50gs.—N. M.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Jenny Horner</i> , aged, 11st. 2lb. (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Duncombe's b. m. <i>Bagatelle</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st.	2
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MATCH for 50gs.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Mills's ch. f. <i>Bacchante</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (Mr. Shafto).....	1	Lord Normanby's b. h. <i>Don Juan</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	2
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HANDICAP STAKES of 3gs. each.—A. F.—Nine subscribers.—The winner to be sold for 50gs. if demanded, &c.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Cornet</i> , by Governor, aged, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. White) 1	Mr. Mills's ch. f. <i>Bacchante</i> , 4 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb. 2
The following also started, but were not placed :	
Major Healey's ch. m. <i>Eliza Leeds</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 0	old, 10st. 4lb. 0
Mr. Wyvill's b. m. <i>Dairy Maid</i> , 5 yrs	Lord Normanby's gr. h. <i>Tamerslane</i> , 8 yrs old, 10st. 0

MATCH for 50gs. 10st. 10lb. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. <i>Fortuna</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old (Mr. White)	1	Major Healey's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , 4 yrs old	2
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MATCH for 50gs.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Jenny Horner</i> , aged, 11st. 9lb. (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. <i>St. Leger</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, 10st. 10lb. each.—D. C.

Mr. Russell's ro. c. <i>Leporello</i> , by Don Juan, 4 yrs old (Mr. White)	1	Mr. Macdonald's ch. c. <i>Cawdor</i> , 4 yrs... 2	
		Mr. Bayard's br. m. <i>Lilla</i> , 5 yrs old.....	3

THE MILBANK STAKES of 5gs. each.—L. C.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Jenny Horner</i> , by Golumpus, aged, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Mills)	1	12st. 3lb.	2
Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Pecunia</i> , aged,	1	Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Why Not</i> , aged, 11st. 4lb.	3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Colonel Roberts's ch. f. <i>Bacchante</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.	0	1 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	0
Mr. Hobhouse's b. m. <i>Dairy Maid</i> , 5	0	Lord Wilton's br. h. <i>Cornet</i> , aged, 11st. 6	0

Mr. Duncombe's br. h. *Hopeful*, 11st. 5lb. agst Mr. Mills's ch. m. *Amy*, 11st. D. C. 100gs.—off.

Lord Normanby's br. h. *Why Not*, agst Mr. Duncombe's *Tom Paine*, 11st. each. D. C. 100gs.—off.

Lord Normanby's b. h. *Don Juan*, agst Major Healey's *Artemisia*, 10st. 10lb. each. N. M. 50gs.—off.

WREXHAM MEETING, WALES.

TUESDAY, September 30.—The FIFTY POUND PLATE, and a proposed SWEEPSTAKES, were not run for, for want of horses.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—A SILVER CUP, value 50l. given by Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. to the North Wales Yeomanry Cavalry, for troop horses not thorough bred, ridden by the Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the corps.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Hughes's b. h. <i>Luck's-all</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb.	1	1	aged, 12st. 2lb.	3	2
Mr. Jones's bl. m. <i>Fox-huntress</i> ,			Mr. Bennion's b. m. by Young Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	2	3

THURSDAY, October 2.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Benson's br. c. <i>Picton</i> , by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	1	1	Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by <i>Coriolanus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	dr.
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HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Rogers's gr. c. <i>Sir Edward</i> , by Friend Ned, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb... 1		Lord Grosvenor's Lady-day, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2	dr.
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INVERNESS MEETING, SCOTLAND.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Northern Meeting, for all ages.—One mile.

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Meeta</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ... 1		Mr. W. M'Dowal Grant's b. g. Mon- reith, by Stamford, aged, 9st. 11lb... 2
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MATCH for 50gs. each, h. ft. 6st. 6lb.—One mile.

Mr. W. M'Dowal Grant's br. g. <i>Go- vernor</i> , 6 yrs old	1		Mr. Fraser's (of Lovat) b. g. Cockney, aged..... 2
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MATCH for 50gs. p. p. 9st.—One mile and a half.

Marquis of Huntley's ch. m. by Idle Boy, 5 yrs old	1		Mr. Newton's br. g. Malcolm Graine, 4 yrs old..... 2
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THURSDAY, October 2.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Inverness.

Mr. Fraser's (of Culthelidel) *Shepherdess*..... walked over.

The **PORT STAKES** of 15gs. each, 5gs. ft. for ponies not exceeding 13 hands.
Mr. Mackenzie's b. g. *Clan Chatten* ... 1 | Lord Saltoun's Jemmy-from-Town ... 3
Marquis of Huntley's Highland Lassie 2

MATCH for 50gs. each, p. p.

Mr. W. M'Dowal Grant's <i>Llewellyn</i> ... 1		Mr. F. Mackenzie's (of Gairloch) Ruby 2 Won by half a neck.
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MATCH for 50gs. p. p.

Mr. F. Mackenzie's <i>Gipsy</i>	1		Mr. Fraser's Shepherdess	2
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FRIDAY, October 3.—The **NORTHERN MEETING STAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. *Meeta*, 4 yrs old

walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the County of Inverness.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Marshal Blucher</i> , by Walton, 3 yrs old	1		Mr. W. M'Dowal Grant's br. g. <i>Go- vernor</i> , 6 yrs old	2
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MATCH for 50gs. h. ft.

Mr. W. M'Dowal Grant's b. g..... 1		Mr. F. Mackenzie's b. g. Gairloch	2
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MATCH for 50gs. h. ft.

Captain Spalding's b. m..... 1		Mr. Mackenzie's Clan Chatten..... 2
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MATCH for 50gs. h. ft.

Mr. Davidson's b. g. 1		Mr. Menzie's b. g. 2
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HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING, WALES.

TUESDAY, October 14.—The **CHIEFTAIN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 8lb.—Mostyn Mile.—Ten subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's ches. c. <i>Colchicum</i> , by Champion, out of a Sister to Knave of Diamonds (Scott)..... 1		Ld. Stamford's b. c. Falcon, by Bustard 2 Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. Adroit, by The Flyer	3
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Won easy.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1819.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Alarm</i> , by Thun- derbolt, out of Zadora, 7st. 13lb. 1		out of a Sister to Rosanne, 8st. 2lb. (bolted)	0
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Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. *Madoc*, by Comus,

Sir T. Mostyn's ches. c. <i>Colchicum</i> , by	Flyer	2
Champion (W. Scott)	Sir T. S. M. Stanley's ch. c. General	3
Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Adroit</i> , by The	Mina, by Camillus, dam by Ditto.....	3
Won in a canter.		

Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard, out of Petronilla.....	1	Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Arch-duchess, by Rubens or Artichoke, out of Queen of Diamonds.....	3
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Venus.....	2	Won by a head.	

<p>Sir T. Mostyn's b. m. <i>Princess Royal</i>, by Castrel, 5 yrs old (W. Scott)..... 1</p>		<p>Mr. Gore's ch. c. Achmet, 3 yrs old..... 0</p>
<p>Sir G. Pigott's b. f. Active, 3 yrs old..... 2</p>		<p>Lord Derby's gr. c. Marauder, by Mac- beth, 4 yrs old..... 0</p>
<p>Colonel Yates's b. c. Orator, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old..... 3</p>		<p>Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Alarm, 3 yrs old 0</p>
<p>The judge placed but three.</p>		
<p>Six to 4 on Orator. A good race.</p>		

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. *Etiquette*, by Orville 1 | Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. Madoc, by Comus 2
Lord Stamford's b. f. Ostrich, by Bustard 3

Won easy.

Sir T. S. M. Stanley's b. c. <i>Falcon</i> , by Bustard, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (T. Nicholson) 1		san, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Sir G. Pigott's br. f. <i>Active</i> , by Parti-		Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Alarm</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3
Won easy.			

THE COBBOURG STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—A winner once to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb. extra.—Mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added by the Hunt, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Three subscribers.

The HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.
Four subscribers.

KELSO MEETING, SCOTLAND.

Lord Kelburne's gr. h. *Jock the Laird's*
Brother, by Viscount, 5 yrs old, 9st.
 4lb. (Garbutt) 1

Sir A. Don's ch. m. Gondola, 5 yrs old,
 7st. 12lb. 2
 Three to 1 on Jock. A good race.

The GOLD CUP, value 150 sovs. being a subscription of 10 sovs. and a half each, for all ages.—Three miles.—Ten subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. <i>Negotiator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. (T. Shepherd)	1	3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2
Sir A. Don's b. c. <i>Zerbino</i> , by X Y Z,	1	Mr. Pringle's ch. c. <i>Hydra</i> , by Yeung Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3

A fine race, and won with difficulty.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. and four, 8st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old (T. Hardy)	2	1	1
Lord Kelburne's b. f. <i>Sister to May-day</i> , 3 yrs old	1	2	dr.
Sir T. Dawson's b. f. by Selim, 4 yrs old	3	dr.	

Sir Henry the favourite; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on Sister to May-day; second heat won easy. Sister to Sir Henry was on the ground, with every etiquette attendant on starting, but did not, for fear of a protest.

THURSDAY, October 9.—TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Last half mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Baird's b. c. by Walton, out of Orange Boven (T. Lye)	1	Sir A. Don's br. c. by Fitz Orville—Hambletonian	2
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A good race.

ONE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS for all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Farquharson's br. c. <i>Figaro</i> , 4 yrs old (W. Boynton)	1	1	Mr. Baird's br. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Stamford, 4 yrs old	2	dr.
Mr. Loftus's bl. h. <i>Pluto</i> , 5 yrs old ...	3	2			

FRIDAY, October 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Baird's ch. c. *Newbythe*, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (T. Lye)... walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old (T. Hardie)	1	1	Macbeth, 5 yrs old	2	2
Mr. Crowther's bl. h. <i>Midnight</i> , by Sir A. Don's ch. m. <i>Gondola</i> , 5 yrs ...	3	3	Five to 1 on Sir Henry. Won easy.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 25l. added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles. Mr. Farquharson's br. c. *Figaro*, by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Boynton) walked over.

SATURDAY, October 11.—The STAND PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds; 7st. 4lb. four, 8st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Sir A. Don's b. c. <i>Zerbino</i> , by X Y Z, 3 yrs old (W. Boynton)	4	1	1
Mr. Baird's ch. c. <i>Newbythe</i> , 4 yrs old	1	4	2
Mr. T. Dawson's b. f. by Selim, 4 yrs old	2	3	dr.

Mr. Slater's b. f. *Sister to Sir Henry*, by Comus, 3 yrs (rider short of weight) 3 dis. Even betting on Zerbino. Won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the town of Kelso, for all ages: four-year-olds, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old (T. Hardie)	3	1	1
Mr. Loftus's bl. h. <i>Pluto</i> , 5 yrs old	2	3	2
Mr. Baird's br. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , 4 yrs old	1	2	dr.

Even betting on The Pirate. Won cleverly.

NORTHALLERTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 9.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Mile and a quarter.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Jacques's b. f. <i>Ringlet</i> , by Whisker (Jackson)	1	Octavian	2
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. <i>North Briton</i> , by Mr. Sykes's b. f. by Walton, out of Stella ..	3	Two to 1 on Ringlet. Won in a canter.	

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred: three-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; four, 11st. 2lb.; five, 11st. 11lb.; six, and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. Hopkinson's br. f. <i>Colina</i> , by Young Sorcerer, 4 yrs old (Mr. Kent)	1	dam by Shuttle, 4 yrs old	2
Lord Tyrconnel's br. f. by Ardrossan, The following also started, but were not placed:		Mr. Wisam's b. m. by Ardrossan, dam by Bryan O'Lyna	3
Mr. Armitage's b. m. Miss Tapping, aged	0	Mr. J. W. Smith's br. g. by Clinker, 6 yrs old	0
Mr. Shipley's ch. f. by President, out of Jenny Horner's dam, 3 yrs old	0	Mr. Claridge's b. m. Stranton Lass, by Victor, 5 yrs old	0
Mr. Wasse's b. f. Miss Whiggie, by Grey Malton, 4 yrs old	0	Mr. Shipley's br. f. Beas Horner, by President, 4 yrs old	0
Mr. C. H. Rowe's b. h. Claret	0		
Even betting on Colina, 10 to 1 on Lord Tyrconnel's filly, 4 to 1 on Miss Tapping. Won in a canter.			

The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 5lb. Heats, two miles.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. <i>Balance</i> , by Comus, out of Evens's dam (John-son)	1	1	by Wizard	4	2
Mr. T. Peirse's ch. c. by Walton, dam Honest John the favourite, and 2 to 1 agst <i>Balance</i> . Won cleverly.			Mr. Wyvill's br. f. by Ardrossan ..	3	3
			Mr. Kirby's br. c. Honest John, by Comus	2	4

FRIDAY, October 10.—The BROOMFIELD STAKES of 7gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred: four-year-olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 12st.—A winner in 1823, to carry 4lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Three miles.—Nineteen subscribers.

Mr. D. Rowley's br. h. <i>Tom Paine</i> , 5 yrs old (Mr. Kent)	1	1	Bounce, 4 yrs old	3
Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Jenny Horner</i> , aged	2	2	Mr. Claridge's b. g. Bryan, by Golumpus, aged	4
Mr. Goodbrand's Creeping Jane, by Six to 4 on Jenny Horner, and 2 to 1 agst <i>Tom Paine</i> . Won in a canter. Jenny Horner was purchased, before starting, by Mr. Lambton.			Mr. R. W. C. Peirse's b. m. Stranton Lass, 5 yrs old	6

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by ten subscribers of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 7st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—The winner of a gold cup to carry 5lb. extra.—Four miles.

Sir W. Milner's bl. c. <i>Angler</i> , by Walton, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson)	1	1	4 yrs old	2
Mr. Kay's br. g. <i>Condorus</i> , by Comus, The following also started, but were not placed:			Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old ..	3
Mr. Armstrong's b. g. <i>Packman</i> , 5 yrs 0			old, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. Wingfall's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , 4 yrs 0			Mr. Heselstine's gr. m. by Comus, 5 yrs old	0
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. f. <i>Evens</i> , by Walton, 4 yrs old	0		Mr. H. Wormald's b. h. <i>Miracle</i> , by Walton, aged	0
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. <i>Crab</i> , by Leo-Two to 1 agst <i>Crab</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Angler</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Little Driver</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Condorus</i> , and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Heselstine's mare. Won in a canter.				

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. <i>North Star</i> , by Octavian, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (Thompson) ..	0	1	1
Mr. Howard's ch. c. <i>Hengist</i> , by Henderkelf, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Wardrop's ch. m. <i>Eliza Leeds</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	0	2
Mr. Bell's ch. c. by Fitz Tazle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	0	0	0
Sir H. Nelthorpe's b. c. <i>Scawby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	0	0
Sir T. Sykes's b. c. by Trump, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0	0	0
Six to 4 agst <i>Hengist</i> ; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on him; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on <i>North Star</i> . The first and second heats were well contested, and the third was won cleverly.			

SATURDAY, October 11.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages. Heats, three miles.

Sir W. Milner's bl. c. <i>Angler</i> , by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (T. Nicholson)		1	1	Mr. T. Peirce's ch. c. by Walton, dam by Wizard, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	3
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.		4	2	Mr. Wardrop's ch. m. Eliza Leeds, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2	4
						Two to 1 on the winner. Won easy.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, October 27.—MATCH for One Hundred Sovereigns, h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Jane Shore</i> , by Woful, 3 yrs old, 9st. (T. Goodisson) 1	General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Virgilius</i> , by Phantom, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2
Two to 1 agst <i>Jane Shore</i> . Won easy.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—A. F.

Lord Dunwich's gr. c. <i>Swap</i> , by Cat- ton, 4 yrs old (W. Arnall) 1	Mr. T. Jones's b. m. <i>Prosody</i> , 5 yrs old 2 Five to 2 on Swap. Won easy.
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MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Cinder</i> , by Woful, 8st. 4lb. (S. Barnard) 1	Mr. Powlett's b. c. <i>Eden</i> , by Comus, 8st. 2lb. 2
Eleven to 10 agst <i>Cinder</i> . A good race.	

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft. both four years old.—R. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Hampden</i> , by Rubens, 8st. 7lb. (S. Barnard) 1	Lord Darlington's br. c. <i>Marcellus</i> , by Selim, 8st. 2lb. 2
Four to 1 on <i>Hampden</i> . Won easy.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Rogers's b. f. <i>Scratch</i> , by Selim, 3 yrs old, 9st. (F. Buckle) 1	General Grosvenor's ro. c. <i>Flaccus</i> , 2 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 2
Two to 1 on <i>Scratch</i> . Won easy.	

MATCH for 100 sovs.—D. M.

Mr. Uday's ch. m. <i>Mirandola</i> , by Hap- hasard, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (F. Buckle) 1	Mr. Hunter's b. c. <i>Ganymede</i> , by Or- ville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 2
Six to 5 agst <i>Mirandola</i> . Won easy.	

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for five-years olds and upwards.—B. C.—Ten subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b. h. *Centaur*, by Canopus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. walked over.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Aaron*, by Election, 4 yrs old, rec. ft. from Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Fanatic*, by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. each. A. F. 100 sovs. h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 28.—MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.

Lord Dunwich's gr. f. <i>Dandizette</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 6lb. (W. Arnall) ... 1	Duke of Grafton's bl. c. <i>Pedrillo</i> , 8st. 2lb. 2
Five to 2 on <i>Dandizette</i> . Won by half a length.	

THE HOUGHTON OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each.—D. M.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Scarborough</i> , by Cotton, 3 yrs old, 8st. (J. Robinson) 1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Zealot</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3
Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Posthuma</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2	Duke of Grafton's bl. c. <i>Pedrillo</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 4
Five to 2 on <i>Posthuma</i> , and 9 to 2 agst <i>Scarborough</i> . Won by two lengths.—Six subscribers having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only 10 sovs. each.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.

Lord Darlington's ch. c. <i>Barefoot</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (S. Chifney) 1	Mr. Hunter's b. h. <i>Tressilian</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. <i>Vanloo</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 0	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. <i>Mina</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 0
Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Aaron</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. 0	Col. Wilson's b. c. by <i>Partisan</i> , out of Trimbush, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 0
Mr. Rogers's ch. c. <i>Nicolo</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 0	
Five to 2 agst <i>Barefoot</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Nicolo</i> , and 4 to 1 agst <i>Tressilian</i> . Won by two lengths.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-olds, carrying a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Holbein</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old (J. Robinson) 1	Mr. Rush's b. f. by <i>Pioneer</i> , out of Dis- cord, 3 yrs old 4
Duke of Portland's ch. h. <i>Comical</i> , aged 2	Mr. Rogers's ch. f. by <i>Castrel</i> — <i>Stingtail</i> , 2 yrs old 5
Mr. Wyndham's br. c. <i>Fun</i> , 3 yrs old ... 3	
Two to 1 agst <i>Holbein</i> , and 5 to 2 agst <i>Mr. Rush's filly</i> . Won easy.	

Mr. Braithwaite's b. f. *Sister to Twatty*, 8st. rec. ft. from Mr. Mellish's b. f. *Mam*, 8st. 10lb. T. Y. C. 50 sovereigns, 30 ft.

Lord Exeter's b. c. *Holbein*, by Rubens, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Thornhill's Specie, 7st. 7lb. T. Y. C. 100 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, October 29.—SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l. for two-year-olds, carrying 6st. 7lb. three, 8st. 10lb.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Logic</i> , by Selim, out of Piquet, 3 yrs old (J. Day) 1	dam by Election, 2 yrs old 2
Lord G.H. Cavendish's b. f. by Blucher, 1	Mr. Prendergast's b. f. by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to Hospitality, 2 yrs... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr. Bloss's ch. c. by Partisan—Maid of Kent, 3 yrs old 0	Mr. Rush's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Smolensko, out of Lady Jane, 2 yrs old 0
Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Phantom, out of Sister to Wood Demon, 2 yrs old..... 0	Lord Exeter's b. f. by Selim—Holbein's dam, 2 yrs old 0
Mr. Goddard's ch. f. Horoscope, by Guy Mannering, out of Wisacre's dam, 2 yrs old..... 0	Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. by Whalebone, out of Scotina, 2 yrs old..... 0
Mr. Udny's b. c. by Woful, out of Pantina, 3 yrs old 0	Mr. W. Edwards's ch. f. Pincushion, 3 yrs old 0
Col. Wilson's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of Tippetwitchet, 2 yrs old 0	Lord Darlington's b. c. by Whisker—Castrella, 3 yrs old 0

Six to 4 agst *Logic*, and 4 to 1 agst Lord Darlington's c. Won by two lengths. The winner was claimed according to the articles, for 350gs.

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Ab. M.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. <i>Premium</i> , by Aladdin, 8st 2lb. (W. Clift) 1	Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Talisman</i> , 8st. 11lb. 2
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Six to 4 on *Premium*. Won by two lengths.

FIRST CLASS.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Greville's br. c. <i>Logic</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1	3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2
Mr. Forth's gr. f. by Partisan—Jest, 8st. 9lb. 3	Mr. Batson's b. c. <i>Mystic</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Colonel Wilson's f. by Juniper, dam by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, 8st. 0	Mr. Whitehead's b. f. by Selim, dam by Bucephalus, out of Vicissitude, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 0
Mr. Mellish's b. f. <i>Mum</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 0	

Six to 4 on *Logic*, and 5 to 2 agst *Mystic*. Won by three lengths.

SECOND CLASS.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Powlett's b. c. <i>Eden</i> , by Comus, out of Miss Cannon, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (F. Buckle)..... 1	Mr. F. Boyce's b. f. <i>Addy</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb. 2
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The following also started, but were not placed :

Lord Exeter's ch. h. <i>Athenian</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 0	3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 0
Mr. Crockford's b. h. by Selim, out of Palma, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 0	Mr. Bloss's b. f. <i>Sister to Miracle</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 0
Lord G.H. Cavendish's b. f. by Pioneer, Seven to 4 agst <i>Athenian</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Eden</i> , and 10 to 1 agst <i>Addy</i> . Won by half a length.	Mr. Meynell's b. c. by Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, 2 yrs old, 7st. 0

THURSDAY, October 30.—MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft. both two years old.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's <i>Sister to Louison</i> , 8st. (W. Clift) 1	General Grosvenor's ro. c. <i>Flaccus</i> , 8st. 10lb. 2
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Won by a length.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Holbein</i> , 8st. 12lb. (J. Robinson) 1	General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Virgilius</i> , 7st. 4lb. 2
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Five to 1 on *Holbein*.—Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 100 sovs.—D. M.

Lord Dunwich's gr. f. <i>Dandizette</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (F. Boyce) 1	Lord Verulam's <i>Venom</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2
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Six to 4 on *Dandizette*. Won by three lengths.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—R. M.

Mr. Udny's ch. m. *Mirandola*, 8st. 11lb. | Lord G. Cavendish's b. c. *Bazaar*, by Orville, out of *Bizarre*, 7st. 6lb. (F. Boyce) 0
(F. Buckle) 1
Ran a dead heat. Six to 4 on *Mirandola*.

SWEETFSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Molony's b. f. *Scold*, Sister to | Lord Exeter's b. f. by *Selim*, out of Holbein's dam 3
Scratch (F. Buckle) 1
Mr. Greville's ch. f. by *Aladdin*—Louis- | Mr. Hunter's b. c. by *Phantom*, out of
sen's dam 2 | Sister to *Wood Diamond* 4
Even betting on *Scold*. Won by a length.

Subscription HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three-year-olds, &c.—D. I.
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Whizgig*, | Buckle, jun.) 0 2
4 yrs old, 8st. (F. Buckle) 0 1 | Lord Exeter's b. c. *Holbein*, 4 yrs
Colonel Wilson's so. c. by *Haphazard*, | old, 8st. 0 3
out of *Rivalet*, 3 yrs old, 7st. (F.)

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Wyndham's b. h. *Centaur*, 5 yrs | Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. *Vanloo*, 6 yrs
old, 8st. 10lb. 0 | old, 8st. 8lb. 0
Mr. Molony's b. m. *Lane*, 6 yrs old, | Mr. Rush's b. f. by *Pioneer*, out of
8st. 10lb. 0 | Discord, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 0
Five to 2 agst *Whizgig*, and 5 to 1 agst Colonel Wilson's colt: after the dead heat,
5 to 4 on *Whizgig*. Won by half a neck.

Mr. Greville's b. f. *Jane Shore*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. rec. ft. from Duke of Grafton's
f. *Fluid*, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 100 sovs. h. ft.

Duke of Portland's *Gabrielle*, 7st. 10lb. rec. 50 from the Duke of Grafton's b. f.
Posthuma, 8st. 10lb. D. M. 100.

FRIDAY, October 31.—SWEETFSTAKES of 10 sovs. each: two-year-olds,
6st.; three, 8st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 12lb.; five, six, and aged, 9st. 5lb.—
T. Y. C.

Mr. Crookford's br. h. by *Selim*, out of | Mr. F. Boyce's b. f. *Addy*, by Whale-
Palma, 5 yrs old (W. Wheatley) 1 | bone, 3 yrs old 2
The following also started, but were not placed:
Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. *Vedette*, 3 yrs... 0 | Mr. Greville's b. f. *Jane Shore*, by Wo-
Mr. Rogers's ch. f. *Eye Sore*, by *Castel*, | rak, 3 yrs old 0
out of *Stingtail*, 2 yrs old 0
Five to 1 agst the winner, and 6 to 4 agst *Vedette*. Won by a head.

HANDICAP SWEETFSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.—Six subscribers.
Mr. Batson's b. c. *Myrtle*, by *Hedley*, | Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. *The Stag*,
4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day) 1 | by *Sorcerer*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2
The following also started, but were not placed:
Mr. Crookford's br. h. by *Selim*, out of | tion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 0
Palma, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 0 | Mr. Rogers's br. f. *Scratch*, by *Selim*, 3
Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Electress*, by *Elec-* | yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 0
Five to 1 agst *Myrtle*, and even betting on *Stag*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Ab. M.

Mr. Greville's so. c. *Premium*, by *Alad-* | Mr. Hunter's b. h. *Tessilian*, by Or-
din, 3 yrs old, 8st. (F. Buckle) 1 | ville, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2
Six to 5 on *Premium*. Won easy.

THE AUDLEY END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (two-
year-olds excepted).—To start at the starting post of the T. Y. C. and to
run to the end of B. C.—Nine subscribers.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. *Bizarre*, | bena, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2
by Orville, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (F. Boyce) 1 | Lord Verulam's b. c. *Vaurien*, 3 yrs old,
Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Pestille*, by Ru- | 7st. 7lb. 3
The following also started, but were not placed:
Mr. Udny's b. c. *Comte d'Artois*, by | ville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 0
Bourbon, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 0 | Mr. Wyndham's b. f. *Pinwire*, 3 yrs old,
Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Scarborough*, 3 | 7st. 4lb. 0
yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 0 | Mr. Goddard's ch. c. *Wisacre*, 3 yrs old,
Mr. Hunter's b. c. *Ganymede*, by Or- | 7st. 0
The judge placed but three. Four to 1 agst *Pestille*, 5 to 1 agst *Bizarre*, and 5 to 1
agst *Comte d'Artois*. Won by a length.

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 22.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir P. Musgrave's br. c. by Comus, out of Wanton's dam, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1	1	Mr. Hodgson's ch. g. Peveril of the Peak, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	4	3
Mr. Smith's gr. g. Hussar, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.	3	2	Mr. Harrison's ch. f. My Lady, by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	4

Even betting on Hussar, who lost 200 yards in the start for the second heat.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. T. Hudson's b. g. Charles, by Knowaley, 5 yrs old, 12st.	1	1	Mr. Jopp's b. m. Maid of the Mill, 5 yrs old, 12st.	2	3
Mr. Wasse's b. f. Miss Whizgig, 4 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3	2	Mr. F. Bretherton's br. g. Hopeful, by Clinker, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	0	4

FRIDAY, October 24.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Hesselstine's gr. m. by Comus, out of Lisette, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	1	1
Sir P. Musgrave's br. c. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	2	2
Mr. Smith's gr. g. by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	2	3
Mr. Slater's br. f. Sister to Sir Henry, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	fell	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. D. Rowia's br. h. Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	0	1	1
Mr. Hopkinson's br. f. Collina, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	0	0
Mr. Bretherton's ch. g. Mercury, aged, 9st. 8lb.	0	2	2
Mr. Hudson's b. g. Charles, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	3	3
Mr. Shipley's ch. f. by President, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	0	0
Mr. Bretherton's br. g. Hopeful, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	0	0	0
Mr. Parkin's ch. h. Buckram, aged, 8st. 13lb.	0	0	dis.
Mr. King's br. f. by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	0	0	dis.

The SILVER CUP, value 35l. for Yeomanry horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Margetson's ch. h. Theodolite, aged, 12st.	1	3	1
Mr. Hobson's b. h. Spareribs, aged, 12st.	4	1	2
Mr. Jopp's b. m. Maid of the Mill, 5 yrs old, 12st. 7lb.	0	2	3
Mr. Hodgson's br. h. Bachelor, 4 yrs old, 12st.	5	5	0
Mr. Atkinson's ch. g. Fugleman, aged, 12st.	2	4	fell

MORPETH MEETING, NORTHUMBERLAND.

WEDNESDAY, October 22.—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for all ages : three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, six, and aged, 8st. 7lb.—

Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round the course.

Mr. Mills's blk. c. Prince Lee Boo, by Mac Orville, 3 yrs old	1	2	1
Mr. Lamb's br. h. Sober Robin, 5 yrs old	7	3	2
Mr. Ilderton's b. c. Factotum, by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old	5	5	3
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. c. Sir Roger, by Comus, dam by Walton, 3 yrs old ...	3	1	fell
Mr. Wyrill's b. f. by Sparreribs, 3 yrs old.	4	1	dr.
Mr. H. Dixon's bl. g. Death, by Macbeth, 4 yrs old	6	6	dr.
Mr. Richardson's b. f. 4 yrs old.	2	dr.	

THURSDAY, October 23.—The GENTLEMEN'S SIXTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Hutchinson's ch. c. Sir Roger, by Comus, dam by Walton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	1	1	Mr. Hesselstine's b. g. Debonaire, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 15lb.	2	3
Mr. Mills's bl. c. Prince Lee Boo, by Mac Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.	3	2	Mr. Hudson's br. g. Sir Henry, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	0	0

In consequence of Sir Henry not having been entered according to the articles, an objection was made to his starting, but his owner persisted in starting him, when he came in fourth for the first heat, and first for the second heat, and walked over for the third. The purse was given to Sir Roger.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added : three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 7st. 10lb. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Wyrill's b. f. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old	4	1	1
Mr. Richardson's bay filly, 4 yrs old	1	5	3
Mr. Lamb's br. h. Sober Robin, 5 yrs old	5	2	2
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. c. Sir Roger, 3 yrs old	2	3	4
Mr. Hesselstine's b. g. Debonaire, 4 yrs old	3	4	5

AYR MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 23.—A PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies and geldings, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Alexander's gr. f. <i>La Grisette</i> , by Viscount (W. Boynton)	1	Lord Kelburne's b. a. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Comus	2
Won by half a neck.			

A GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10gs. each, p. p. for horses foaled in Scotland.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Kennedy's h. <i>The Lancer</i> , by Stamford, 6 yrs old (B. Smith)	1	of Bit of Tartan, 3 yrs old	2
Sir D. H. Blair's ch. c. by Stamford, out by Stamford, 5 yrs old	3	Lord Tweeddale's ch. h. <i>The Champion</i> , by Stamford, 5 yrs old	3
Won easy.			

MATCH for 100gs.—Four miles.

Mr. Cunningham's h. 12st. (W. Boynton) 1	Mr. Oswald's m. 7st. 7lb.	2
Won easy.		

FRIDAY, October 24.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.

Mr. Alexander's gr. f. <i>La Grisette</i> , by Viscount, 3 yrs old, 7st. (W. Boynton) 2	1	1
Mr. Beird's b. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	bolt.

WORCESTER NOVEMBER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, November 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with a Cup, value 25l. added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles.

Lord Anson's br. f. <i>Lampedo</i> , by Don Cossack, 4 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	1	1	12st. 5lb.	7	5
Mr. Lewis's bl. h. Young Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	2	2	Mr. Brooke's br. g. Sultan (bolted) 5 dis.		
Mr. Hill's b. m. Misery, 6 yrs old.	6	3	Mr. Benson's ch. g. Fencer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	(bolted)	8
Mr. Benbow's ch. g. Trooper, 4 yrs old, 11st. 1lb.	4	4	Mr. F. Charlton's bl. g. Black-rock	(bolted)	9
Mr. Bates's b. g. Tipple Cyder, aged, 2 to 1 agst Tipple Cyder, and 3 to 1 agst Lampedo. The first heat well contested, and the second won easy.			Mr. Crowley's b. g. Hit or Miss, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.		3

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Two miles.

Mr. Taylor's gr. g. <i>Shall-I-be-soon-enough</i>	1	Mr. Mealin's ch. f. <i>Corinthian Kate</i> (bolted and threw her rider)	0
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SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Davies's br. h. <i>Valentine</i> , by Poulton, 5 yrs old	1	Mr. Williams's ch. m. Leah, aged	2
Leah the favourite. A most excellent race.			

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages. Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Devereux's b. f. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old	1	0	1
Mr. Hill's b. f. by Seymour	9	1	2
Mr. Tomes's b. f. Fair Phillis, 4 yrs old	8	0	3
Mr. Wadlow's bl. f. Timey, 4 yrs old	5	0	4
Mr. Williams's br. g. Tripoli, 3 yrs old	6	0	dr.
Mr. Friend's ch. f. Delusion, 4 yrs old	3	0	dr.
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. Hero, 3 yrs old	11	0	dr.
Mr. Griffith's b. f. by Fyldener, 3 yrs old	2		dr.
Mr. C. Day's b. f. Plover, by Bustard, 3 yrs old	7		dr.
Mr. Charlton's b. c. Gallivanter, 4 yrs old	4		dr.
Mr. C. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged	10		dr.

DUMFRIES MEETING, SCOTLAND.

THURSDAY, October 16.—**MATCH** for 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Hawthorn's br. f. by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , 8st. 1	Lord Queensberry's gr. g. Hussar, by Whisker, 8st. 3lb. 2
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Three to 1 on Hussar, who swerved when winning. A good race.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. with 50gs. added, being a subscription of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. <i>Fair Helen</i> , by Viscount, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (Garbutt) 1	Mr. H. Hawthorn's br. f. by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2
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High odds on Fair Helen. Won easy.

FRIDAY, October 17.—**FIFTY GUINEAS**, given by the Member for the County, for Scotch-bred horses.—Heats, two miles.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. *Fair Helen*, 6 yrs old, 8st. (Garbutt)walked over.

DERBY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 23.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by twelve subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. m. <i>Princess Royal</i> , by Castrel, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (W. Scott) 1	Mr. Heathcote's br. h. Rein Deer, Brother to Antelope, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2
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SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb.; and fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Farnsfield</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , dam by Stamford (W. Scott) 1	Mr. Platel's ch. c. Gap, by Seagrave, out of Chasm 3
Lord Anson's br. f. Sister to Patriarch 2	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Shot, by Partisan—Romance 4

SIXTY GUINEAS, for maiden horses.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fisher's br. c. by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , out of Glorvina, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (H. Arthur)	1	4	1
Mr. Charlton's b. f. Fair Rosalind, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	1	2
Mr. Polhill's b. h. Shamrock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	3	3
Mr. Wigfall's br. g. Little Driver, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	2	dr.

THURSDAY, July 24.—**SIXTY GUINEAS**, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Rossini</i> , by Selim, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. (H. Arthur) 1	1	Mr. Wigfall's br. g. Little Driver, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Mile and half.—Fifteen subscribers.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Active</i> , by Partisan 1	by <i>Filho da Puta</i> 2
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Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Agent,
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Colchicum also started and came in first, but having run on the wrong side of a post, the stakes were given to Active.

KNUTSFORD MEETING, CHESHIRE.

TUESDAY, July 29.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. <i>Alarm</i> , by Thunderbolt, out of Zadora, 7st. 13lb. (B. Smith)	1	My. Mytton's b. f. Ostrich, by Bustard, 7st. 13lb. 2	2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Sir T. Stanley's br. f. <i>Maid of Milan</i> , by Comus, out of Cowslip, 8st. 2lb. 0	Mr. Clifton's ch. c. by Comus—Ma- dame Saqui, 8st. 6lb. 0
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Even betting on Ostrich, 2 to 1 agst Maid of Milan, and 5 to 1 agst Alarm.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by eleven subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. m. <i>Princess Royal</i> , by Castrel, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (W. Scott) 1	Mr. Rogers's gr. c. Sir Edward, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 4
Mr. Clifton's b. h. Peter Lely, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2	Mr. E. Yates's b. c. Adventurer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 5
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Tarragon, aged 9st. 3	

Five and 6 to 4 on Princess Royal, and 6 to 1 agst Peter Lely.

The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Active</i> , by <i>Pardisan</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (W. Lear) 1 1	Sir T. Stanley's b. f. <i>Fenella</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3 3
Lord Grosvenor's br. g. <i>Broxton</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 2	Mr. Seal's br. f. by <i>Comus</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 4 4

Even betting and 5 to 4 on *Active*, and 5 to 2 agst *Broxton*.

WEDNESDAY, July 30.—The PROVER STAKES of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Once round, and a distance.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Clifton's b. h. <i>Peter Lely</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (B. Smith) ... 1	5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2
Sir T. Mostyn's b. m. <i>Princess Royal</i> , 5 to 4 agst <i>Princess Royal</i> , and 6 to 4 agst <i>Peter Lely</i> .	Mr. Mytton's b. h. <i>Banker</i> , aged, 9st. 3

The KNUFSFORD STAKES of 10gs. each, with 40l. added, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. E. Yates's b. c. <i>Adventurer</i> , by <i>Cervantes</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (W. Scott) 1 1	Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by <i>Comus</i> , out of <i>Gadabout</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 2
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Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on *Adventurer*.

The CHESHIRE YEOMANRY CUP, value 50gs. for horses not thorough bred: four-year-olds, 11st. 7lb.; five, 12st.; six, and aged, 12st. 7lb.—Cheshire-bred horses allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Mr. Wood's b. h. <i>Clapham</i> , 5 yrs old 1 1	Mr. Gleaves's b. f. <i>Amiable</i> , 4 yrs old 2 3
Mr. Griffin's ch. m. <i>Harlot</i> , aged ... 0 2	

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Warrington's ch. g. <i>Prince of Orange</i> , 5 yrs old 3 0	5 yrs old 0 0
Mr. B. Dakeyne's ch. m. <i>Fair Eleanor</i> , 5 yrs old 4 0	Mr. Haywood's b. g. <i>Britain</i> , aged 0 0
Mr. Dakeyne's b. h. <i>Blucher</i> , aged 0 0	Mr. Lither's b. m. <i>Lady Racket</i> , 5 yrs old 0 0
Mr. Hooley's gr. m. <i>Fanny</i> , aged ... 0 0	Mr. Barrow's b. h. <i>Black Diamond</i> , 5 yrs old dia.
Mr. Taylor's bl. m. <i>I'm sure I shan't</i> ,	

THURSDAY, July 31.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. f. <i>Ostrich</i> , by <i>Bustard</i> , 7st. 11lb. (T. Whitehouse) 1	Sir T. Stanley's br. c. <i>Falcon</i> , by <i>Bustard</i> , 8st. 2
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Four to 1 on *Falcon*.

SIXTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, thrice round, and a distance.

Mr. Clifton's b. c. <i>Lytham</i> , by <i>Orville</i> , 8st. (W. Scott) 1 1	Mr. Mytton's b. h. <i>Banker</i> , aged, 8st. 12lb. 3 dr.
Lord Derby's gr. c. <i>Marauder</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 dia.	Mr. Wood's b. m. <i>Mrs. Clarke</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 4 dr.

Six to 4 agst *Banker*, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst *Lytham*.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 11lb.—Peover Course.—Ten subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>General Mina</i> , by <i>Camillus</i> (T. Nicholson) 1	Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Madoc</i> , by <i>Comus</i> 2
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Four to 1 on *General Mina*.

PONTEFRACT MEETING.—(Concluded from p. 67, Vol. XII.)

WEDNESDAY, September 3.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by eight subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for all ages.—Two miles and seven furlongs.

Mr. Riddell's br. h. <i>Doctor Syntax</i> , by <i>Paynator</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb. (R. Johnson) 1	Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Regalia</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2
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Twenty to 1 on *Doctor Syntax*.—Won very easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters old, 8st. 8lb. 2 2

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by <i>Leopold</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (M. Noble) 1 1	Mr. Mountain's br. m. <i>Charlotte</i> , aged, 8st. 9lb. 3 3
Mr. Ellis's ch. f. <i>Lady Fulford</i> , 3 yrs	Six to 4 on <i>Lorenzo</i> . Won very easy.

THURSDAY, September 4.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. each.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. <i>Palatine</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> (W. Scott) 1	
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Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. Nitrogen 2 | Mr. Moss's ch. by Comus, dam by
Mr. Brown's br. Bella Donna, by Blun- | Sancho 4
cher 3
Six to 4 on Palestine, and 5 to 3 agst Nitrogen. Won easy.

SWEETSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Seven furlongs.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Petre's br. c. *Izenhoff*, by Smolen- | Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. The Butler,
sko, out of Miss Watt (J. Jackson) ... 1 | by Filho da Puta 3
Sir J. Byng's b. c. by Whisker, out of | Mr. Ramsden's br. f. by Smolenako—
Minstrel 2 | Sister to Cat 4
Six to 5 agst The Butler, 2 to 1 agst the filly, and 3 to 1 agst Izenhoff. A most beauti-
ful race, and won by only half a head.

THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 70l. for all ages.—Three-mile heats.
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Cataline*, by Cerberus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Scott) 3 1 1
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Corinthian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 1 3 3
Mr. Ramsden's ch. c. by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 2 2 2
Even betting on Cataline; after the first heat, 7 to 4 agst him; after the second heat,
5 to 2 on him. Won easy.

LEICESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—A GOLD CUP, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by subscriptions of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Thrice round.—Twelve subscribers.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Scarborough*, by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. walked over.

THE BELVOIR STAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, for regular hunters of the preceding season, &c.—Heats, twice round.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Longden's b. g. *Bogtrotter*, by | Mr. Powell's ch. f. Needy, by Nor-
Alonzo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 1 1 | ton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. 2 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Whitehead's br. g. *Young Sir Peter*, aged, 8st. 12lb. 1 2 1
Mr. Platel's b. g. *Thurby*, aged, 9st. 11lb. 2 1 3
Mr. Simond's b. m. *Gratitude*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 3 2
Mr. Norman's b. g. *Highland Laddie*, aged, 8st. 12lb. 4 dr.
Mr. Barber's b. h. *Ashbud*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 5 dr.
Thurby the favourite.

THURSDAY, September 19.—The YEOMANRY PURSE of 50gs. (10gs. to the owner of the second horse), for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—King's Plate weights.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Sumner's bl. g. *Woodcock*, 5 yrs 1 1 | Mr. Greary's b. g. *Carbineer*, 3 yrs old,
Mr. Hichling's ch. f. by Norton, 4 yrs 2 2 | 11st. 6lb. 3 4
Mr. Mervin's br. g. *Why Not*, 4 yrs 4 3 | Four others also started.

THE FARMERS' PURSE of 50l. given by G. Osbaldeston, Esq. for horses the property of Farmers residing within the district of Quorn Hunt, 12st.—Heats, mile and half.

Mr. Heap's bl. m. *Juliana*, 5 yrs old 1 1 | Mr. Perkin's b. g. *Field Organ*, 5 yrs 2 2

The BURGESS'S PURSE of 50l. was not run for, only two horses having been entered.

END OF RACING MEETINGS IN 1823.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES AND GOLD CUPS—1823.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath Mr. Wyndham's Centaur, by Canopus.
Caledonian Hunt Mr. Baird's The Pirate, by Stamford.
Canterbury Lord Egremont's Centaur, by Canopus.
Carlisle Mr. Hudson's Sir Henry, by Comus.
Chelmsford Duke of Grafton's Veil, by Rubens.
Chester Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz.
Doncaster Mr. Wigfall's Little Driver, by Ardrossan.
Edinburgh Lord Tweeddale's The Champion, by Stamford.
Guildford Mr. Whiteside's Wouvermans, by Rubens.

Lewes	Lord Egremont's Centaur, by Canopus.
Lichfield	Lord Exeter's Holbein, by Rubens.
Lincoln	Lord Scarbrough's Fair Charlotte, by Catton.
Newcastle	Mr. Riddell's Pity-me, by Woful.
Newmarket First Spring	Mr. Molony's Luss, by Hedley.
Newmarket Ditto	Mr. Wyndham's Centaur, by Canopus.
Newmarket First October	Duke of Grafton's Hampden, by Rubens.
Nottingham	Mr. Houldsworth's Cataline, by Cerberus.
Richmond	Mr. Lambton's Fortuna, by Comus.
Salisbury	Lord Palmerston's Biondetta, by Rainbow.
Warwick	Lord Exeter's Holbein, by Rubens.
Winchester	Mr. Bridge's Momentous, by Woful.
York August Meeting	Mr. Riddell's Pity-me, by Woful.

WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS.

Aberdeen	Sir A. Ramsay's Pannure, by Catton.
Abingdon	Mr. Sadler's Atlas, by Hedley.
Ascot Heath	Lord Darlington's Marcellus, by Selim.
Ayr	Mr. Kennedy's The Lancer, by Stamford.
Beverley	Mr. Watt's Dupore, by Cerberus.
Bodmin	Mr. Shard's Codicil, by Smolensko.
Brighton	Lord Egremont's Elfrid, by Wanderer.
Burderop	Lord Ailesbury's Savernake, by Golumpus.
Burton-upon-Trent	Sir W. Wynne's Belmont, by Thunderbolt.
Caledonian Hunt	Lord Tweedale's The Champion, by Stamford.
Carlisle	Sir J. H. Maxwell's Fair Helen, by Viscount.
Chelmsford	Lord Verulam's Vaurien, by Whalebone.
Cheltenham	Mr. West's Angelica, by Rubens.
Chester	Sir T. Mostyn's Princess Royal, by Castrel.
Derby	Sir T. Mostyn's Princess Royal, by Castrel.
Doncaster	Mr. Farquharson's Figaro, by Haphazard.
Dumfries	Sir J. H. Maxwell's Fair Helen, by Viscount.
Edinburgh	Sir D. Moncrieff's Negotiator, by Prime Minister.
Epsom	Mr. Whiteside's Wouvermans, by Rubens.
Fife	Sir D. Moncrieff's Negotiator, by Prime Minister.
Hampton	Mr. D. Page's Prosody, by Don Cossack.
Hereford	Lord Harley's Gas, by Fyldener.
Kelso	Sir D. Moncrieff's Negotiator, by Prime Minister.
Kendal	Mr. Ferguson's Wanton, by Woful.
Knutsford	Sir T. Mostyn's Princess Royal.
Lambton Park	Lord Normanby's Whynot, by Ossian.
Leicester	Duke of Rutland's Scarbrough, by Catton.
Lichfield	Sir T. Stanley's Tarragon, by Haphazard.
Lincoln	Mr. Houldsworth's Palatine, by Filho da Puta.
Manchester	Sir T. Stanley's Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver.
Montrose	Sir D. Moncrieff's Negotiator.
Newcastle	Mr. Lambton's Corinthian, by Comus.
Northallerton	Sir W. Milner's Angler, by Walton.
Northampton	Mr. Heathcote's Rein Deer.
Nottingham	Mr. Heathcote's Rein Deer, by Smolensko.
Oswestry	Mr. Rogers's Sir Edward, by Friend Ned.
Oxford	Mr. C. Trevor's Netherfield, by Crispin.
Pontefract March Meeting	Mr. Alderson's Random, by Sir Charles.
Pontefract September Meeting	Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax, by Paynator.
Preston	Mr. Peirse's Reveller, by Comus.
Richmond	Mr. Riddell's Doctor Syntax, by Paynator.
Salisbury	Mr. Goddard's Wiseacre, by Rubens.
Shrewsbury	Sir G. Pigott's Active, by Partisan.
Stafford	Lord Grosvenor's Hymettus, by Thunderbolt.
Stamford	Lord Exeter's Holbein, by Rubens.
Stapleton Park	Mr. Hopkinson's Collina, by Young Sorcerer.
The Hoo	Mr. Fielde's Norna.
Warwick	Lord Scarbrough's Cardinal Puff, by Phantom.
Weymouth	Colonel Latour's Langtonian, by Langton.
Winchester	Colonel Latour's Langtonian, by Langton.
Worcester	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz.
Yarmouth	Lord Verulam's Vaurien, by Whalebone.
York Craven Meeting	Mr. Caldwell's Speculation, by Bradbury.
York Spring Meeting	Mr. Watt's Dupore, by Cerberus.
York August Meeting	Mr. Lambton's Corinthian, by Comus.

NOMINATIONS OF SWEEPSTAKES, &c. FOR 1824.

CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING, 1824.

WEDNESDAY, April 21.—The **Craven Stakes** of 10gs. each: two year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.—The horses, &c. to be named on the entrance day.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Lambton.	Mr. Riddell.	Marquis of Sligo.	Mr. Ferguson.
Major Cunningham.	Mr. Petra.	Mr. Sanders.	

PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each, h. ft.: rising three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Lady Heron.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Don Juan, out of Wathcote Lass.
 Mr. Riddell's b. f. by X Y Z, out of Pipator.
 Mr. R. Kay's f. by Whisker, dam by Bay Trophonius.
 Mr. Jacques's b. f. Ringlet, by Whisker, out of Merryfield's dam.
 Mr. Benson's b. c. Enville, by Ebor, out of Quicksilver's dam.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Ebor, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. c. by Comus, out of Caifacaratadaddera.
 Mr. Allison's b. f. by Walton, out of Annabella.
 Mr. Plews's gr. c. by Zeno, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. Claridge's b. c. Cadiz, by Ebor, out of Adelia.
 Mr. Humphries's b. c. by Ebor, out of Miss Haworth.
 Mr. E. Petre's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha.
 Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. Equity, by Octavian, dam by Sancho.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.: rising three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Mr. Joplin's ch. c. by Leopold, dam by Jack-a-Lantern.
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Shepherdess.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Kirby's b. c. Masque, by Comus, out of Sheba's Queen.

THURSDAY, April 22.—The **Old Stakes** of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Royalist, by Leopold, out of Cavalier's dam.
 Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. by Comus, dam by Smolensko.
 Major Cunningham's b. c. by Whisker, out of Moll in the Wad.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of Louisa.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. by Orville or Castrel, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Marquis of Sligo's b. c. Canteen, by Waxy Pope.
 Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. by Ebor, dam by Walton.
 Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. North Briton, by Octavian, dam by Pipator.
 Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. by Octavian, dam by St. George.

The **FILLIES' STAKES** of 20gs. each, p. p. 8st.—One mile and a half.

Sir E. Dodsworth's bay, by Partisan, dam by Trumpator.
 Lord Queensberry's ch. Lady Cecil, by Interpreter, out of Dulcinea.
 Mr. Jacques's bay, by Walton, out of Victress, by Governor.

The **YEARLING STAKES** of 20gs. each, p. p.: rising two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Count Porro, by Leopold, out of Wathcote Lass.
 Major Cunningham's br. c. by Amadis, out of Miss Hotham.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Brigand, by X Y Z, out of Juggler's dam.
 Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. c. by Catten, out of Queen Coil.
 Mr. J. Croft's b. f. by Bourbon, out of Masquerade.
 Mr. Jacques's ch. c. by Walton, out of Comedy.
 Mr. J. Smith's b. c. Risebor, by Blacklock, dam by Chorus.
 Colonel Cradock's b. c. Simon (dead), Brother to Swiss, by Whisker.

N. B. The winners of the Craven Stakes, the Old Stakes, the Fillies' Stakes, and the Yearling Stakes, will have 10gs. each added from the Fund.

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING, 1824.

THURSDAY, April 29.—The CRAVEN, GOLD CUP, and other STAKES, close and name on the 1st of March.

Mr. Thorold's br. m. Jentworth, agst Mr. Macdonald's b. m. Antidoter, 10st. each. Gentlemen riders. Two miles. 25gs. each.

FRIDAY, April 30.—The WELHAM STAKES of seven sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred: four-year-olds, 10st. 11lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, and aged, 12st.—A winner once to carry 3lb. twice 7lb. extra.—To be rode by Gentlemen, Members of a Fox-hunting or Racing Club.—Two-mile heats.—Certificates as to breeding to be produced before starting.

Major Bower's br. h. Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Joliff's b. f. Eliza, by Young Sorcerer, 4 yrs old.

Mr. B. Bower's b. g. Broughton, by Stamford.

Mr. Shafto's ch. g. by Egremont, dam by Hermes, 4 yrs old.

Mr. R. Gilbert's b. m. Hearsay, by Golden Farmer, aged.

Mr. E. H. Hebden's ch. h. by Driver, aged.

Mr. Macdonald's b. h. Jack Matchery.

Mr. Ludd's gr. h. Flaxtonian, by Orville, 6 yrs old.

Mr. Wormald's b. m. by Victor, dam by Pitch, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Ramsden, Mr. Thorold, and Mr. J. Gilbert, are subscribers, but did not name.

Mr. Macdonald's ch. g. Cawdor, 4 yrs old, agst Mr. R. Bower's b. g. by Orville, aged, weight for age, one mile and a half, 50gs. each.

MIDDLEHAM MEETING, 1824.

FIRST DAY.—The BOLTON STAKES of 30gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1820: colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—Mile and half.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. by Viscount, out of Anna.

Mr. Petre's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha.

Mr. Riddell's b. c. Mustachio, by Whisker—Leon Forte.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. c. by Comus—Caifacaratadaddera.

Mr. Benson's br. c. Whiteface, by Whisker—Young Æthe.

Mr. J. Benson's b. c. Enville, by Ebor—Copeland's dam.

Mr. Jaques's b. f. Ringlet, by Whisker.

Mr. Claridge's b. c. Cadiz, by Ebor, out of Adelia.

The CRAVEN and other STAKES close on the 1st of February.

YORK SPRING MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY, May 24.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for all ages: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Maiden horses allowed 4lb. at the time of naming: three and four-year-old fillies allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Nitrogen, by Comus, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Watt's b. c. Abron, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Watt's b. c. Tinker, by Tramp, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Rhubarb, by Comus, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Farquharson's br. h. Figaro, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. c. Portrait, by Comus, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Briton, by Octavian, 3 yrs old.

Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lasette, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Richardson's br. c. Conductor, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Last mile and three quarters.

Lord Milton's b. c. Whiskerandos, by Whisker, out of Clinkerina.

Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. by Cervantes, out of Miss Catton.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Comus, out of Eliza Leeds's dam.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Carouser, by Comus—Anticipation.

Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. Brother to Cannonade.

Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. by Aladdin, out of Aquilina.

Mr. Lumley's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Merlin's dam.
Mr. Jaques's b. f. by Walton, out of Victress, by Governor.

The ST. LEGER STAKES, of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile and three quarters.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Delpini.
Major Cunningham's ch. c. by Outcry, out of Bella.
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.
Mr. Gascoigne's bl. c. by Smolensko—Corinthian's dam.
Mr. Jones's br. c. Isenoff, by Smolensko—Miss Watt.
Mr. Watt's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Miss Cranfield.
Mr. Wigfull's bl. c. Enchanter, by Smolensko, out of Holm.
Mr. Tanton's bl. c. Streatham, by Blacklock.
Lord Sligo's b. c. Canteen, by Waxy Pope.
Mr. Brandling's br. c. by Blacklock, dam by Dick Andrews.
Sir J. Byng's b. f. Ina, by Smolensko, out of Morgiana.

The FILLY SAPLING STAKES, of 50gs. each, h. ft.: 8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and a half.

Lord Scarbrough's br. Sister to Byram, by Amadis.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. Parthenessa, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
Mr. Fox's ch. Lady Cecil, by Interpreter.
Mr. Gascoigne's bl. by Walton, out of Trulla.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Whisker, out of Rosalind.
Lord Milton's bl. f. by Amadis, out of Marianne.
Mr. Watt's b. c. Memnon, by Whisker, out of Manuella.
Mr. Kirby's br. f. Jane, by Ardrossan, out of Sheba's Queen.
Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Ardrossan, out of Dolly's dam.
Mr. Wyvill's ch. c. by Comus, out of My Lady's dam.

Lord Kelburne's gr. h. Jock the Laird's Brother, by Viscount, 6 yrs old, 9st. agst Col. Yates's ch. c. Mendax, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. The last mile. 200 sovs. h. ft.

TUESDAY, May 25.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and a half.

Mr. Watt's br. f. Panthea, by Comus or Blacklock, out of Manuella.
Mr. T. O. Powllett's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Altisidora.
Mr. Jaques's b. f. by Walton, out of Victress.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. Parthenessa, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
Mr. Tarlton's ch. f. by Tramp, dam by Camillus, out of Statira.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscription of 20gs. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Watt's b. h. Duport, by Cerberus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
Mr. Farquharson's br. h. Figaro, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
Mr. Petre's b. h. Theodore, by Woful, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
Lord Kennedy's b. h. Negotiator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.
Lord Sligo's br. c. Arrogance, by Master Goodall, out of Folly, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, Col. Yates's ch. c. Mendax, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. [7st. 12lb.]

SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 10gs. forfeit, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. by Ardrossan, out of Maritornes.
Mr. Wyvill's ch. f. by Octavian, out of Hell Cat, by Cerberus.
Mr. Riddell's b. c. Brigand, by X Y Z, out of Juggler's dam.
Major Cunningham's br. c. by Amadis, out of Miss Hotham.
Mr. Fox's b. c. by Interpreter, dam by Beningbrough.
Mr. Watt's b. c. Memnon, by Whisker—Manuella.
Col. Cradock's b. c. Simon (dead), Brother to Swiss.
Mr. Jaques's ch. c. by Walton, out of Comedy.
Mr. Jaques's ch. c. by Whisker—Merryfield's dam.

The SHORTS not having filled, will be re-opened.

WEDNESDAY, May 26.—The COLT SAPLING STAKES, of 50gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 3lb. each.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Last mile and three quarters.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Phantom, out of Lady Heron.

Lord Scarborough's ch. a. Diadem, Brother to Coronation, by Catton.
 Mr. Peirce's br. c. by Walton, out of Rosanne.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Confederate, by Comus, out of Maritorne.
 Mr. Fox's br. c. Cadeau, by Prime Minister, out of Miss Hotham.
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Brutandorf, by Blacklock, out of Mandane.
 Mr. F. Lumley's b. c. by Smolensko, out of Euphrosyne's dam.
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Walton, out of Thomasina.
 Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Alfred, by Filho da Puta, out of Stavelly Lass.
 Mr. Powlett's ro. c. Brother to D. I. O. by Whitworth.

The Third and Last Year of the CONSTITUTION STAKES of 20gs. each,
 h. ft. : three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.;
 and aged, 9st. 5lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Lambton's ch. h. Lorenzo, by Leopold, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Scarborough's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Catton, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Queensberry's br. c. Prosody, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Milton's b. h. Sandbeck, by Catton, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Conductor, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Riddale's ch. c. Rhubarb, by Comus, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Fox's br. h. Figaro, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. O. Powlett's ch. a. by Walton, out of Thomasina, 3 yrs old.

DONCASTER MEETING, 1824.

SATURDAY.—The CHAMPAIGNE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Red-House In.—The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Club.

Mr. Watt's b. a. Memnon, by Whisker, out of Mannella.
 Lord Watt's ch. f. by Amadis or Blacklock, out of Rosamond.
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, out of Maniac.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. a. by Viscount, out of Blue Stockings.
 Mr. Cradock's b. c. Simon (dead), Brother to Swiss, by Whisker.
 Mr. Petre's b. a. by Selim, out of Juliana.
 Mr. Lambton's br. a. by Comus, dam by Shuttle.
 Sir W. Cooke's ch. a. by Blacklock, out of Cardinal Wolsey's dam.
 Mr. Lane Fox's br. a. by Walton, out of Trictrac.
 Mr. Lane Fox's ch. a. by Comus, out of Macduff's dam.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. by Rubens, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Sister to Remembrancer.
 Mr. Hunter's f. by Androssan, out of Vicissitude.

MONDAY.—The FITZWILLIAM STAKES (the first race), a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages: two-year-olds, 8st.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—One mile and a half.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.

Mr. Peirce's br. a. by Comus, out of Rosanne, 3lb.
 Mr. Peirce's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette.
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Comus, out of Thomasina.
 Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. Ben Ledl, by Viscount, out of Mrs. Barnet, 3lb.
 Mr. Watt's br. c. Tinker, by Tramp, out of Mandane.
 Lord Milton's br. c. (dead), by Filho da Puta, out of Desdemona.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's gr. c. (dead), by Cervantes, out of Camilla.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course.—Eighty subscribers.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. by Comus, dam by Sancho, out of Vesta.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Reformer, by Whisker, out of Vourneen, by Sorcerer.
 Mr. Mills's ch. c. Helenus, by Soothsayer, out of Zuleika, by Gohanna.
 Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Dolly, by Comus, dam by Waxy, out of Thomasina.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Percy's dam, by Delpini.
 Lord Kelburne's gr. c. by Outcry, out of Blue Stockings, by John Bull.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Farnsfield, by Filho da Puta—Stamford.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, dam by Soothsayer or Selim, out of Sprite.

- Mr. Houldsworth's br. a. Elephant, by Filho da Puta, out of a Sister to Shuttle Pope.
 Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Equity, by Octavian, out of Evens's dam, by Sancho.
 Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian, out of Lady of the Swale's dam, by Shuttle, grand-dam by Overon. [Shuttle].
 Mr. Ferguson's gr. c. by Grey Middleham, out of Lady of the Swale, by Mowbray—
 Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Briton, by Octavian, out of North Star's dam by Pipator.
 Mr. Ferguson's b. c. by Octavian, out of Young Mary, by Mowbray—Mary, by Young Marake.
 Mr. Ferguson's b. c. by Octavian, dam by St. George—Antonio's dam.
 Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Whisk, by Whisker, dam by Haphazard, out of Ridicule.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Young Catton, by Catton, out of Woodpecker Lass.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Diadem, by Catton, out of Coronation's dam.
 Mr. Claridge's b. c. Cadiz, by Ebor, out of Adelia, by Young Woodpecker.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, dam by Walton.
 Mr. Riddell's br. c. Mustachio, by Whisker, out of Leon Forte, by Eagle.
 Marquis of Londonderry's b. c. by Ebor, out of Miss Haworth, by Spadille.
 Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. by Ebor, dam by Walton—Sister to Rosette.
 Major Cunningham's ch. c. by Outcry, out of Bells, by Benningbrough.
 Major Cunningham's b. c. by Whisker, out of Moll in the Wad, by Hambletonian.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Altisidora, by Dick Andrews.
 Lord Exeter's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of Bess, by Waxy.
 Lord Exeter's br. c. by Pericles, out of Advance, by Pioneer.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Captain Candid, out of Folly, by Young Drone.
 Lord Darlington's b. c. Swiss, by Whisker, out of Sister to Corduroy, by Shuttle.
 Lord Darlington's b. c. by Whisker, out of Mony Musk, by John Bull.
 Mr. Baird's b. c. Robin Hood, by Walton, out of Orange Boven, by John Bull.
 Mr. Brandling's br. c. by Blacklock, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Gammer Gurton.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Sherburn, by Leopold, dam by Deceiver, out of Lorenzo's dam.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Royalist, by Leopold, out of Rosalind, by Orville.
 Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Smolensko, dam by Walton, out of Goosander.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. by Orville or Castrel, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Carouser, by Comus, out of Anticipation, by Benningbrough.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Comus, out of Helen, by Hambletonian.
 Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Walton, out of Rosanne, by Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Peirse's ch. c. by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.
 Mr. Peirse's ch. f. by Walton, dam by Wizard, out of Lisette.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Confederate, by Comus, out of Maritornes, by Cervantes.
 Lord Milton's b. f. Hannah, by Smolensko, out of Gadabout, by Orville.
 Sir J. Byng's b. f. Ina, by Smolensko, out of Morgiana, by Corander.
 Sir W. Milner's br. c. Osmond, by Filho da Puta, out of Banashee, by Sorcerer.
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Edward, by Comus, out of Camilla, by Camillus.
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Brutandorf, by Blacklock, out of Mandane, by Potto's.
 Mr. Watt's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Miss Cranfield, by Sir Peter.
 Mr. Watt's b. f. Panthea, by Comus or Blacklock, out of Manuella, by Dick Andrews.
 Lord Muncaster's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Euphrosyne's dam, by Shuttle.
 Mr. Wigfull's bl. c. Enchanter, by Smolensko, out of Holme, by Paynator.
 Mr. Tanton's bl. c. Streatham, by Blacklock, out of Alfana, by Dick Andrews. [nian].
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Dr. Solomon, by Walton, out of Sir Walton's dam, by Hambletonian.
 Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Alfred, by Filho da Puta, out of Staveley Lass, by Shuttle or Hambletonian.
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. Brother to Cannonade, by Smolensko, out of Shepherdess.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of Louisa, by Orville.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bl. f. by Walton, out of Trulla, by Sorcerer.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Canteen, by Waxy Pope, out of Castanea.
 Mr. Jaques's b. f. Ringlet, by Whisker, out of Merryfield's dam, by Star.
 Mr. Jaques's b. f. by Walton, out of Victress, by Governor.
 Col. Cradock's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter.
 Col. Cradock's b. c. by Prime Minister—Young Harriet, by Camillus.
 Mr. Wortley's ch. c. by Comus, out of Octaviana, by Octavian.
 Mr. Smith's ch. c. Gap, by Seagrave, out of Chasm.
 Mr. Fulwar Craven's b. f. Miss Jigg, by Partisan, out of Jest, by Waxy.
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Sister to Sailor, by Scud, out of Goosander.
 Mr. Broughton's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of First Fly, by Cockfighter.
 Lord Normanby's b. c. by Leopold, out of Miss Gunpowder, by Gunpowder.
 Mr. T. Hodgson's br. c. Izenhoff, by Smolensko, out of Miss Watt, by Delpini.
 Mr. Tarlton's ch. f. by Tramp, dam by Camillus.
 Mr. Benson's b. c. Enville, by Ebor, out of Billiard Ball, by L'Orient.
 Mr. Forth's gr. c. by Skin, dam by Sir Petronel.

Mr. Forth's b. c. Dactyle, by Orville, out of Metre, by Waxy.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Oswestry, Brother to Whittington, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Clifton's b. f. Chapeau de Paille, by Rubens, out of Fadladinada, by Sir Peter.
 Mr. Clifton's b. c. Masque, by Comus, out of Sheba's Queen, by Sir Solomon.
 Mr. Betson's b. c. by Phantom, out of Jesse, by Totteridge.
 Mr. Udny's b. c. Taranus, by Sorcerer or Zodiac, out of Jerboa, by Gohanna.
 Sir H. Williamson's ch. c. by Egremont, out of Lancashire Witch.

TUESDAY.—PRODUCE STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—Red House In.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. by Interpreter, out of Minstrel.
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Jew, by Blacklock, out of Miss Syntax's dam.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape, by Filho da Puta, out of Sister to Agnes Sorrel.
 Mr. Croft's b. c. by Selim, out of Juliana.
 Mr. Petre's br. e. by Interpreter, out of Agatha.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Ardrossan, out of Lady of the Vale's dam.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Election, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. (dead) by Whisker, out of Borodino's dam.

The Second Year of the Renewed DONCASTER STAKES, of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages, *bona fide* the property of the subscriber or his confederate: three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 8st.; six, and aged, 9st.—Two miles.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Fitzwilliam.	Mr. T. O. Powlett.	Sir W. Maxwell.	Mr. Lane Fox.
Lord Milton.	Mr. Petre.	Mr. Houldsworth.	Mr. Watt.
Lord Queensberry.	Mr. F. Lamley.	Mr. T. S. Duncombe.	Mr. Cradock.
Lord Kelburne.	Lord Scarbrough.	Mr. Wyvill.	Mr. Gascoigne.
Mr. Wortley.	Mr. Peirce.	Mr. Milnes.	Sir W. Milner.
Mr. Wilson.	Mr. J. Ferguson.	Mr. Lambton.	Mr. Armstrong.

The horses, &c. to be named on the day of entering for the plates, between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon.

Mr. Wyvill's b. c. Marquis, Brother to My Lady, agst Mr. Lane Fox's br. c. Cadeau, by Prime Minister, out of Miss Hotham, 8st. 3lb. each, 200gs. h. ft. One mile and a half.

WEDNESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, 20gs. ft. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Maiden horses, &c. at the time of naming, allowed 4lb.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Darlington's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Peirce's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette, 4lb.
 Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Ypsilanti, by Selim, 4lb.
 Mr. Armstrong's c. Columbus, by Filho da Puta, 4lb.
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Tinker, by Tramp, 4lb.

The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100gs. each, 30gs. ft.: colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Confederate, by Comus.
 Lord Milton's b. f. Ina, by Smolensko, out of Morgiana.
 Major Cunningham's ch. c. by Outcry, out of Bella.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Reformer, by Whisker.
 Lord Darlington's b. c. Swiss, by Whisker.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Diadem, by Catton.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Farnsfield, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Brutandorf, by Blacklock, out of Mandane.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Canter, by the Sligo Waxy.
 Mr. Fulwar Craven's ch. c. Helenus, by Soothsayer.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Watt's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Miss Cranfield.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Florismart, by Amadis, out of Orvillina.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Sherburn, by Leopold, dam by Deceiver.

The FOAL STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. Parthenessa, by Cervantes, out of Marianne.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Smolensko, dam by Walton, out of Sailor's dam.
 Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Walton, out of Rosanne.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Comus, dam by Sancho, out of Vesta.
 Sir W. Milner's br. c. Osmond, by Filho da Puta, out of Banahee.
 Mr. Wyvill's b. c. Marquis, Brother to The Duke.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's roan c. Brother to D. I. O. by Whitworth.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Elephant, by Filho da Puta, out of a Sister to Shuttle Pope.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta.

THURSDAY.—The DONCASTER CLUB STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages: three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Two miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Sandbeck, by Catton, 6 yrs old.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Delpini, 8 yrs old.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. Mercutio, by Mowbray, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. h. Regalia, by Catton, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
 Sir W. Milner's br. c. Osmond, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Farquharson's br. h. Figaro, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—The winner of the St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra.—Last mile.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Confederate, by Comus.
 Mr. Riddell's br. c. Mustachio, by Whisker.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Young Catton, by Catton.
 Lord Darlington's b. c. Swiss, by Whisker.
 Lord Darlington's b. c. by Whisker, out of Mony Musk.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Royalist, by Leopold.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Elephant, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Carouser, by Comus, out of Rhubarb's dam.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Comus, out of Eliza Leeds's dam.
 Sir J. Byng's br. f. Hannah, by Smolensko, out of Gadabout.
 Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. by Partisan, dam by Trumpator.
 Mr. Jones's br. c. Izzenoff, by Smolensko, out of Miss Watt.
 Mr. Wigfull's bl. c. Enchanter, by Smolensko, out of Holm.
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. Brother to Cannonade, by Smolensko.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Delpini.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—St. Leger Course.

Sir W. Maxwell's bl. by Walton, out of Trulla.
 General Sharpe's ch. Dolly, by Comus, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. by Blacklock, out of Altisidora.
 Lord Milton's br. Hannah, by Smolensko, out of Gadabout.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. Sister to Byram, by Amadis.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. Miss Maltby, Sister to The Agent.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. Auburn, by Blacklock, out of Swift's dam.
 Sir J. Byng's b. Ina, by Smolensko, out of Morgiana.
 Mr. Watt's br. Panthea, by Comus or Blacklock, out of Manuela.
 Mr. Jaques's b. Ringlet, by Whisker.
 Mr. Jaques's b. by Walton, out of Victress.
 Mr. Fulwar Craven's b. Miss Jig, by Partisan.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. Red-House In.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, out of Maniac.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. by Comus, out of Morgiana.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Ardrossan, dam by Delpini.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Viscount, out of Blue Stockings.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Sister to Diadem, by Catton.
 Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Comus, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape, by Filho da Puta, out of Agnes Sorrell's Sister.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. The Maid of Mansfield, Sister to The Miller.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Cardinal Wolsey's dam.
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Cerberus.
 Mr. Jones's br. c. by Interpreter, out of Agatha.
 Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Interpreter, dam by Besingbrough.

Mr. Lane Fox's br. c. by Walton, out of Trictrac.
 Mr. Lumley's ch. c. by Interpreter, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Memnon, by Whisker, out of Manuella.
 Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Amadis or Blacklock, out of Rosamond.
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Octavus, by Bourbon, dam by Hambletonian.
 Mr. Croft's ch. f. by Octavian, out of Hell Cat.
 Mr. Cradock's b. c. Simon (dead), Brother to Swiss, by Whisker.
 Mr. Hunter's f. by Ardrossan, out of Vicissitude.

Mr. Lane Fox's ch. f. Double Entendre, by Comus, out of Trictrac, agst Mr. Lambton's br. f. Margravine, by Smolensko, out of The Duchess, 8st. each, 200gs. h. ft. Last mile.

Mr. Petre's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha, agst Mr. Lane Fox's ch. f. Double Entendre, by Comus, out of Trictrac, 8st. 2lb. each, 100gs. h. ft. St. Leger Course.

Mr. Petre's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Benningbrough, agst Sir J. Byng's br. c. Edward, by Comus, out of Camilla, 8st. 2lb. each, 100gs. h. ft. St. Leger Course.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the subscriber's or his confederate's property three months before the day of naming: four-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four-year-old fillies allowed 4lb.—Four miles.—To be continued in 1825.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Milton.

Mr. Houldsworth.

Mr. Lambton.

The horses, &c. to be named to the Clerk of the Course on Wednesday in the race week, before nine o'clock in the evening.

Lord MUNCASTER,
 Sir H. WILLIAMSON, } Stewards.

CHESTER MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY, May 3.—PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each, for colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Mytton's b. f. by Rubens, out of Mervinia.

Sir W. Wynne's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Banashee.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. by Walton, out of Fanina.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Manœuvre, by Rubens, out of Finesse (3lb.)

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Elephant, by Filho da Puta, out of Sister to Shuttle Pope (3lb.)

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Auburn, by Blacklock, out of the Ruler mare (3lb.)

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn (3lb.)

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Milo, out of Hooton's dam.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Venus, by ditto (3lb.)

Sir W. W. Wynn's br. ch. or b. c. by Rubens, out of Pearl.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Sir Oliver, out of Sister to Ottoman (3lb.)

Lord Stamford's b. c. Portrait, by Rubens, out of Miss Hap.

Lord Stamford's b. f. Kite, by Bustard, out of Olympia (3lb.)

TRADESMEN'S CUP, 100gs. added to a Free Handicap Stakes of 15gs. each; closed.—Weights to be published on the 1st February, 1824; 10gs. forfeit, and 5gs. forfeit only, if declared on or before the 14th February.

Three to accept or no race.—To start at the Castle Pole, and to run twice round, and end at the coming-in chair.

Lord Grosvenor's bl. f. Etiquette, by Orville, 4 yrs.

Lord Belgrave's br. c. Hymettus, by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver, 6 yrs.

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Falcon, by Bustard, 4 yrs.

Sir H. Mainwaring's ch. c. General Mina, by Camillus, 4 yrs.

Sir W. Wynne's b. h. Belmont, by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. Rebecca, by Walton, out of Little Cymro's dam, 3 yrs.

Mr. G. Walmsley's ch. c. Hengist, by Henderskelf, 4 yrs.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. Felix, by Comus, 4 yrs.

Sir George Pigot's b. c. Patahull, by Orville, 4 yrs.

Marquis of Sligo's c. Skeleton (late Chanter), by Master Bagot, dam by Sir Walter

Mr. Rogers's gr. h. Sir Edward, by Friend Ned, 5 yrs.

[Raleigh, 4 yrs.]

Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. Amiable, by Orville, 6 yrs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, by Haphazard, 4 yrs.

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. Fearnought, by Comus, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Whittington, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
 Col. Yates's gr. c. Swap, by Catton, 5 yrs old.
 Col. Yates's b. h. Orator, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old.
 Sir Thomas Mostyn's b. g. Madoc, by Comus, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Adroit, by The Flyer, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Stamford and Lord Grey did not name.

WEDNESDAY, May 5.—The DEE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Derby weights.—Once round and a distance.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. by Rubens, out of Pearl.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Rubens, out of the Beningbrough mare.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, out of his hipped mare.
 Lord Stamford's b. c. Portrait, by Rubens, dam Miss Hap.
 Lord Derby's b. c. by Milo, out of Faith's dam.
 Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Hybla, by Rubens, out of Larissa.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Brother to Sherwood, by Filho da Puta.
 Sir W. Wynne's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Banahce.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. f. Rebecca, by Walton, out of Little Cymro's dam.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn.
 Sir T. Stanley's br. c. by Milo, out of Hooton's dam.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Oswestry, by Filho da Puta, dam by Beningbrough.

The STAND CUP, value 100gs. the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Geldings and mares allowed 2lb.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. T. Hibbert's ch. c. General Mina, by Camillus, 4 yrs old.
 Sir Thomas Stanley's ch. h. Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver, 6 yrs old.
 Lord Grosvenor's bl. f. Etiquette, by Orville, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. h. Belmont, by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.
 Col. Yates's gr. h. Swap, by Catton, 5 yrs old.
 Sir Thomas Mostyn's ch. c. Colchicum, by Champion, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Walmsley's b. m. Amiable, by Orville, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. R. Buckley Williams's br. c. by Sir Oliver, dam by Waxy, 4 yrs old.

THURSDAY, May 6.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Lord Derby's gr. c. Autocrat, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta.
 Mr. Yates's b. f. Eve, by Paulowitz, out of Berenice.
 Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Androgeus, by Minos, out of Miss Craigie.
 Lord Anson's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Young Chryseis.
 Mr. Mytton's ch. f. by Partisan, dam by Sorcerer.
 Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. by Phantom, out of the dam of Fandango.
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's c. The Moor, by Muley, out of Black Beauty.

FRIDAY, May 7.—The PALATINE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Untried mares or stallions to be allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.—To start at the Castle-pole, and go once round.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Rubens, out of the Beningbrough mare.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, out of the Hipped mare.
 Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Rubens, out of Madam Presle.
 Lord Stamford's b. f. Kite, by Bustard, dam Olympia (5lb.)
 Major O. Gore's b. f. Pheasant, by Bustard, out of Plaything (3lb.)
 Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Manceuvre, by Rubens, out of Finesse (3lb.)
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Miller of Mansfield (3lb.)
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Auburn, by Blacklock, out of the old Ruler mare (3lb.)
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Cestrian, dam by Dittb.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Rubens, out of Georgiana.
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. by Blacklock, dam by Juniper (5lb.)
 Sir W. Wynne's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Banahce (3lb.)

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY, April 10.—The RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Ab. M.—Untried stallions or mares allowed 5lb. ; if both, 5lb.

Duke of York's b. c. by Election, out of Scrapall's dam.

Mr. Thornhill's f. by Scud, out of Goosander.

Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Comus, out of Laurel Leaf.

Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of Tredrille.

Lord Foley's f. by Blucher, out of Scheherazade.

Lord Foley's c. by Soothsayer, out of Blowing.

Mr. Rush's c. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail.

Mr. Rush's br. f. by Pioneer, out of Reserve.

Mr. Rush's f. by Pioneer, out of Chintz.

Mr. L. Fox's ch. f. Double Entendre, by Comus—Trictrac.

Sir J. Shelley's ch. f. by Blucher, out of Houghton Lass.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, Woful, or Wildfire.

Mr. Neville's c. by Phantom, out of Isia.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Reformer, by Whisker, out of Vourneen.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Orville, out of Barrosa.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Rebecca, by Soothsayer—Prudence.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Tiara, by Castrel or Soothsayer, out of Pope Joan.

Mr. Waddington's ch. f. Minna, by Woful, out of Diana.

Mr. Batson's b. f. by Castrel or Hedley, out of Pranks.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Soothsayer—Elizabeth, by Orville.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. Katherine, by Soothsayer—Quadrille.

Mr. Turner's b. c. Don Carlos, by Election—Miss Wasp.

Mr. Crockford's f. by Pioneer—Sister to Remembrancer.

Mr. Calley's ch. f. Ambrosine, by Guy Mannering.

General Grosvenor's b. f. Lynessa, by The Flyer.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Untried stallions or mares allowed 5lb. ; if both, 5lb.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Captain Candid, out of Folly (5lb.)

Mr. Wortley's c. by Comus, out of Octaviana (5lb.)

Mr. Wilson's c. by Comus, dam by Sancho.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Zaida.

Mr. Greville's c. by Phantom—Sister to Prince Leopold (5lb.)

Mr. Fraser's ch. f. Haidee, by Guy Mannering or Anticipation, out of Zephyretta (5lb.)

Duke of Portland's b. f. by Phantom, out of Duenna (5lb.)

Mr. Wyndham's c. by Phantom, out of Silvertail (5lb.)

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—D. M.

Duke of Portland's b. by Teasdale, out of Vaultress's dam.

Lord Jersey's ch. by Phantom, out of Fillagree.

Mr. Fox's ch. Lady Cecil, by Interpreter, out of Dulcinea.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Hampden, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. agst Lord Foley's b. f. Palais Royal, by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. Ab. M. 300 sovs. 200 ft.

Sir J. Byng's br. c. Edward, by Comus, out of Camilla, 8st. 7lb. agst Duke of Portland's b. f. by Phantom, out of Duenna, 8st. 4lb. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft.

Mr. Udny's c. by Woful, out of Pantina, agst Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Spoilt Child, by Scud, 8st. 7lb. each, 100 sovs. h. ft.—No course mentioned.

TUESDAY, April 11.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Skiff, by Partisan, out of Skipjack's dam, 8st. 7lb.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Virgilius, by Phantom, out of Blue Stockings, 8st. 4lb.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Silkworm, by Castrel—Corinne, 8st. 4lb.

Mr. G. L. Fox's bl. c. by Comus, out of Lady Ern, agst Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Selim, out of Aquilina, D.M. 200 sovs. h. ft.—No weights mentioned.

Mr. Powlett's b. c. Eden, by Comus, 8st. 5lb. agst Lord Dunwich's gr. f. Dandizette, by Whalebone, 8st. 3lb. D. M. 200 sovs. h. ft.

The First Class of the OATLANDS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. I.

Mr. Udny's b. c. Comte d'Artois, 3 yrs old, 7st. 70lb.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. Premium, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.

Celognel Wilson's br. c. by Juniper, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Pinwire, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
 Mr. Lee's b. f. Isabella, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.
 Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Cephalus, 3 yrs old, 7st.
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Reserve, 3 yrs old, 7st.
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Spoilt Child, by Scud, 3 yrs old, 7st.

WEDNESDAY, April 12.—The Second Class of the OATLANDS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. I.

Lord Darlington's br. c. Marcellus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Swivel, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. Bizarre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. Ganymede, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.
 Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Vedette, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.
 Colonel Wilson's bl. f. by Juniper, out of Spotless, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.
 Lord Warwick's b. c. Cardinal Puff, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.
 Mr. Bigg's Sunshine, Brother to Moonshine, 3 yrs old, 7st.
 The following are to pay 10 sovs. each, to be divided between the owners of the second horses in the two classes :—

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Hampden, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. Pastille, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Whizgig, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.
 Sir J. Byng's b. c. Morisco, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.
 Mr. T. Thornhill's b. c. Holbein, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.
 Mr. Robinson's br. c. Bertram, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. Cinder, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.

THURSDAY, April 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb.—R. M.—Untried mares or stallions allowed 5lb. ; if both, 5lb.

Duke of Portland's b. by Walton, out of Pledge.
 Mr. Fraser's St. Clair, by Guy Mannering, dam by Haphazard (5lb.)
 Mr. Greville's b. Myrmidon, by Partisan—Sea-mew (5lb.)
 Mr. Dundas's b. by Pyramus, out of Witch of Endor (3lb.)
 Lord Exeter's b. by Captain Candid, out of Phantom (3lb.)
 Mr. Wortley's ch. by Phantom, out of Propontis (3lb.)
 General Grosvenor's b. by The Flyer, out of Bellaria (3lb.)
 Mr. Neville's b. by Interpreter, out of Ridicule (5lb.)

The DINNER STAKES of 300gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1820: colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Rebecca, by Soothsayer—Prudence.
 General Grosvenor's b. f. by Lyrnessa, by The Flyer, out of Briseis.
 Sir B. Bloomfield's c. by Soothsayer, out of Blowing.
 Lord Foley's f. by Blucher, out of Scheherazade.
 Mr. Udny's ch. c. by Phantom—Sister to Parrot, by Walton.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Orville, out of Barrosa.
 Mr. Thornhill's f. by Scud, out of Goosander.
 Lord Reay's b. f. Specie, by Scud, out of Quail.
 Mr. Villiers's ch. c. by Don Cossack, out of Donna Clara.
 Duke of Grafton's f. (dead) by Woful, out of Miltonia.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Duke of York's b. c. by Election, out of Scrapall's dam.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Zaida.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Fantina.
 Mr. C. Wilson's b. c. by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Laisinka, by Smolensko, dam by Beningbrough.
 Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Angelica, by Rubens, out of Flover.
 Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. (dead) by Rubens, out of Musidora.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150l. h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Phantom, out of Minuet.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Muley, out of Medora.
 Duke of Portland's b. f. by Teasdale, out of Vaultress's dam.
 Mr. Villiers's ch. c. by Don Cossack, out of Donna Clara.
 Mr. Udny's ch. c. Grenadier, by Waterloo, out of Agnes.
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Virgilius, by Phantom, out of Blue Stockings.
 Mr. Prince's c. by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to Chester.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. h. ft. : colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Sir J. Byng's br. c. Edward, by Comus, out of Camilla.
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Skiff, by Partisan—Skipjack's dam.
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Captain Candid, out of Folly.
Mr. Williamson's ch. c. The Scholar, by Bourbon—Waxy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.

D. M.—Untried mares or stallions allowed 3lb. ; if both, 5lb.

Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of Tredrille (3lb.)
Mr. Wortley's f. by Walton, out of Calypso (3lb.)
Duke of Portland's b. f. by Phantom, out of Duenna (3lb.)
Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Phantom, out of Minuet (3lb.)
Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Sister to Parrot.
Mr. Fraser's c. (dead) by Phantom, out of Timareta.

FRIDAY, April 14.—The BURGHLEY STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.

Duke of York's b. by Seymour or Hedley—Gramarie.
Mr. Fox's ch. Lady Cecil, by Interpreter, out of Dulcinea.
General Grosvenor's b. Lynessa, by The Flyer—Briseis.
Lord Foley's b. f. by Blucher, dam by Soothsayer.
Duke of Rutland's b. by Soothsayer, out of Elizabeth.
Lord Exeter's br. by Cato, out of Omphale.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Interpreter—Ridicule.
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Pantina.
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Muley, out of Medora.
Lord Verulam's b. c. Brother to Interpreter.
Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, Woful, or Wildfire, out of Cressida.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, 30gs. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—R. M.

Mr. Fox's ch. Double Entendre, by Comus, out of Tricrac.
Mr. Batson's b. by Castrel or Hedley, out of Franks.
Mr. Fraser's ch. Ambrosine, by Guy Mannering, out of Miss Platoff.
Mr. Rush's b. by Pioneer, out of Discord.
Lord Exeter's br. by Cato, out of Omphale.
Mr. R. Wilson's b. (dead) The Doe, by Ditto—Antelope.

Sir J. Byng's b. c. Morisco, by Muley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. agst Duke of Portland's ch. f. Gabrielle, by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11b. A. F. 100 sovs. h. ft.

LAST DAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Duke of York's ch. by Hedley or Seymour—Gramarie.
Lord Jersey's f. Sister to Oracle, by Soothsayer—Buzzard.
Duke of Rutland's b. by Soothsayer, out of Elizabeth.
Sir J. Shelley's ch. by Blucher, out of Houghton Lass.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Across the Flat.

Mr. Calley's ch. f. Haidee, by Guy Mannering or Anticipation, out of Zephyretta.
Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Comus, out of Laurel Leaf.
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by Woful, out of Charcoal.
Sir J. Shelley's ch. f. by Blucher, out of Houghton Lass.
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Reformer, by Whisker, out of Vourneen.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1824.

(Whenever this Meeting, or any part of it, falls in May, the horses, with regard to their ages, are considered as if it had fallen in April.)

MONDAY, May 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—B. C.

Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Phasis, by Quiz, out of Persepolis.
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Talisman, by Soothsayer.
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Veil, by Rubens, out of Vestal.
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Spoilt Child, by Scud—Romp's dam.
Lord Grosvenor's bl. c. Bryn-y-orkyn, by Thunderbolt.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Alington, by Pavilion.
Duke of Portland's (dead) Brother to Tiresias.

The BREAKFAST STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb. each.

D. M.—Untried stallions or mares allowed 5lb.; if both, 5lb.

Duke of Portland's b. f. by Phantom, out of Duenna (3lb.)
Lord Verulam's ch. by Comus, out of Laurel Leaf.
Mr. Fraser's ch. Ambrosine, by Guy Mannering (5lb.)
Mr. Goddard's b. by Anticipation—Viscountess (3lb.)
Mr. Rush's b. by Pioneer, out of Discord (3lb.)
Lord Jersey's ch. by Soothsayer, dam by Buzzard.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Lord Grosvenor's br. Angelica, by Rubens—Plover.
Lord Jersey's f. by Soothsayer, out of Miss Sophia.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. by Orville, out of Barrosa.
Mr. Wilson's f. by Comus, dam by Camillus, out of Helen, by Delpini.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. each.

D. M.

Duke of York's c. by Phantom—Sister to Prince Leopold.
Lord Verulam's b. Brother to Interpreter, by Soothsayer.
Mr. Wortley's ch. by Comus, out of Octavian.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. by Blucher—Sister to Election.

Mr. W. Powlett's b. c. Brother to Antelope, agst Lord Exeter's br. c. by Pericles, out of Advance, 8st. 7lb. each. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. by Blucher, out of Scheherazade.
Lord Jersey's ch. by Phantom, out of Fillagree.
Lord Exeter's br. by Cato, out of Omphale.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—R. M.

Duke of York's b. c. Brother to Amabel, by Election.
Duke of Portland's b. by Walton, out of Pledge.
Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Brother to Ivanhoe, by Phantom.
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by Woful, out of Charcoal.
Mr. Wilson's c. by Comus, dam by Sancho.
Lord Stradbroke's ch. Cydnus, by Quiz, out of Persepolis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 300 each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A. F.

Mr. R. Milnes's b. c. Tancred, by Selim, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Premium, by Aladdin, 7st. 10lb.
Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Elfrid, by Wanderer, 7st. 6lb.
Lord Exeter's br. c. Troy, by Filhe da Puta, 7st. 5lb.

Mr. J. Walker's Netherfield, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Ramsbottom's Bay Burton, 8st. D. I. 200, h. ft.—off by consent.

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. Wiseacre, by Rubens, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Cephalus, by Blucher, 8st. 4lb. A. F. 100, h. ft.

TUESDAY, May 4.—The Two THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Cydnus, by Quiz, out of Persepolis.
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Pantina.
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Captain Candid, out of Folly.
Mr. Greville's b. c. by Phantom—Sister to Prince Leopold.
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Tiara, by Castrel or Soothsayer, out of Pope Joan.
Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, Woful, or Wildfire, out of Cressida.
Mr. Wortley's ch. c. by Comus, out of Octaviana.
Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Selim, out of Aquilina.
Mr. Haffenden's b. c. Schahriar, by Shuttle Pope—Dinarzade.
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Aigrette, by Rubens, out of Opal.
Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Bertha, by Rubens, out of Boadicea.
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Angelica, by Rubens, out of Plover.

WEDNESDAY, May 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Colonel Wilson's ch. by Soothsayer—Tippitywichtet.

Mr. Gooch's ch. by Quiz, out of Paleface.

Mr. Feilde's b. by Pan, out of Circe.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's br. c. Logic, by Selim, 8st. 10lb.

Mr. Udry's br. c. Comte d'Artois, by Bourbon, 8st.

Lord Exeter's b. f. Palais Royal, by Blucher, 8st.

Lord Darlington's b. c. by Whisker—Castrelia, 8st.

Mr. J. Rogers's b. c. Nicolo, by Selim, 7st. 10lb.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Pinwire, by Whalebone, 7st. 10lb.

Lord Jersey's b. c. by Phantom, out of Web, 7st. 7lb.

THURSDAY, May 6.—The ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's br. by Cato, out of Omphale.

Duke of Grafton's b. Rebecca, by Soothsayer—Prudence.

Duke of Portland's b. by Teasdale, out of Vaultress's dam.

Lord Jersey's ch. by Phantom, out of Fillagree.

Mr. Williamson's by President, dam by Hambletonian.

Mr. Wyndham's by Frolic—Election—Stingtail's dam.

Duke of Rutland's b. by Soothsayer—Elizabeth, by Orville.

Lord Grosvenor's br. Aigrette, by Rubens, out of Opal.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. Bertha, by Rubens, out of Boadicea.

Lord Grosvenor's br. Angelica, by Rubens, out of Plover.

Mr. H. Jones's br. by Muley, out of Black Beauty.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 each, h. ft.—A. F.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. Bizarro, by Orville, 8st.

Mr. Hunter's b. c. Ganymede, by Orville, 7st. 9lb.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Cinder, by Woful, 7st. 9lb.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. Premium, by Aladdin, 7st. 9lb.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Zealot, by Partisan, 7st. 6lb.

Lord Warwick's b. c. Cardinal Puff, by Phantom, 7st. 4lb.

Duke of Portland's br. c. Joseph, by Soothsayer, 7st. 3lb.

Lord Grosvenor's Bryn-y-orkyn, by Thunderbolt, 6st. 12lb.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Reserve, 6st. 12lb.

Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Brother to Ivanhoe, agst Lord Exeter's br. c. by Pericles, out of Advance, 8st. 5lb. each. D. M. 200 sovs. h. ft.

FRIDAY, May 7.—The NEWMARKET STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100gs. out of the stakes.

Duke of York names General Grosvenor's b. f. Lynressa, by The Flyer, out of Briscia.

Duke of York names b. c. by Interpreter, out of Ridicule.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Presentiment, by Anticipation, out of Louisa, by Pegasus.

Mr. Fraser's ch. f. Maidee, by Guy Mannering or Anticipation, out of Zephyretta.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Muley, out of Medora.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Rebecca, by Soothsayer—Prudence.

Mr. Udry's ch. c. Grenadier, by Waterloo, out of Agnes.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Pantina.

Lord Exeter names Mr. Prince's c. by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Chester, by Sir Peter.

Duke of Portland's b. c. by Walton, out of Fledge.

Mr. Wortley's ch. c. by Cornus, out of Octaviana.

Mr. Batson's b. c. by Phantom, out of Jesse.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Soothsayer—Elizabeth, by Orville.

Duke of Rutland names br. c. by Selim—Orville—Spinetta.

Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Cydnus, by Quiz, out of Persepolis.

Colonel Wilson's b. c. by Bourbon, out of Trimbush.

Mr. Rush's b. c. by Pioneer, out of Reserve.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Angelica, by Rubens, out of Plover.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Aigrette, by Rubens, out of Opal.

Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Selim, out of Aquilina.

Lord Verulam names br. f. by Muley, out of Black Beauty.

Mr. Jones names Mr. Ryan's ch. c. by Soothsayer, dam by Beningbrough, out of Black-lock's dam.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Silk Worm, by Castrel, out of Corinne.

Mr. W. Chifney's f. by Scud, dam by Waxy—Miss Furey.

Mr. Bouverie is a subscriber, but did not name.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Duke of York's b. by Hedley or Seymour, out of Gramarie.

Lord Verulam's ch. by Soothsayer, out of Tredrille.

Mr. Wortley's b. by Walton, out of Calypso.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. by Orville, out of Barrosa.

Duke of Rutland's b. by Soothsayer—Elizabeth, by Orville.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. c. by Blucher, out of a Sister to Election, agst General Grosvenor's b. f. Lyrnessa, by The Flyer, 8st. 7lb. each. R. M. 200g. h. ft.

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY, May 17.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies then three years old, 8st. 4lb. each.—Those named in the Oaks to carry 3lb. extra.—A. F.

Duke of Portland's b. f. Sister to Guerilla.

Duke of Portland's b. f. by Teasdale, out of Vaultress's dam.

Mr. Prendergast's f. by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Hospitality (3lb. extra.)

Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Bertha, by Rubens.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Muley, out of Medora.

Mr. Williamson's gr. f. by Aladdin, out of the dam of Schah Allum, agst General Grosvenor's b. f. by Blucher, dam by Seymour, grandam by Orville, out of Spinetta, 8st. 2lb. each. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY, July 12.—The First Year of a Renewal of the **JULY STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 30ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The New T. Y. C.—The colts, &c. for 1825, to be named in this Meeting.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Muleteer, by Muley, out of Norah.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Grey Leg, by Phantom, out of Bronze.

Mr. Wilson's c. by Smolensko, out of Fearnought's dam.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Scud, out of Dulcinea.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Cornus, out of Athenian's dam.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Election, out of Coquette.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Election, out of Catgut.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Partisan, dam by Orville.

General Grosvenor's b. f. by Muley, out of Sister to Little Peggy.

Mr. Wyndham's Brother to Twatty.

Mr. Wyndham's Sister to Pinwire.

Mr. Greville's b. f. by Phantom, dam by Waxy, out of Sister to Castanea.

Mr. Villiers's b. c. by Partisan, out of Skipjack's dam.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Stride, grandam by Drone.

Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Selim, out of Tredrille.

Mr. Rush's b. c. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail.

Mr. Hunter's br. f. by Orville, out of Pipylina.

Mr. Houghton's gr. c. Ostrich, by Young Gohanna, dam by Granicus, out of Marybella.

Lord Jersey's c. by Phantom, out of Oracle's dam.

Mr. W. Cooper's ch. c. Remnant, by Castrel, out of Dimity, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. agst Mr. J. King's b. f. Mistake, by Phantom, dam by Zodiac, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. T. Y. C. 25 sovs.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY, October 4.—Second Renewal of the **GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S STAKES** of 50g. each: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.

Duke of York's c. by Phantom—Sister to Prince Leopold.

Duke of York's c. by Election—Young Whiskey—Aladdin's dam.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Interpreter—Ridicule.

Lord Exeter's br. c. by Whalebone, out of Pantina.

Lord Exeter's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of Bess.

Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Brother to Ivanhoe, by Phantom, dam by Walton, out of Mock- [bird's dam.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, Woful, or Wildfire.

Mr. Fraser's ch. f. Ambrosine, by Guy Mannering, out of Miss Plateff.

Mr. Hunter's f. by Orville, out of Canvas.
 Mr. Wilson's br. c. by Smolensko—Shuttle—Eliza.
 Mr. Batson's b. c. by Phantom, out of Jesse.
 Duke of Portland's b. c. by Walton, out of Pledge.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Tiara, by Castrel, or Soothsayer, out of Pope Joan.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Phantom, out of Minuet.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by Woful, out of Charcoal.
 Mr. Udry's ch. c. Grenadier, by Waterloo, out of Agnes.
 Mr. H. Williamson's b. c. by Selim—Orville—Spinetta.
 Lord Verulam's b. c. Brother to Interpreter.
 Lord Verulam's br. c. Vargas, by Orville, out of Vittoria.
 Mr. Northey's c. by Blucher—Haphazard—Bourbon's dam.
 Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Don Carlos, Brother to Manfred.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Lynessa, by The Flyer—Briscia.
 Mr. Villiers's c. by Don Cossack, out of Donna Clara.
 Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Silvertail.
 Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Cydnus, by Quiz.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. Myrmidon, by Partisan, out of Sea-mew.
 Lord Harley's bl. f. Zerina, by Poulton, dam by Coriolanus.
 Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Angelica, by Rubens, out of Plover.
 Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Bertha, by Rubens, out of Boadicea.
 Mr. Gisborne is a subscriber, but did not name.

Mr. Udry's b. c. Emilius, by Orville, 4 yrs old, agst Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Jock the Laird's Brother, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. each, Ab. M. 500, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, 30 forfeit, for two-year old colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner of the July Stakes to carry 5lb. extra.

Duke of York's f. by Phantom, out of Rosalina.
 Duke of Grafton's f. by Election, out of Pawn.
 Lord Exeter's f. by Comus, out of Athenian's dam.
 Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Stride—Drone.
 Lord Verulam's f. by Selim, out of Vittoria.
 Mr. R. Wilson's c. by Muley, out of Medora.
 Mr. R. Wilson's f. by W.'s Ditto, out of Zoraida.

Sir J. Shelley's c. by Phantom, dam by Stride, grandam by Drone, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Prendergast's c. by the Cole Arabian, out of Janette, 7st. 9lb. T. Y. C. 200 sovs.
 The St. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Presentiment, by Anticipation.
 Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Cydnus, by Quiz, out of Persepolis.
 Colonel Wilson's br. c. by Interpreter, out of Spotless.
 Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Silvertail.
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. Rebecca, by Soothsayer—Prudence.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Tiara, by Castrel or Soothsayer, out of Pope Joan.
 Mr. Prendergast's b. f. by Soothsayer—Sister to Hospitality.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Pantina.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Pericles, out of Advance.
 Duke of Rutland's b. f. Katherine, by Soothsayer—Quadrille.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. by Soothsayer, dam by Waxy, out of Sister to Castanea.
 Mr. Batson's b. c. by Phantom, out of Jessy.
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Virgilius, by Phantom.
 Mr. Rush's c. by Pioneer, out of Reserve.
 Mr. Thornhill's Sister to Sailor.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY, October 18.—The POST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, 7st. 12lb. and four, 8st. 13lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—D. I. one to the Post.

Duke of Portland's c. by Teasdale, out of Vaultress's dam.
 Duke of Portland names Mr. Wortley's Sister to Guerilla, 3 yrs old.
 Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Comus, out of Laurel Leaf.
 Lord Verulam's ro. c. Vargas, by Orville, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Fua, Brother to Wanton.

Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Silvertail, 3 yrs old.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. Talisman, by Soothsayer.
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. Rebecca, by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old.
 Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Alington, by Pavilion.
 Lord Grosvenor's Bertha, by Rubens, 3 yrs old.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. Fanatic, by Soothsayer.
 Lord Exeter's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of Beas, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. Ganymede, by Orville.
 Mr. Hunter's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Camillus, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Prendergast's br. c. Chatham, by Waterloo or Blucher, dam by Election, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Prendergast's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Hospitality, 3 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—7lb. allowed to those got by Arabians.

Mr. Prendergast's c. by the Cole Arabian, out of Janette.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Election, out of Coquette.
 Mr. Williamson's c. by Haphazard, out of Harriet's dam.
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Comus, out of Athenian's dam.
 Mr. Pettit's f. by Soothsayer, out of Rantipole.

Duke of York's f. by Election, dam by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. agst General Grosvenor's b. f. Lyrnessa, by The Flyer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Cinder, by Woful, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Greville's b. c. Don Carlos, by Election, 3 yrs old, 8st. T. Y. C. 200.

THURSDAY, October 21.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Q. 1.

Duke of Portland's Sister to Guerilla.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Walton, out of Pledge.
 General Grosvenor's b. f. Lyrnessa, by The Flyer.
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Flaccus, by The Flyer.
 General Grosvenor's Morocco, Brother to Pantoufle.
 Mr. Fox's bl. c. by Comus, out of Lady Ern.
 Mr. Wyndham's c. by Phantom, out of Silvertail.
 Mr. Villiers's ch. c. by Don Cossack, out of Donna Clara.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Skiff, by Partisan—Skipjack's dam.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Tiara, by Castrel or Soothsayer.
 Mr. Greville's c. by Phantom—Sister to Prince Leopold.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. Myrmidon, by Partisan.
 Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Comus, out of Laurel Leaf.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Pantina.
 Lord Exeter's br. c. by Pericles, out of Advance.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Interpreter—Ridicule.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Orville, out of Barossa.
 Duke of Grafton's c. by Woful, out of Charcoal.
 Sir J. Shelley's Brother to Ivanhoe.
 Mr. Udny's ch. c. Grenadier, by Waterloo, out of Agnes.

FRIDAY, October 22.—Renewal of the **PRENDERGAST STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.

Duke of York's f. by Octavius, out of Lady of the Lake.
 Mr. Wortley's b. f. by Comus, out of Octaviana.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Election, out of Catgut.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Election, out of Coquette.
 Mr. Prendergast names ch. c. Hogarth, by Rubens, out of Pranks.
 Lord Exeter's c. by Scud, out of Dulcinea.
 Duke of Rutland's b. f. Phantom, out of Sorcerer.
 Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Stride—Drone.
 Mr. Rush's b. c. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Partisan, out of Sister to Caroline.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Smolensko, out of Fearnought's dam.
 Mr. Rogers's b. f. Scandal, Sister to Scratch.

NO DAY MENTIONED.—Mr. Williamson's br. c. by Haphazard, out of Harriet's dam, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Catton, out of Comical's dam, 8st. T. Y. C. 100 sovs. h. ft.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1824.

TUESDAY.—Lord Verulam's f. by Selim, out of Tredrille, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Prendergast's c. by the Cole Arabian, out of Janette, 8st. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft.
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EPSOM MEETING, 1894.

THURSDAY.—The Second and last Year of a Renewal of the **DERBY** STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last Mile and a Half.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100gs. out of the Stakes.—Sixty subscribers.

Lord Derby names Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Virgilius, by Phantom, out of Blue Stockings.

Lord Jersey names b. c. by Soothsayer, dam by Waxy, out of Moses's dam.

Ld. Grosvenor names Mr. Scarisbrick's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of I'm-sure-he-ah-an't.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Interpreter, out of Ridicule.

Lord G. H. Cavendish names Mr. Rush's b. c. by Pioneer, out of Reserve.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. by Phantom, Woful, or Wildfire, out of Cressida.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Reformer, by Whisker, out of Vourneen.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Comus, dam by Sancho, out of Vesta.

Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. Lyrnessa, by The Flyer, out of Briscis.

Lord Darlington's c. by Whisker, out of Mony Musk.

Mr. Batson's br. c. by Phantom, out of Jesse.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. Sir Gray, by Rubens, out of Duplicate's dam.

Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Cydnus, by Quiz.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York's Brother to Amabel.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York's c. by Phantom, out of Sister to Leopold.

Lord Verulam's Brother to Interpreter.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. Silk-worm, by Castrel, out of Corinne.

Mr. Rogers names Lord Warwick's b. c. by Phantom, out of a Sir Petronel mare.

Mr. Rogers names Mr. Greville's Don Carlos, Brother to Manfred.

Mr. Rogers names Marquis, Brother to The Duke.

Mr. Walker names Mr. Forth's br. c. Rambler, by Whalebone or Wanderer, out of Margareta.

Mr. Walker names Mr. Forth's br. c. Longwaist, by Whalebone, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Spitfire.

Mr. L. Charlton's ch. g. Neuter, by Orville or Phantom, out of Sunflower.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Soothsayer, out of Bess.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Pantina.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Captain Candid, out of Phantom.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Sister to Shoveler.

Mr. Thornhill names Lord Stradbroke's b. c. Hurly-burly, by Quiz, out of Witchery.

Mr. Fraser's f. Haidee, by Guy Mannering or Anticipation, out of Zaire's dam.

The Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Phantom, out of Minuet.

The Duke of Grafton's b. c. Skiff, by Partisan, out of Skipjack's dam.

The Duke of Grafton's Brother to Carbonaro.

Mr. Piers's Sister to Arbutus.

Mr. J. Benson's b. c. Enville, by Ebor, out of Quicksilver's dam.

Mr. Prendergast names c. Elephant, by Filho da Puta, out of Sister to Shuttle Pope.

Mr. Prendergast names Mr. Botham's ch. c. by Anticipation, dam by Stamford, out of Merryfield's dam.

Mr. Biggs names Mr. Greville's b. c. Myrmidon, by Partisan, out of Sister to Sailor.

Mr. Biggs names Sir J. Shelley's Brother to Ivanhoe.

Mr. T. Sadler's b. c. by Blucher, out of Little Folly.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Presentiment, by Anticipation, out of Vanloo's dam.

Mr. H. Williamson's br. c. by Selim, dam by Orville, out of Spinetta.

Mr. H. Williamson's ch. c. The Scholar, by Bourbon, out of Waxy Lass, bought of Mr. M. Robson.

Mr. Udry's ch. c. Grenadier, by Waterloo, out of Agnes.

Major Wilson names Mr. Neville's c. by Phantom, out of Isis.

Lord Egremont's c. by Phantom, out of Silvertail.

Lord Egremont's c. by Blucher, dam by Stamford, bought at Tattersall's.

Lord Egremont's c. by Whalebone, dam by Election, out of Amazon.

Sir W. Milner's br. c. Osmond, by Filho da Puta, out of Banshee.

Lord Clarendon names c. Swiss, by Whisker, out of Sister to Corduroy.

Mr. Villiers's ch. c. by Don Cosack, out of Donna Clara.

Mr. Crockford names Mr. Abbey's b. c. by Ashton, out of Idle Boy's dam.

Mr. Crockford names Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard (son of Castrel), out of Petronilla.

Duke of Rutland names Sir J. Byng's br. c. by Comus, his dam, Camilla, grandam, Paulina.

Duke of Rutland names Mr. Sidney's b. c. Peveril, by Selim, out of Rosabella.

Mr. Fryse names Mr. Bodenham's b. c. Truant, by Wild Boy, out of Fillikins.

Mr. Edmund Peel names Mr. Forth's b. c. Dactyle, by Orville, out of Metre.

Mr. S. Duncombe names gr. c. by Camillus, out of Urganda.
 Mr. Cox names Mr. Forth's gr. c. by Skim, dam by Sir Petronel.
 Mr. Turner's br. c. by Pericles, out of Miranda.
 Lord Harley's ch. c. Austerlitz, by Blucher, dam, Psyché.

FRIDAY.—The Second Year of a Renewal of the OAKS STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last Mile and a Half.—The owner of the second filly to receive 100gs. out of the Stakes.—Forty-three subscribers.

Lord Derby's br. f. by Milo, out of his Sorcerer mare.
 Lord Grosvenor's Angelica, by Rubens.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Orville, out of Barossa.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Blucher, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen.
 General Grosvenor's br. f. Lyrnessa, by The Flyer, out of Briseis.
 Gen. Grosvenor names Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Lásinka, by Smolensko, dam by Bening-brough, out of Miss Magnet.
 Lord Jersey's f. by Soothsayer, out of Master Henry's dam.
 Lord Stradbroke names Mr. Newton's f. by Woful, out of Diana.
 H. R. H. the Duke of York's b. f. by Hedley or Seymour, out of Gramarie.
 H. R. H. the D. of York names Mr. Howard's ch. f. by Henderskelf, out of Miss Blanche's dam.
 Lord Verulam's f. by Comus, out of Laurel Leaf.
 Mr. Rogers names Mr. Prendergast's b. f. by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Hospitality.
 Mr. Walker names Mr. Forth's b. f. Miss Jigg, by Partisan, out of Jest.
 Mr. Walker names Mr. Peel's gr. f. Fille de Joie, by Filho da Puta, out of Little Gimcrack's dam.
 Mr. L. Charlton's ch. f. Myra, by Soothsayer, out of Harriet, by Selim.
 The Duke of Grafton's f. Rebecca, by Soothsayer, out of Prudence.
 The Duke of Grafton's f. Tiara, by Castrel or Soothsayer, out of Pope Joan.
 Lord Exeter names Lord Foley's f. by Blucher, dam by Soothsayer.
 Mr. Thornhill's Sister to Shoveler.
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Specie, by Scud, out of Quail.
 Mr. Fraser's Ambrosine, by Guy Mannerling, out of Miss Platoff.
 Mr. Gilbert Cooper names Mr. Hickes's b. f. by Phantom, dam by Orville, grandam by Hambletonian.
 Mr. J. Benson names Mr. T. Peirse's b. f. by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict.
 Mr. W. Curteis names br. f. by Muley, out of Black Beauty.
 Lord Maynard names Lord Grosvenor's Aigrette, by Rubens.
 Lord Egremont's Sister to Sir Huldibrand.
 Lord Egremont's f. by Frolic, dam by Election, out of Scorpion's dam.
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord.
 Mr. Rush's br. f. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail.
 Mr. James names Mr. Williamson's gr. f. by President, dam by Hambletonian, out of Marcia.
 Lord Clarendon names b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond.
 Mr. Crockford names Mr. Greville's br. f. by Blucher, out of Scheherazade.
 Mr. Crockford names Mr. Petre's f. by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Crockford names Mr. Pickford's b. f. Monimia, by Muley, out of Sister to Petworth.
 The Duke of Rutland's f. by Soothsayer, out of Elizabeth.
 Mr. Hunter's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Camillus, out of Helen.
 Sir J. Shelley names Mr. O. Powlett's b. f. by Ebor, out of Orphan, by Camillus.
 Mr. Jones names Mr. Hill's b. f. by Shuttle Pope, out of Mrs. Fudge.
 Mr. Cox names Mr. Shard's ch. f. by Granicus, out of Lewina, by Selim.
 Mr. Turner names f. by Phantom, out of Fillagree.
 Mr. Turner names Mr. Goddard's f. by Anticipation, out of Viscountess.
 Mr. Dodington names Mr. Northey's f. by Skim, out of Ralphina.
 Lord Harley's bl. f. Zarina, by Poulton, dam by Coriolanus.

MIDDLEHAM MEETING, 1824.—(CLOSED.)

(The Week after Catterick Bridge Meeting.)

MONDAY, April 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for colts and fillies rising three years old: colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half. Major Cunningham's ch. c. by Outcry, out of Bella.

Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. by Ebor, dam by Walton.
 Lord Kelburne's gr. c. by Outcry, out of Blue Stockings.
 Sir P. Fergusson's ch. c. North Briton, by Octavian.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, dam by Walton.

TUESDAY, April 27.—The **YEARLING STAKES** of 20gs. each, for colts and fillies rising two years old.—Yearling Course.
 Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. Crowcatcher (late Riseber), by Blacklock, dam by Chorus, grandam by Orville, out of Offa-Dyke's dam.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Sir John, by Souvenir, out of Medora (bred in Ireland).
 Major Cunningham's b. c. by Amadis, out of Miss Hotham, by Paynator.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Ardrossan, out of Dolly's dam.

The **GOLD CUP** and **FILLY STAKES** did not fill.

PONTEFRACT MEETING, 1824.

FIRST DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile and three quarters.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Auburn, by Blacklock, out of Swift's dam.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. Hannah, by Smolensko, out of Gadabout.
 Mr. Wigfull's bl. c. Enchanter, by Smolensko, out of Holm.
 Lord Kelburne's gr. c. by Outcry, out of Blue Stockings.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Comus, out of Eliza Leeds's dam.
 Sir John Byng's br. c. Edward, by Comus, out of Camilla.
 Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. by Comus, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. Muscroft's br. c. Izennoff, by Smolensko, out of Miss Watt.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of Corinthian's dam.
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Doctor Solomon, by Walton—Hambletonian.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Diadem, by Catton.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. by Cervantes, out of Miss Catton.
 Mr. Lumley's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Merlin's dam.

SECOND DAY.—The **FOAL STAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Untried stallions allowed 3lb.—The last mile.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Smolensko, dam by Walton.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Whiskerandos, by Whisker, out of Clinkerina.
 Mr. Chadwick's ch. c. by Comus, out of Sally.
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. Dolly, by Comus, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Farnsfield, by Filho da Puta—Stamford.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Forester.

THIRD DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Seven furlongs.

Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Androgeus, by Minoes, out of Miss Craigie.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Ardrossan, dam by Delpini.
 Mr. J. Croft's b. f. by Bourbon, out of Masquerade.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. f. by Comus, out of Cowslip.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. by Comus, out of Rhubarb's dam.
 Sir John Byng's br. c. by Comus, out of Gadabout.
 Mr. Jones's br. c. by Interpreter, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Moss's ch. c. Peter Liberty, by Amadis, dam by Sancho.

The **LEDSTON STAKES** of 25gs. each, then three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Elephant, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Jones's b. c. Izennoff, by Smolensko, out of Miss Watt.

The **STAPLETON PARK STAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Petre's b. c. by Selim, out of Juliana.
 Mr. L. Fox's br. c. by Walton, out of Trictrac.
 Mr. L. Fox's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Election, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Whisker, out of Borodino's dam (dead).
 Mr. Wyvill's b. c. by Comus, out of Carlton's dam.
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. f. by Ardrossan, out of Shepherdess.
 Mr. Wilson's (dead) by Comus, out of Antelope's dam.

DURHAM MEETING, 1824.

THURSDAY, May 6.—The **DURHAM WELTER CUP**, value 50gs. given by the Members for Durham, added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough bred.

Mr. Russell's ro. g. Leporella, by Don Juan, 5 yrs old.
Major Healey's br. m. Kate, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old. [6 yrs old.
Mr. M. A. Taylor's b. g. Thunderbolt, by Young Remembrancer, dam by Douglas,
Mr. Mason's ch. g. by Egremont, dam by Hermes, 5 yrs old.
Mr. M. Culley's b. c. by Young Whiskey, 4 yrs old.
Mr. J. G. Clarke's b. f. by Whitworth, dam by Sir H. Dimsdale, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Juanna, by Don Juan, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Hudson's b. g. Charles, by Knowsley, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Lambton's b. m. Pecunia, by Octavian, aged.
Mr. W. Watson's br. g. Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Martindale's br. h. Why Not, aged.
Mr. Hopkinson's b. m. Eliza, by Young Sorcerer, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Horn's b. m. Kitty Clover, 6 yrs old.

FRIDAY, May 7.—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 20gs. each, p. p. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.—A winner in 1824 to carry 3lb. extra.

Mr. Russell's b. f. by King of Diamonds—Hambletonian.
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Count Porro, by Leopold.
Mr. Robinson's ch. f. by Catton.
Mr. Pierce's b. c. by Whisker, out of a Sister to Benedict.

The **SILVER CUP**, value 50gs. by a subscription of 5l. each, with 25l. added by the Marquis of Londonderry, for horses, &c. that never won 100gs. at any one time in plate or stakes: three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Russell's br. g. Alpha, by Ashton, aged.
Mr. Lambton's ch. m. Verona, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
Mr. M. A. Taylor's b. g. by Leopold—Silenus's dam, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Brother to Bay Burton, by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
Mr. W. Hutchinson's ch. g. by Comus, 4 yrs old.
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. North Briton, by Octavian, 3 yrs old.
Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Don Antonio, by Octavian, dam by St. George, out of Antea-
Lord Londonderry's ch. f. by Bigot, 3 yrs old. [nio's dam, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Fowlett's b. f. by Whitworth, dam by Petworth, 3 yrs old.

The **OLD STAKES**, the **FOUR-YEAR-OLDS' STAKES**, and the **SMIDDY HAUGH STAKES**, are re-opened till the 1st of April.

LEEDS COMMENCEMENT RACES, 1824.

WEDNESDAY, June 23.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and a half.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Bourdeaux, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
Mr. F. Lumley's ch. f. Nelly, by Teddy the Grinder, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Palatine, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Jones's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. by Aladdin, out of Aquilina, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Brother to Eliza Leeds, 3 yrs old.
Lord Scarbrough's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Catton, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Salvin's ch. f. Princess, by Comus, 4 yrs old.

THURSDAY, June 24.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape, by Filho da Puta, out of Sister to Agnes Sorrel.
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. Sister to Carouser, by Comus.
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Sister to Diadem, by Catton.
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Cock Robin, by Blacklock, dam by Cerberus, out of Alfana.
Mr. Brown's ch. f. Cock-a-doodle-doo, by Comus—Nitro.

The **GOLD CUP**, or **PIECE OF PLATE**, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added: three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.

8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of the Cup at York, or Manchester, this year, to carry 3lb. extra.—Two miles.

Mr. E. Petre's b. h. Theodore, by Woful, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Palatine, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Hudson's b. g. Sir Henry, by Comus, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Watt's b. c. Abnon, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Armstrong's br. h. Alexander, by Don Cossack, aged.
Mr. R. Milnes's b. h. Figaro, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old.
Lord Kelburne's br. h. May Day, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
Mr. J. Ferguson's b. h. Wanton, by Woful, 5 yrs old.

FRIDAY, June 25.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.

Mr. E. Petre's br. c. Isennoff, by Smolensko—Miss Watt.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Farnsfield, by Filho da Puta, dam by Stamford.
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Carouser, by Comus—Anticipation.
Sir J. Byng's br. f. Hannah, by Smolensko—Gadabout.
Mr. M. W. Chaytor's ch. f. Lady Bab.
Mr. Watt's b. f. Panthea, by Comus or Blacklock, out of Manuella.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred : four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb. ; five, 11st. 5lb. ; six, and aged, 12st.—Gentlemen riders.—A winner once to carry 5lb. twice, 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.—Certificates to be produced before starting.

Mr. Lund's gr. h. Flaxtonian, by Orville, aged.
Mr. R. Kay's br. m. Kate, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Armstrong's br. h. by Mowbray—Sir H. Dimsdale, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Watson's br. g. Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, 6 yrs old.
Mr. T. Duncombe's ch. c. St. Leger, by Octavius, 4 yrs old.

To enter for the ONE HUNDRED POUNDS PURSE—FIFTY POUNDS—The LADIES' PURSE of 50l.—and a HANDICAP STAKES, of 5l. each, with a SUBSCRIPTION PURSE added, on Monday in the race week, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, at the Grand Stand.

NEWCASTLE MEETING, 1824.

MONDAY.—The PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—Two miles.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. f. by Viscount, out of Anna.
Mr. T. O. Powllett's b. f. Miss York, by Ebor—Shuttle.
Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Phantom, out of Lady Heron.
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Royalist, by Leopold—Rosalind.
Mr. Gascoigne's br. or bl. f. by Walton, out of Trulla.
Mr. Riddell's b. f. by X. Y. Z. dam by Pipator.
Mr. Riddell's b. c. by Mustachio, by Whisker—Leon Forte.
Mr. Loftus's b. f. by Raphael, out of Kitty, by Orville.
Mr. J. Benson's b. c. Enville, by Ebor—Billiard-ball.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Newcastle Turn-In.

Lord Queensberry's br. c. Krasno, by Smolensko.
Lord Kelburne's gr. c. by Outcry, out of Blue Stockings.
Sir J. H. Maxwell's b. f. Sister to Fair Helen, by Viscount.
Sir A. Don's br. c. The Nick, by Fitz Orville.
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Sherburn, by Leopold, dam by Deceiver.
Mr. Brandling's br. c. by Blacklock, dam by Dick Andrews.
Mr. Baird's b. c. Robin Hood, by Walton—Orange Boven.

SECOND YEAR of a Renewal of the GOSFORTH STAKES, for three years, of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses, &c. of all ages : three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 11lb. ; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Lord Queensberry's br. c. Prosody, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old.
Lord Kelburne's br. h. May Day, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
Mr. T. O. Powllett's ch. c. Portrait, by Comus, 4 yrs old.
Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. by Epperston—Stamford, 3 yrs old.
Sir C. Menck's b. c. by X. Y. Z. 3 yrs old.

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. Verona, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Brandling's br. c. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. J. L. Loraine's ch. m. Aurora, by Leopold, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. John Davidson's bl. h. Pluto, by Smolensko, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Baird's b. c. Robin Hood, by Walton, out of Orange Boven, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, 3 yrs old.

The TYRO STAKES of 20gs. each, p. p. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, out of Maniac.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Viscount, out of Blue Stockings.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Count Porro, by Leopold, out of Wathcote Lass.
 Mr. Russell's gr. f. by Orville, out of Miss Gayton.
 Mr. Pringle's bl. f. Bone de Paris, by Young Whiskey.

Mr. Baird's br. c. Cleveland, by Prime Minister, out of Anne Bullen, agst Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, 8st. each, T. Y. C. 100gs. h. ft.

TUESDAY.—The X. Y. Z. STAKES of 25gs. each: three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Lord Londonderry's b. c. by Ebor, out of Miss Haworth.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Percy's dam.
 Sir P. Musgrave's b. c. by Ebor, dam by Walton.
 Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Smolensko, dam by Walton.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. by Orville or Castrel—Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Jones's br. c. Izennoff, by Smolensko, out of Miss Watt.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bl. c. Smolensko, out of Louisa.

The FILLY STAKES of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. each.—One mile.

Lord Londonderry's ch. by Bigot, out of Remembrancer.
 Sir M. W. Ridley's ch. Constance, by Comus—Catherine.
 Mr. Lambton's br. Margravine, by Smolensko, out of The Duchess.
 General Sharpe's ch. Dolly, by Comus, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. Robinson's b. Miss York, by Ebor, dam by Shuttle.

WEDNESDAY.—The CONVIVIAL STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.: two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7st.; four, 8st. 1lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 1lb.—Two miles.—To name on the Thursday before running.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir W. Maxwell.	Lord Kelburne.	Sir A. Don.	Mr. Alexander.
Sir J. H. Maxwell.	Mr. Stewart.	Mr. Maule.	Mr. Fox.
Sir D. Moncrieffe.	Mr. Skene.	Mr. Brandling.	Mr. Powlett.
Lord Queensberry.	Mr. Milnes.	Mr. Hawthorn.	

The SILVER CUP, value 60gs. given by the Corporation of Newcastle, added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, and upwards, 8st. 10lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—The second to receive 20gs. out of the Stakes.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.

Duke of Leeds's b. h. Mercutio, by Mowbray, 5 yrs old.
 Lord Kelburne's b. f. Sister to May Day, 4 yrs old.
 Sir H. St. Paul's ch. c. North Briton, by Octavian, 3 yrs old.
 Sir M. W. Ridley's b. c. Ringlet, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.
 Sir C. Monck's b. c. by X. Y. Z. 3 yrs old.
 Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. by Epperston—Stamford, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. c. by Walton—Thomasina, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. m. Verona, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Lambton's b. g. by Leopold, out of Silenus's dam, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Sherriff's ch. m. Aurora, by Leopold, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Wyvill's gr. m. by Comus, out of Lisette, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Butcher, by Harmodius, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Johnson's ch. c. Brother to Bay Burton, by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Kent's gr. c. by Zeno, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Slater's b. f. Sister to Sir Henry, by Comus, 4 yrs old.

The CHANTER STAKES of 25gs. each, 10 ft.: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—One mile.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded.

Lord Queensberry's ch. f. Lady Cecil, by Interpreter, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Lambton's b. g. by Leopold, out of Silenus's dam, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Lee's ch. f. by Mango (Brother to Truffle), dam by Alexander, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Hudson's b. f. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old.

THURSDAY.—The GOLD CUP, by subscriptions of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.
—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four miles.

Duke of Leeds's b. h. Mercutio, by Mowbray, 5 yrs old.
Lord Queensberry's br. c. Prosody, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old.
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford, 4 yrs old.
Lord Kennedy's b. h. Negotiator, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old.
Lord Saltoun's b. c. Conspiracy (late Sinbad), by Raphael, 4 yrs old.
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. c. Ringlet, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.
Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. Fair Helen, by Viscount, aged.
Sir A. Don's b. c. Zerbino, by X. Y. Z., 4 yrs old.
Sir H. St. Paul's b. h. Wanton, by Woful, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Lambton's ch. m. Verona, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Lambton's ch. h. Corinthian, by Comus, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Cerberus—Momentilla, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Ellison's ch. f. Constance, by Comus, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Davidson's ch. m. Aurora, by Leopold, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Bell's bl. h. Angler, by Walton, 5 yrs old.

ASCOT HEATH MEETING, 1824.

FIRST DAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. each.—New mile.

Duke of York's b. Brother to Amabel.
Duke of Portland's b. by Walton, out of Pledge.
Lord Darlington's b. by Whisker—Moneymusk.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. by Interpreter—Ridicule.
Lord Verulam's ro. Vargas, by Orville.
Mr. Greville's b. Don Carlos, by Election.
Sir J. Shelley's ch. Brother to Ivanhoe.
Mr. Rogers's ch. Silkworm, by Castrel—Corinne.
Lord Egremont's Brother to Vertigo.

SECOND DAY.—The ALBANY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winners of the 2000gs. Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5lb. extra.—New mile.

Duke of York's b. c. by Phantom—Sister to Prince Leopold.
Lord Darlington's b. c. by Whisker—Moneymusk.
Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Soothsayer—Tredrille.
Lord Stradbroke's b. c. Hurly Burly, by Quiz.
Mr. J. Smith's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Vignette.
Mr. F. Craven's b. c. Longwaist, by Whalebone.
Duke of Rutland's ch. f. Katherine, by Soothsayer.

The WINKFIELD STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.

Duke of York's b. c. by Phantom—Sister to Prince Leopold.
Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Brother to Ivanhoe.
Mr. West's b. c. by Crecy, out of Alpha's dam.
Mr. Biggs's b. c. Bulow, by Blucher, out of Lamia.
Lord Exeter's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of Bess.
Mr. Villiers's ch. c. by Don Cossack—Donna Clara.
Mr. Forth's gr. c. by Skim, dam by Sir Petronel.
Lord Warwick's b. c. Brother to Cardinal Puff.

• Duke of Grafton's b. c. Skiff, by Partisan.

The SWINLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each.—Mile and half.

Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.
Lord Darlington's ch. c. Barefoot, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Scarborough, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.

THIRD DAY.—The WINDSOR FOREST STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The winner of the 2000gs. Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5lb. extra.—The Old Mile.

Lord Verulam's ch. by Comus, out of Vapour's dam.
Mr. T. Scraith's b. by Whalebone, out of Vignette.
Mr. F. Craven's b. Miss Jig, by Partisan, out of Jet.
Duke of Rutland's ch. Katherine, by Soothsayer.

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, a subscription of 20 sovs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—The second horse to receive back his stake.—About two miles and a half.

Duke of York's ch. c. Premium, by Aladdin, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Elfrid, by Wanderer, 4 yrs old.
Lord Verulam's b. c. Vaurien, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old.
Mr. West's ch. m. Angelica, by Fyldener, 5 yrs old.
Lord G. Cavendish's b. c. Bizarre, by Orville, 4 yrs old.
Lord Darlington's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Whiteside's b. h. Brother to Antonio, 5 yrs old.

LAST DAY.—Mr. Cooper's ch. f. Elizabeth, by Sertorius, out of Ajax's dam, 8st. 4lb. agst Mr. Mellish's b. f. Hippolyta, by Seymour (bought of Mr. Gardiner, of Oak Farm, Chertsey), 8st. 2lb. last half mile, 25 sovs.

MANCHESTER MEETING, 1824.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.—The **PRODUCE STAKES** of 50gs. each: three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Twice round the course, and a distance.

Lord Derby's ch. c. Puglist, by Milo, dam by Buzzard.
Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Manoeuvre, by Rubens—Finesse.
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. Rebecca, by Walton, out of Fanina.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Shuttle.
Mr. Mytton's b. f. (dead) by Rubens, out of Mervinia.
Mr. Yates's b. c. (dead) by Filho da Puta, dam by Walton.

THE MANCHESTER ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added: three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—The St. Leger Course, one mile and three quarters.

Mr. E. G. Stanley's ch. c. Puglist, Brother to Eryx.
Sir W. Wynne's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Banshee.
Sir John Byng's br. f. Hannah, by Smolensko—Gadabout.
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn.
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Cestrian—General Mina's dam.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Miller of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Farnsfield, by Filho da Puta.
Mr. E. Yates's b. c. Guy Faux, by Welbeck—Cerberus.
Colonel Yates's b. f. by Ebor, out of Orphan.
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. by Bigot, dam by Remembrances.
Mr. Mytton's br. c. Oswestry, by Filho da Puta—Benningbrough.
Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Hybla, by Rubens, out of Larissa.
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Masque, by Cœmus, out of Sheba's Queen.

THE MANCHESTER GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round the course, and a distance.

Mr. E. G. Stanley's b. h. Morisco, by Muley, 5 yrs old.
Mr. E. Yates's b. c. Guy Faux, by Welbeck, 3 yrs old.
Colonel Yates's gr. c. Skeleton (late Chanter), 4 yrs old.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Palatine, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Walmsley's b. m. Amiable, by Orville, 6 yrs old.
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver, 6 yrs old.
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. General Mina, by Camillus, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Buckley's gr. h. Sir Edward, by Friend Ned, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Wigfull's br. g. Little Driver, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Leicester's b. h. Theodore, by Woful, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Andrew's b. c. Abron, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.
Sir W. Wynne's br. h. Belmont, by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs old.
Mr. E. Hanson's b. h. Orator, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville, 4 yrs old.

THURSDAY, June 10.—The **WILTON STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for all ages: three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 8st. 1lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles,

and a distance.—The winner of the Manchester Cup, in 1824, to carry 3lb. extra.—To name on the day of entry for the Plates.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Colonel Yates.	Mr. E. Yates.	Sir T. S. M. Stanley.	Mr. R. Pettit.
Mr. Houldsworth.	Mr. E. G. Stanley.	Mr. W. Hutchinson.	Lord Grosvenor.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. E. Yates's b. f. Eve, by Paulowitz, out of Berenice.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape, by Filho da Puta.

Mr. Johnson's br. f. Proserpine, by Rhadamanthus.

Mr. Clifton's ch. f. by Walton, out of Thomasina.

A FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft. with 50 sovs. added, for five, six, and aged horses, &c.—Twice round the course, and a distance.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. Sir Henry, by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.

Mr. Petre's b. h. Theodore, by Woful, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.

Mr. Rogers's gr. h. Sir Edward, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.

Mr. Kirby's ch. m. Violet, by Comus, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. with 50 sovs. added, for three and four-year-olds: three, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.—Fillies and geldings allowed 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—To name on the day of entry for the Plates.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir T. S. M. Stanley.	Mr. Houldsworth.	Mr. W. Hutchinson.	Mr. Clifton.
Sir John Byng.	Mr. Johnson.	Mr. R. Pettit.	Lord Grosvenor.
Sir W. Wynne.	Mr. T. Hutchinson.		

FRIDAY, June 11.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 sovs. added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—One mile, and a distance.—To name on the day of entry for the Plates.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Houldsworth.	Sir J. Byng.	Mr. T. Hutchinson.
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The GREAT MANCHESTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 100gs. added, by the Innkeepers, Publicans, and others of the town and neighbourhood, for all ages: three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles and three-quarters.—The winner of the Manchester St. Leger, or Gold Cup, in 1824, to carry 3lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.

Sir W. Wynne's br. h. Belmont, by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Kirby's ch. m. Violet, by Comus, 5 yrs old.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. General Mina, by Camillus, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Johnson's b. c. by Octavian, dam by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old.

Mr. Kay's br. g. Condorus, by Comus, 5 yrs old.

Mr. T. Hutchinson's ch. c. Landlord, by Bigot, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Palatine, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Farnsfield, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old.

Lord Sligo's gr. c. Skeleton, by Master Robert, 4 yrs old.

Mr. R. Pettit's gr. f. Bravura, by Outcry, 3 yrs old.

Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Adroit, by The Flyer, 4 yrs old.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. Whittington, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.

In case any of the above-mentioned Stakes should be walked over for, the money added thereto will not be paid.

CHELTENHAM MEETING, 1824.

The Races will be run upon a New Course, if opened in due time, but if not, upon the present one.

FIRST DAY.—The **PRESTBURY STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 sovs. added from the fund, for all ages.—Three-year-old Course.—The weights to be published in the first Sheet Calendar for 1824: only five sovs. ft. if declared by the Monday week following. The winner to run on the third day of the meeting, with as many of the beaten horses as may challenge

him, for 30 sovs. each, he carrying 5lb. extra, same distance, provided they challenge before eight o'clock on the evening of the race, to the Secretary of the Cheltenham Turf Club.—The five sovs. forfeit to go the winner of the challenge; if no challenge, to go to the original winner. Second horse on the first day to save his stake.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. c. Achmet, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. f. Phessant, 3 yrs old.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. Whittington, 4 yrs old.

Mr. West's ch. m. Angelica, 5 yrs old.

Col. Yates's gr. h. Swap, 5 yrs old.

Col. Yates's b. h. Orator, 5 yrs old.

Col. Yates's ch. c. Mendax, 4 yrs old.

Col. Yates's gr. f. Fille de Joie, 3 yrs old.

Mr. E. Yates's b. c. Guy Faux, by Welbeck.

Mr. Benson is a subscriber, but did not name.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Three-year-old Course, about a mile.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard, out of Petronilla.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Thirzina, by Aladdin.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. Sir Gray, by Rubens.

Mr. E. Yates's b. c. Guy Faux, by Welbeck.

Col. Yates's gr. f. Fille de Joie, by Filho da Puta.

Mr. Fulwar Craven's Miss Jig, by Partisan, out of Jest.

Lord Warwick's b. c. Brother to Cardinal Puff.

Mr. Forth's gr. c. by Skim, dam by Sir Petronel.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of untried mares, covered by untried stallions: colts, 8st. 7lb; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Calley's ch. f. Ambrosine, by Guy Mannering.

Mr. E. Jones's b. c. by King of Diamonds, dam by Waxy.

Lord Rossmore omitted to declare the produce of his mare.

Renewal of the GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15ft. and five only if declared on or before the 14th of June.—Three to remain in, or no race, to which there are at present 59 subscribers.

THIRD DAY.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie: three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Cup Course, about three miles.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. Whittington, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Polhill names ch. c. Mendax, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old.

Mr. J. B. Brown names Mr. Thornhill's b. h. Holbein, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Willan names b. h. Orator, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old.

Sir B. W. Guise names ch. g. Neuter, 3 yrs old.

Mr. West's br. h. Sharper, by Octavius, 5 yrs old.

Mr. West's ch. m. Angelica, by Fyldener, 5 yrs old.

Major O. Gore's gr. h. Rowston, by Camillus, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Elwes names c. by Hollyock, out of Rally, 5 yrs old.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. g. Madoc, by Comus, 4 yrs old.

Lord Warwick's br. c. Cardinal Puff, by Phantom, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Robinson's br. c. Bertram, by Smolenako, 4 yrs old.

Mr. T. Sadler's b. h. Atlas, by Hedley, 5 yrs old.

Mr. B. Ockendon's b. c. Triumph, by Fyldener, 4 yrs old.

Lord Ducie names b. c. Felix, by Comus, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Whiteside's b. h. Brother to Antonio, 5 yrs old.

Colonel Latour's b. h. Langtonian, by Langton, aged.

Mr. Browne's ch. c. Melampus, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Dolphin's bl. f. by Waterloo, out of Rose, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.

Mr. Welsh names b. f. Plover, by Bustard, 4 yrs old.

Lord Sherborne and Mr. Knightly are subscribers, but did not name.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb. One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. Oswestry, by Filho da Puta.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. Sir Gray, by Rubens.

Mr. Fulwar Craven's Miss Jig, by Partisan, out of Jest.

Mr. Forth's gr. c. by Skim, dam by Sir Petronel.

KNUTSFORD MEETING, 1824.

FIRST DAY.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1820: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Those marked * allowed 3lb.

*Lord Stamford's b. f. Kite, by Bustard, out of Olympia.

Lord Stamford's b. c. Portrait, by Rubens—Miss Hap.

*Lord Derby's gr. g. Grildrig, by Camillus, out of Rosalba.

*Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Manœuvre, by Rubens—Finesse.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. by Rubens, out of Pearl.

*Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Venus.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, out of his Hipped Mare.

*Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Cestrian, dam by W.'s ditto.

*Mr. Clifton's ch. c. by Walton, out of Madame Saqui.

Sir J. G. Egerton is a subscriber, but did not name.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.

—Mares and geldings allowed 5lb.—Three miles.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville, 4 yrs old.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Colchicum, by Champion, 4 yrs old.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. General Mina, by Camillus, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Egerton's b. h. Tarragon, by Haphazard, aged.

Mr. Brooke's b. f. Active, by Partisan, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.

Mr. Arden's b. h. Belmont, by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs old.

Lord Stamford, Lord Grey, and E. G. Stanley, Esq. are subscribers, but did not name.

SECOND DAY.—**THE PEPPER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—A winner of one stake that week to carry 3lb.—of two or more, 5lb. extra.—Once round, and a distance.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Etiquette, 4 yrs old.

Sir H. Mainwaring's ch. c. General Mina, 4 yrs old.

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Falcon, by Bustard, 4 yrs old.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Egerton's b. f. Kite, by Bustard, 3 yrs old.

Lord Stamford is a subscriber, but did not name.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.: for three-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—Peover Course.

Lord Derby's ch. c. Puglist, Brother to Eryx.

Sir W. Wynne's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Banshee.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Milo, out of Hooton's dam.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Manœuvre, by Rubens—Finesse.

Mr. R. F. Benson's ch. c. by Zodiac, out of a Sister to Orange Flower.

Mr. R. F. Benson's b. f. Itty Pet, by Blucher—Rubens.

Mr. Clifton's b. f. Chapeau de Paille, by Rubens.

THE TATTON PARK STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Egerton's gr. f. by Smolensko—Sister to Orphan.

Lord Derby's br. f. Lady Eleanor, by Milo—Sorcerer.

Sir J. Byng's bl. f. Tragedy, by Smolensko—Desdemona.

Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. by Blacklock, dam by Juniper.

Lord Stamford's b. f. Kite, by Bustard, out of Olympia.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Aigrette, by Rubens.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Rubens, dam by Meteor.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Archduchess, by Rubens or Artichoke, out of Queen of Diamonds.

LAST DAY.—**A SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. each: for colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three Pounds allowed, &c.—Two miles.

Lord Stamford's b. f. Glamorgan, by Bustard, out of Poulтина, by Poulton (3lb.)

Lord Stamford's b. f. Kite, by Bustard, out of Olympia (3lb.)

Lord Derby's br. f. Lady Eleanor, by Milo.

Sir T. M. Stanley's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn (3lb.)

Sir T. M. Stanley's b. c. by Milo, out of Hooton's dam.

Sir W. Wynne's br. c. by Filho da Puta—Banshee (3lb.)

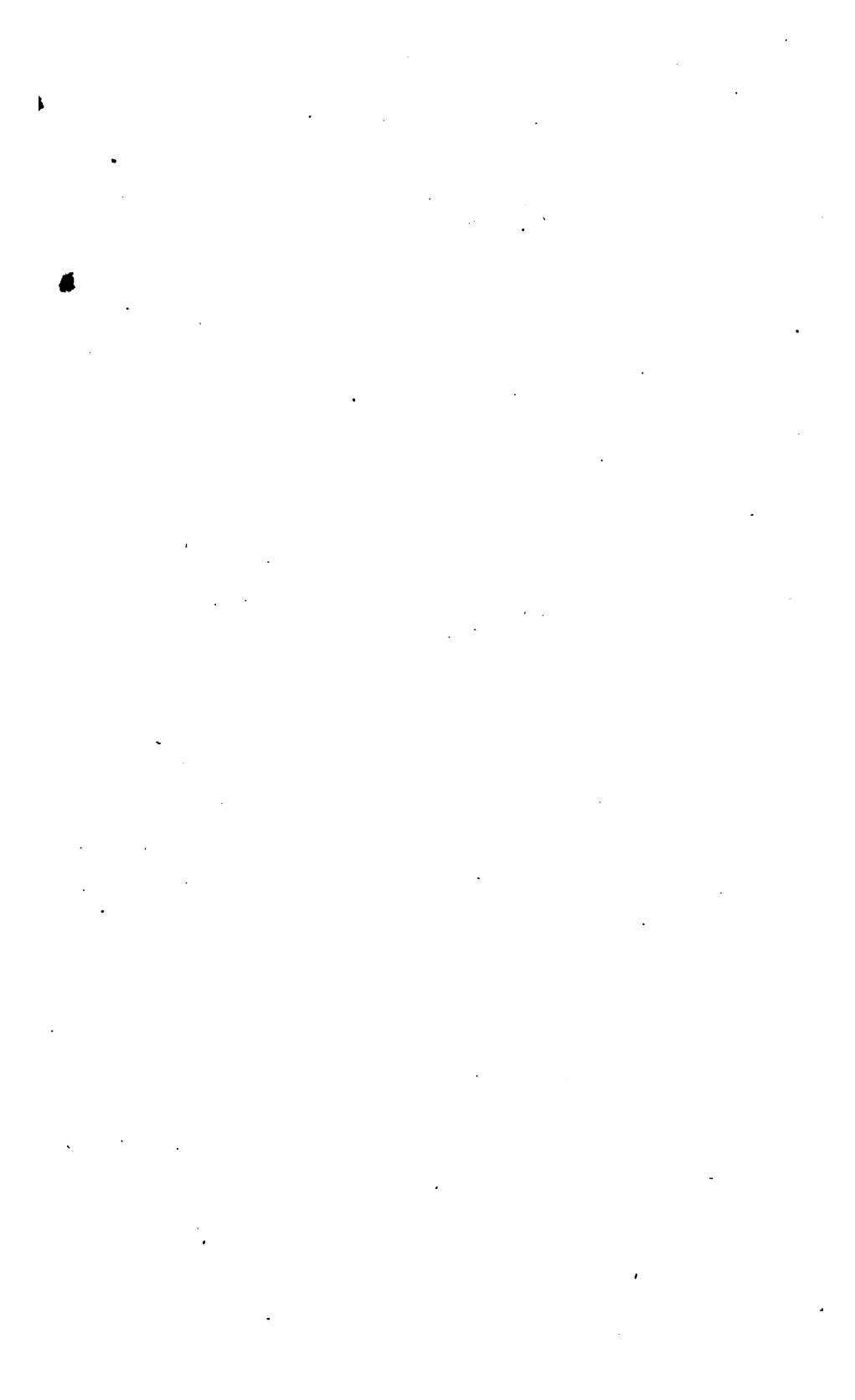
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Archduchess, by Rubens or Artichoke, out of Princess Royal's dam.





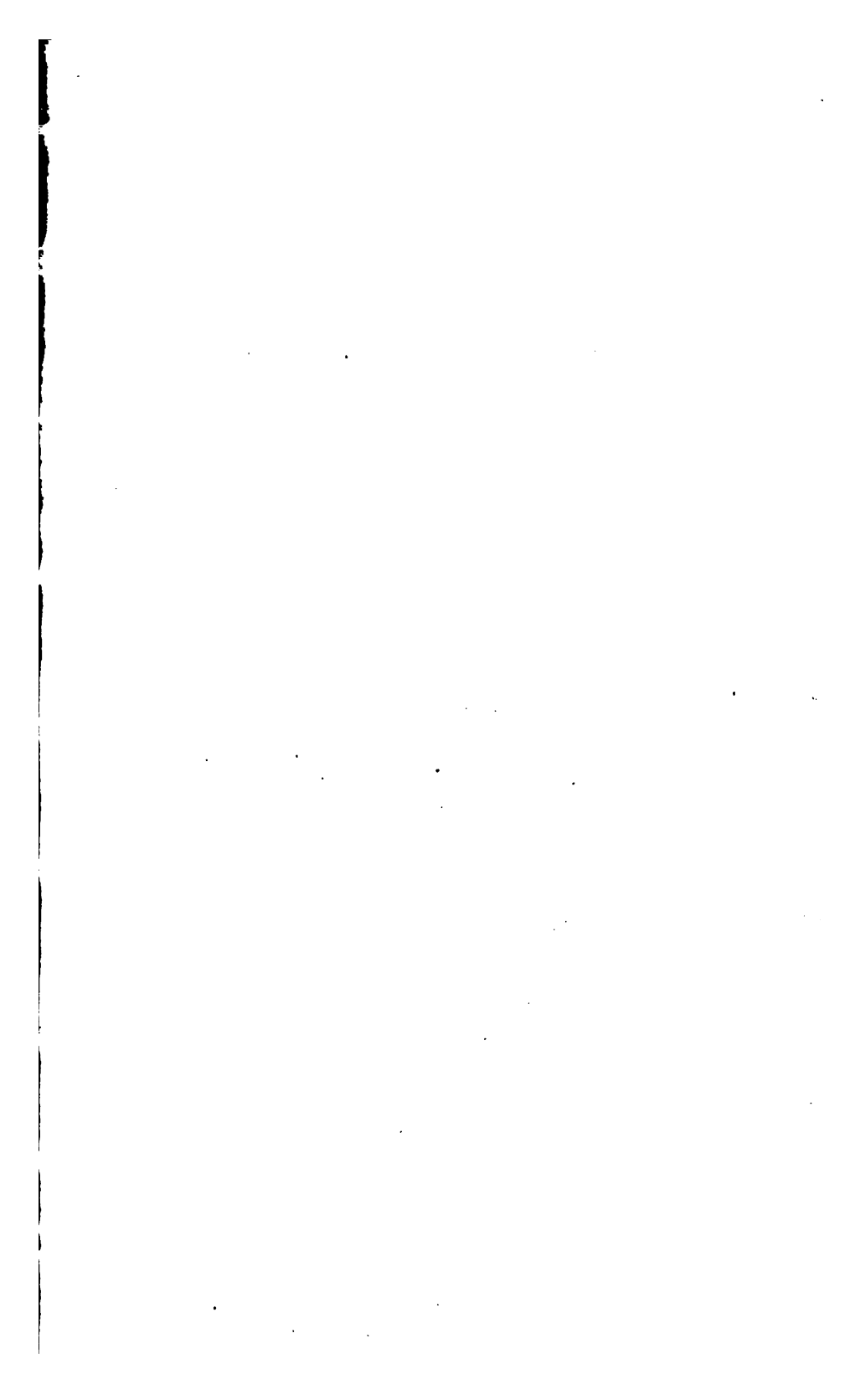


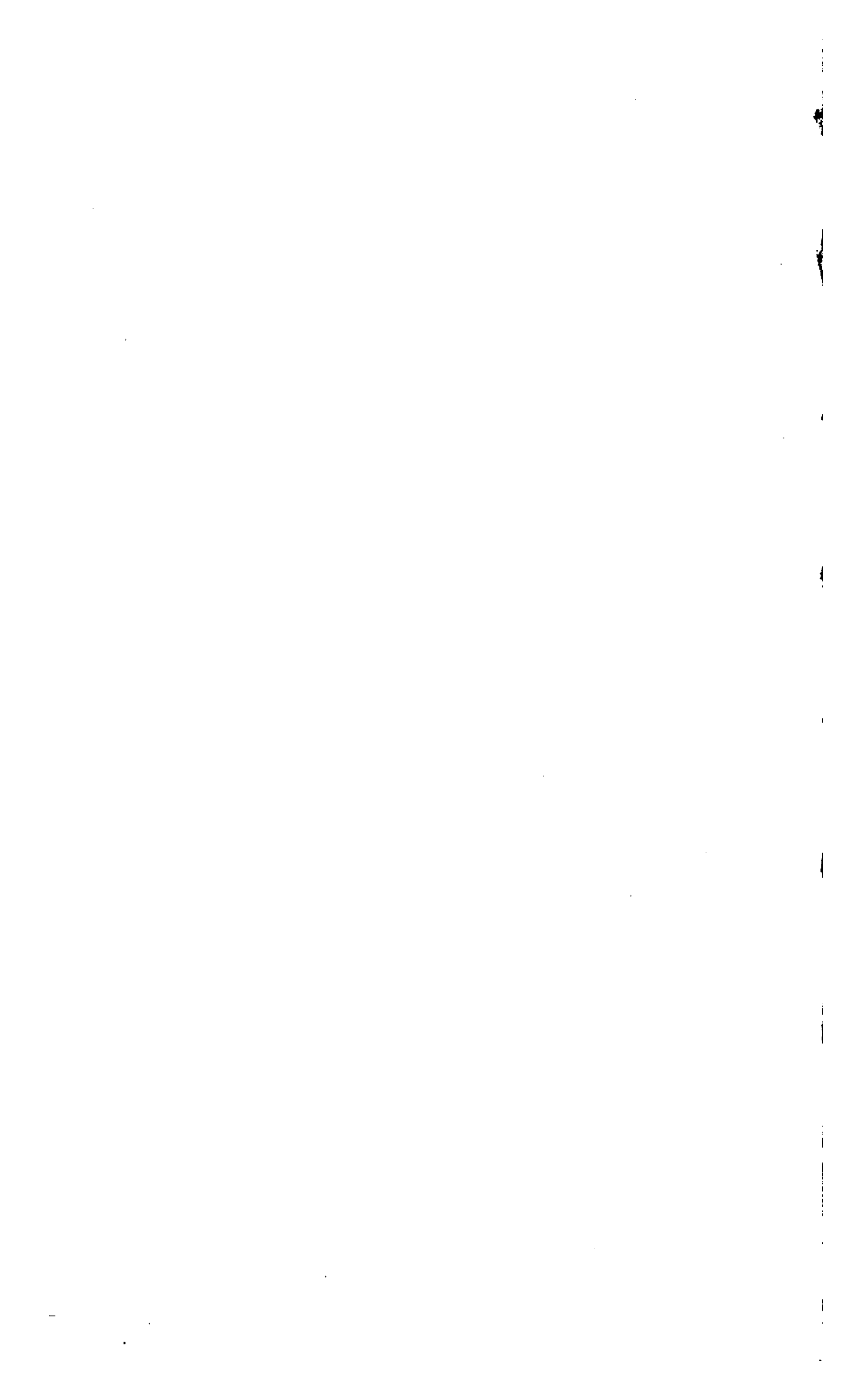
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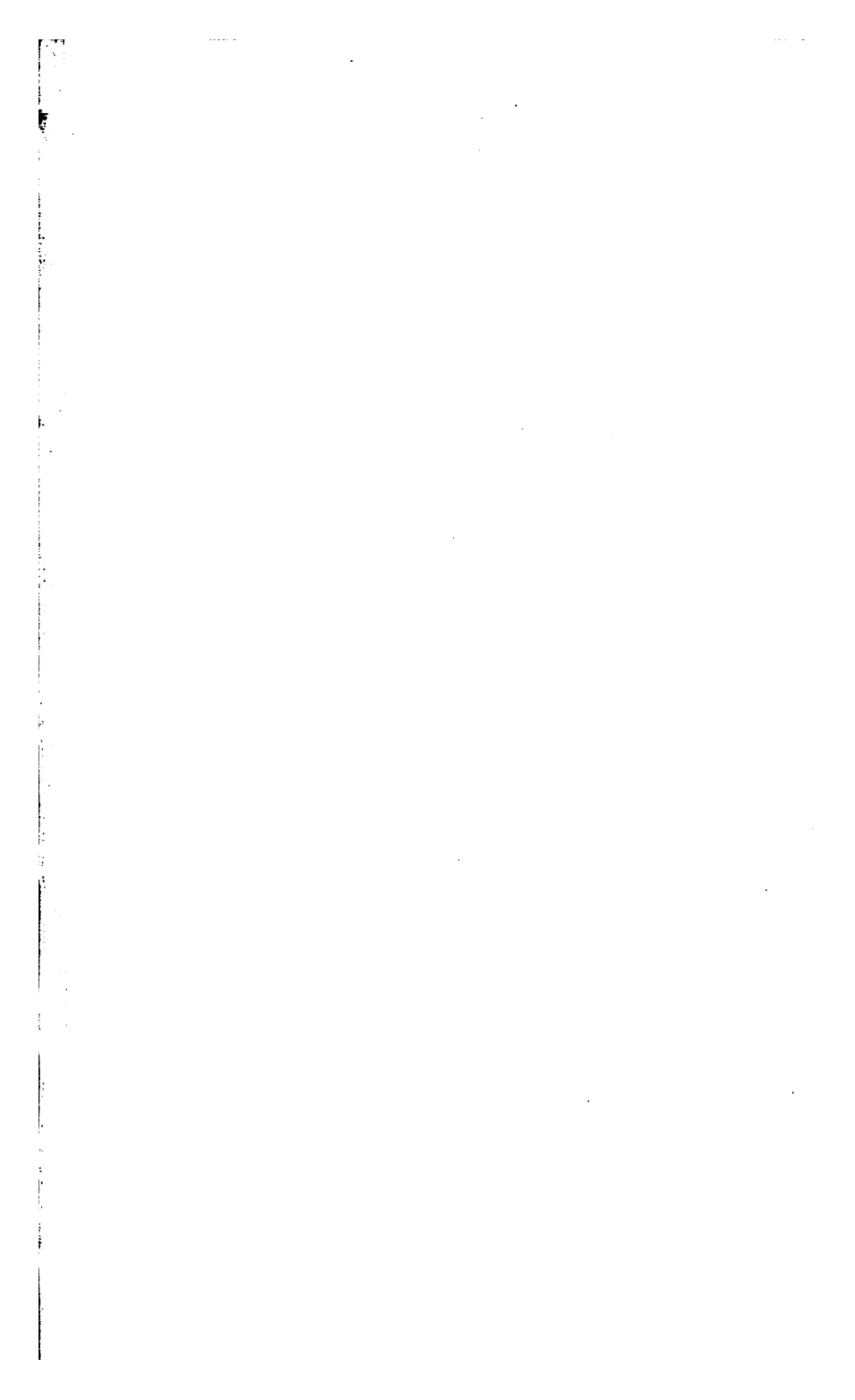


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